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THE MONROE DOCTRINE : AN OBSOLETE SHIBBOLETH

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I

'The American continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintain, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by European powers. . . . We should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety. With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European power, we have not interfered and shall not interfere. But with the governments who have declared their independence, and maintained it, and whose independence we have, on great consideration, and on just principles, acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them, or controlling, in any other manner, their destiny, by any European power, in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition towards the United States. . . .'

THUS, in 1823, did President James Monroe, acting under the influence of his able Secretary of State, John Quincy Adams, enunciate a doctrine which has been the most universally accepted foreign policy that we have ever had. No one questions the fact that the enunciation of this policy of

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'America for Americans,' and our firm adherence to it for so many years, has had a very decided effect upon the history of the Western Hemisphere.

There have been times when ambitious European monarchs would have liked nothing better than to help themselves to poorly defended territory in what is now termed Latin America. When the Doctrine was originated, the Holy Alliance in Europe was contemplating the overthrow of republican government in Spain, and unquestionably looked with extreme aversion at the new republics in South and Central America, whose independence we were hastily recognizing. Russia was reaching out beyond Alaska. The firm declaration of this policy of exclusion, backed up by England's attitude toward the Holy Alliance, undoubtedly operated to give the American republics sufficient breathing space to enable them to get on their feet and begin the difficult process of working out their own salvation, — a process which was rendered all the more difficult by reason of Hispanic racial tendencies, of centuries of autocratic colonial government, and of geographical conditions which made transportation and social intercourse extremely arduous.

Journeys across Peru even to-day may be beset with more difficulties

than were journeys from Mississippi to California sixty years ago, before the railroads. It still takes longer to go from Lima, the capital of Peru, to Iquitos, the capital of Peru's largest province, and one which the Putumayo atrocities have recently brought vividly to our notice, than it does to go from London to Honolulu.

Had it not been for the Monroe Doctrine, the American republics would have found it very much more difficult to maintain their independence during the first three quarters of a century of their career. And this notwithstanding the fact that the actual words 'Monroe Doctrine' were rarely heard or seen.

In 1845, without mentioning this shibboleth by name, President Polk declared that the United States would not permit any European intervention on the North American continent. This, as Professor Coolidge has brought out,¹ pushed the theory further than it has been carried out in practice, although it restricted the original idea by leaving South America out of account.

A few years later, while we were engaged in civil war, Napoleon III attempted to set up a European monarch in Mexico. Scarcely had we recovered, however, from the throes of our great conflict, when Mr. Seward took up with the French government the necessity for the withdrawal of the French troops from Maximilian's support. Here we were acting strongly in accordance with the best traditions of the Monroe Doctrine, and yet the mysterious words were not employed in the correspondence.

In fact, while it was generally understood that we would not countenance any European interference in the affairs of North and South America, it was not until 1895, during the second ad-

ministration of President Cleveland, that a Secretary of State thought it expedient or necessary to re-state the Monroe Doctrine and to bring us to the verge of a European war by backing it up with an absolutely uncompromising attitude. Venezuela had had a long-standing boundary dispute with British Guiana. Nobody cared very much either way until it was discovered that in the disputed territory were rich gold fields. In the excitement which ensued, the Venezuelans appealed to the United States, and Secretary Olney, invoking the Monroe Doctrine, brought matters to a crisis.

Our defiant attitude toward Great Britain astonished the world, and greatly pleased the majority of American citizens. The very fact that we had not the slightest personal interest in the paltry sixty thousand square miles of jungle southeast of the Orinoco, added to our self-esteem. It raised our patriotism to the highest pitch when we realized that we were willing to go to war with the most powerful nation in Europe rather than see her refuse to arbitrate her right to her ancient possession of a little strip of tropical forest with a government which was not in existence when England took British Guiana, but which was an 'American Republic.' Fortunately for us, Lord Salisbury had a fairly good sense of humor, and declined to take the matter too seriously. Instead of standing, in the proverbial British manner, strictly for his honor and his rights, he politely ignored the Boundary Commission which we had impetuously called into existence, and, dealing directly with his neighbor Venezuela, arranged for an international court of arbitration.

In our exuberance over the success of Mr. Olney's bold and unselfish enunciation of the Monroe Doctrine we failed to realize several aspects of this question.

¹ See for an able exposition of the Monroe Doctrine, Prof. A. C. Coolidge's *The United States as a World Power* (Macmillan). — THE EDITORS.

In the first place, we had proudly declared the Monroe Doctrine to be a part of International Law, failing to distinguish between *law* and *policy*.

In the second place, we had assumed a new theorem. In the words of Mr. Olney: 'The states of America, South as well as North, by geographical proximity, by natural sympathy, by similarity of Governmental Constitutions, are friends and allies, commercially and politically, of the United States.'

A few years earlier the then Secretary of State, Blaine, had brought into existence the International Union of American Republics, and had enunciated a doctrine of Pan-Americanism which has glowed more or less cheerfully ever since.

Mr. Olney's words recognized this doctrine. But when he gave 'geographical proximity' as one of the reasons for this Pan-American alliance, he overlooked the fact that the largest cities of South America are geographically nearer to Spain and Portugal than to New York and New England. He failed to consider that the rich East Coast of South America is no farther from Europe than it is from Florida, and that so far as the West Coast is concerned, it actually takes longer to travel from Valparaiso, the chief South American West Coast port, to San Francisco, the chief North American West Coast port, than it does to go from Valparaiso to London. Peru is as far from Puget Sound as it is from Labrador.

Most of our statesmen studied geography when they were in the grammar school, and have rarely looked at a world-atlas since. In other words, we began the new development of the Monroe Doctrine with a false idea of the geographical basis of the Pan-American alliance.

Furthermore, the new Monroe Doctrine was established on another false

idea, the existence of 'natural sympathy' between South and North America. As a matter of fact, instances might easily be multiplied to show that our South American neighbors have far more natural sympathy for, and regard themselves as much more nearly akin to, the Latin races of Europe, than to the cosmopolitan people of the United States.

How Spain feels was shown recently in the case of a distinguished Spanish professor who was able to find time to make an extended journey through Latin America, urging Pan-Hispanism, but could find no time to make an extended journey through the cities of the United States, although offered lavish hospitality and considerable honorariums. How Brazil feels was seen a few years ago in Rio Janeiro, when Brazil was holding a national exposition. Each state of that great Republic had a building of its own, but no foreign nations were represented, except Portugal, the mother country, which had her own building.

Of the difficulties of establishing any kind of an alliance between ourselves and the South American republics no one who has traveled in South America can be ignorant. As has been well said by a recent Peruvian writer: 'Essential points of difference separate the two Americas. Differences of language, and therefore of spirit; the difference between Spanish Catholicism and the multiform Protestantism of the Anglo-Saxons; between the Yankee individualism and the omnipotence of the State natural to the South. In their origin, as in their race, we find fundamental antagonisms; the evolution of the North is slow and obedient to the lessons of time, to the influences of custom; the history of the Southern peoples is full of revolution, rich with dreams of an unattainable perfection.'

One of the things which make it and

will continue to make it difficult for us to treat fairly with our Southern neighbors is our racial prejudice against the half-breed. As Señor Calderon bluntly says: 'Half-breeds and their descendants govern the Latin-American republics'; and it is a well-known fact that this leads to contempt on the part of the average Anglo-Saxon. Such a state of affairs shows the difficulty of assuming that Pan-Americanism is axiomatic, and of basing the logical growth of the Monroe Doctrine on 'natural sympathy.'

In the third place, the new form of the Monroe Doctrine declared, in the words of Secretary Olney, that the 'United States is practically sovereign on this continent.' This at once aroused the antagonism and the fear of those very Southern neighbors who, in another sentence, he had endeavored to prove were 'friends and allies, commercially and politically, of the United States.'

Less than three years after the enunciation of the new Monroe Doctrine we were at war with Spain. The progress of the war in Cuba and the Spanish colonies was followed in South America with the keenest interest. How profoundly it would have surprised the great American public to realize that while we were spending blood and treasure to secure the independence of another American republic, our neighbors in Buenos Aires were indulging in the most severe and caustic criticism of our motives! This attitude can be appreciated only by those who have compared the cartoons published week after week, during the progress of the war, in this country and in Argentina. In the one, Uncle Sam is pictured as a benevolent giant, saving the poor maid Cuba from the jaws of the ferocious dragon, General Weyler, and his cruel mistress in Spain. In the other, Uncle Sam in the

guise of a fat hog is engaged in besmirching the fair garments of the Queen of Spain in his violent efforts to gobble up her few American possessions. Representations of our actions in the Philippines are in such disgusting form that it would not be desirable to attempt to describe some of the Argentine cartoons touching upon that subject.

Our neighbors felt that a decided change had come over the Monroe Doctrine! In 1823 we had declared that 'with the existing colonies or dependencies of any European power we have not interfered, and *shall not interfere*' (so runs the original Monroe Doctrine). In 1898 we not only interfered, but actually took away all of Spain's colonies and dependencies, freeing Cuba and retaining for ourselves Porto Rico, Guam, and the Philippines.

Without for a moment wishing to enter into a discussion of the wisdom of our actions, I desire to emphasize the tremendous difference between the old and the new Monroe Doctrine. This is not a case of theories and arguments, but of deeds. What are the facts?

In 1895 we declare that we are practically sovereign on this continent; in 1898 we take a rich American island from a European power, and in 1903 we go through the form of preventing a South American republic from subduing a revolution in one of her distant provinces, and eventually take a strip of that province because we believe we owe it to the world to build the Panama Canal. Again, let it be clear that I am not interested at this point in defending or attacking our actions in any of these cases, — I merely desire to state what has happened, and to show some of the fruits of the new Monroe Doctrine. 'By their fruits ye shall know them.'

Another one of the 'fruits' which has not escaped the attention of our neighbors in South America is our intervention in Santo Domingo, which, although it may be an excellent thing for the people of that island, has undoubtedly interfered with their right to do as they please with their own money.

Furthermore, within the past three years we have twice landed troops in Central America and taken an active part by way of interfering in local politics. We believed that the conditions were so bad as to justify us in carrying out the new Monroe Doctrine by aiding one side in a local revolution.

Of our armed intervention in Cuba it is scarcely necessary to speak, except to refer in passing to the newspaper story, credited and believed in Cuba, that if American troops are again obliged to intervene in the political life of that country, they will not be withdrawn as has been the practice in the past.

The menace of intervention, armed intervention, the threatened presence of machine guns and American marines, have repeatedly been used by Latin-American politicians in their endeavors to keep the peace in their own countries. And we have done enough of that sort of thing to make it evident to disinterested observers that the new Monroe Doctrine, our present policy, is to act as international policeman, or at least as an elder-brother-with-a-big-stick, whenever the little fellows get too fresh.

Is this Doctrine worth while?

Let us see what it involves: first, from the European, second, from the Latin-American point of view.

II

By letting it be known in Europe that we shall not tolerate any Euro-

pean intervention or the landing of European troops on the sacred soil of the American republics, we assume all responsibility. We have declared, in the words of Secretary Olney, that the United States is 'practically sovereign on this continent, and that its fiat is law upon the subject to which it confines its interposition.' Therefore European countries have the right to look to us to do that which we prevent them from doing. A curious result of this is that some of the American republics float loans in Europe, believing that the United States will not allow the governments of their European creditors forcibly to collect these loans.

Personally, I believe that it ought to be an adopted principle of international law that the armed intervention of creditor nations to collect bad debts on behalf of their bankers and bondholders is forbidden. If this principle were clearly understood and accepted, these bankers and underwriters would be far more particular to whom they lent any great amount of money, and under what conditions. They would not be willing to take the risks which they now take, and many unfortunate financial tangles would never have a beginning. It is natural for a republic which has great undeveloped resources, much optimism, and a disregard of existing human handicaps, to desire to borrow large amounts of money in order to build expensive railroads and carry out desirable public improvements. It is equally natural that capitalists seeking good interest rates and secure investments, should depend on the fact that if the debtor country attempts to default on its national loans, the government of the creditors will intervene with a strong arm. It is natural that the money should be forthcoming, even though a thorough, business-like, and scientific investigation of the possessions and

resources of the borrowing nation might show that the chances of her being able to pay interest, and eventually to return the capital, were highly problematical, and to be reckoned as very high risks.

Millions of dollars of such loans have been made in the past. It is perfectly evident that many of these loans cannot be repaid; that the time is coming when the creditor nations will look to us as the policeman, or 'elder brother,' of the Western Hemisphere, to see to it that the little boys pay for the candy and sweetmeats they have eaten. Is it worth while that we should do this?

One cannot dodge the truth that the continuation of our support of this Doctrine implies that we will undertake to be responsible for the good behavior of all of the American nations. If we are the big-brother-with-the-club who will not permit any outsider to spank our irritating or troublesome younger brothers, we must accept the natural corollary of keeping them in order ourselves, for we cannot allow the American family to become a nuisance. And some members of it have a decided tendency in that direction. Is this task worth while? Will it not cost more than it is worth? Is there not a better way out of the difficulty?

Furthermore Europe knows that in order to continue to execute our self-imposed and responsible mission we must run counter to the most approved principles of the law of nations.

The Right of Independence is so fundamental and so well established a principle of international law, and respect for it is so essential to the existence of national self-restraint, that armed intervention, or any other action or policy tending to place that right in a subordinate position, is properly looked upon with disfavor, not only in Latin America, but by all the family of civilized nations. The grounds upon

which intervention is permitted in international law differ according to the authority one consults. But in general they are limited to the right of self-preservation, to averting danger to the intervening state, and to the duty of fulfilling engagements. When, however, the danger against which intervention is directed is the consequence of the prevalence of ideas which are opposed to the views held by the intervening state, most authorities believe that intervention ceases to be legitimate. To say that we have the right to intervene in order to modify another state's attitude toward revolutions is to ignore the fundamental principle that the right of every state to live its life in a given way is precisely equal to that of another state to live its life in another way.

In the last analysis, no intervention is legal except for the purpose of self-preservation, unless a breach of international law has taken place or unless the family of civilized states concur in authorizing it.

If, then, our adherence to the Monroe Doctrine means, practically, disregard of the principles of the accepted law of nations, is it worth while to continue? Why should we not abandon the Monroe Doctrine, and publicly disclaim any desire on our part to interfere in the domestic quarrels of our neighbors? Why should we not publicly state to Europe that we shall not intervene except at the request of a Pan-American Congress, and then only in case we are one of the members which such a Congress selects for the specific purpose of quieting a certain troublesome neighbor?

III

From the Latin-American point of view, the continuance of the Monroe Doctrine is insulting, and is bound to

involve us in serious difficulties with our neighbors. We seem to be blind to actual conditions in the largest and most important parts of Latin America such as Brazil, Argentina, and Chile. We need to arouse the average citizen to study the commercial situation and the recent history of those three Republics. Let him ponder on the meaning of Brazil's one hundred million dollars of balance of trade in her favor. Let him realize the enormous extent of Argentina's recent growth and her ability to supply the world with wheat, corn, beef, and mutton.¹ Let him examine Chile's political and economic stability. Let him ponder whether or not these nations are fit to take care of themselves, and are worthy of being included in an alliance to preserve America for the Americans, if that is worth while, and if there is any danger from Europe. Let him ask himself whether or not the 'A B C' powers, that is the Argentine, Brazilian, and Chilean governments, deserve our patronizing, we-will-protect-you-from-Europe attitude.

The fact is, we are woefully ignorant of the actual conditions in the leading American republics. To the inhabitants of those countries the very idea of the existence of the Monroe Doctrine is not only distasteful, but positively insulting. It is leading them on the road toward what is known as the 'A B C' policy, a kind of triple alliance between Argentina, Brazil, and Chile, with the definite object of opposing the encroachments of the United States. They feel that they must do something to counteract that well-known willingness of the American people to find good and sufficient reasons for interfering and intervening; for example,

¹ In 1912 Argentina's *exports* amounted to \$480,000,000, of which \$200,000,000 represented wheat and corn, and \$188,000,000 pastoral products. — THE AUTHOR.

for taking Porto Rico from Spain, for sending armies into Cuba, for handling the customs receipts of Santo Domingo, for taking a strip of territory which (South Americans believe) belongs to the Republic of Colombia, for sending troops into Nicaragua, and for mobilizing an army on the Mexican frontier. (In regard to the latter point, it may be stated in passing that it is not the custom for South American nations to mobilize an army on a neighbor's frontier merely because that country is engaged in civil war or revolution.)

To the 'A B C' powers, even the original Monroe Doctrine is regarded as long since outgrown, and as being at present merely a display of insolence and conceit on our part. With Brazil now owning the largest dreadnoughts in the world; with Argentina and Chile building equally good ones; with the fact that the European nations have long since lost their tendency toward monarchical despotism, and are in fact quite as democratic as many American republics, it does seem a bit ridiculous for us to pretend that the Monroe Doctrine is a necessary element in our foreign policy.

If we still fear European aggression, and desire to prevent a partition of South America on the lines of the partition of Africa, let us bury the Monroe Doctrine and declare an entirely new policy, a policy that is based on intelligent appreciation of the present status of the leading American powers; let us declare our desire to join with the 'A B C' powers in protecting the weaker parts of America against any imaginable aggressions on the part of European or Asiatic nations.

Some people think that the most natural outlet for the crowded Asiatic nations is to be found in South America, and that Japan and China will soon be knocking most loudly for the

admission which is at present denied them. If we decide that they should enter, well and good; but if we decide against such a policy, we shall be in a much stronger position to carry out that plan if we have united with the 'A B C' powers.

If these 'A B C' powers dislike and despise our maintenance of the *old* Monroe Doctrine, it is not difficult to conceive how much more they must resent the new one. The very thought that we, proud in the consciousness of our own self-righteousness, sit here with a smile on our faces and a big stick in our hands, ready to chastise any of the American republics that do not behave, fairly makes their blood boil. It may be denied that this is our attitude. Grant that it is not; still our neighbors believe that it is, and if we desire to convince them of the contrary, we must definitely and publicly abandon the Monroe Doctrine and enunciate a new kind of foreign policy.

We ought not to be blind to the fact that there are clever authors residing in Europe who take the utmost pains to make the Latin Americans believe — what they are unfortunately only too willing to believe — that we desire to be not only practically, but actually, sovereign on the Western Hemisphere. A recent French writer, Maurice de Waleffe, writing on 'The Fair Land of Central America,' begins his book with this startling announcement of a discovery he has made: —

'The United States have made up their mind to conquer South America. Washington aspires to become the capital of an enormous empire, comprising, with the exception of Canada, the whole of the New World. Eighty million Yankees want to annex, not only forty million Spanish Americans, but such mines, forests, and agricultural riches as can be found nowhere else on the face of the globe.'

Most of us, when we read those words, smile, knowing that they are not true; yet that does not affect the fact that the Latin American, when he reads them, gnashes his teeth and believes that they are only too true. If he belongs to one of the larger republics, it makes him toss his head angrily, and increases his hatred toward those 'Yankis,' whose manners he despises. If he belongs to one of the smaller republics, his soul is filled with fear mingled with hatred, and he sullenly awaits the day when he shall have to defend his state against the Yankee invaders. In every case the effect produced is contrary to the spirit of peace and harmony.

In another book, which is attracting wide attention and was written by a young Peruvian diplomatist, there is a chapter entitled, 'The North American Peril,' and it begins with these significant words: 'To save themselves from Yankee imperialism, the American democracies would almost accept a German alliance, or the aid of Japanese arms; everywhere the Americans of the North are feared. In the Antilles and in Central America hostility against the Anglo-Saxon invaders assumes the character of a Latin crusade.' This is a statement not of a theory but of a condition, set forth by a man who, while somewhat severe in his criticism of North American culture, is not unfriendly to the United States, and who remembers what his country owes to us. Yet he asserts that in the United States, 'against the policy of respect for Latin liberties are ranged the instincts of a triumphant plutocracy.'

The strident protest in this book has not gone out without finding a ready echo in South America. Even in Peru, long our best friend on the Southern Continent, the leading daily papers have during the past year shown an increasing tendency to criticize our

actions and suspect our motives. Their suspicion goes so far as actually to turn friendly words against us. Last September a successful American diplomat, addressing a distinguished gathering of manufacturers in New York, was quoted all over South America as stating that the United States did not desire territorial expansion, but only commercial, and that the association should combat all idea of territorial expansion if any statesman proposed it, as this was the only way to gain the confidence of South America. This remark was treated as evidence of Machiavellian politics. One journalist excitedly exclaimed, 'Who does not see in this paternal interest a brutal and cynical sarcasm? Who talks of confidence when one of the most thoughtful South American authorities, Francisco Garcia Calderon, gives us once more the cry, no longer premature, "let us be alert and on our guard against Yankeeism."'

Even the agitation against the Putumayo atrocities is misunderstood. 'To no one is it a secret,' says one Latin-American writer, 'that all these scandalous accusations only serve to conceal the vehement desire to impress American and English influence on the politics of the small countries of South America; and they can scarcely cover the shame of the utilitarian end that lies behind it all.'

Another instance of the attitude of the Latin-American press is shown in a recent article in one of the leading daily papers in Lima, the government organ. In the middle of its front page in a two-column space is an article with these headlines: 'NORTH AMERICAN EXCESSES — THE TERRIBLE LYNCHINGS — AND THEY TALK OF THE PUTUMAYO!' The gist of the article may easily be imagined. It begins with these words: 'While the Saxons of the world are producing a deafening cry over the

crimes of the Putumayo, imagining them to be like a dance of death, and giving free rein to such imaginings; while the American Government resolves to send a commission that may investigate what atrocities are committed in those regions, there was published, as regards the United States, in *La Razón* of Buenos Aires a fortnight ago the following note, significant of the "lofty civilization and high justice" of the great Republic of the North.' Here follows a press dispatch describing one of the terrible lynchings which only too often happen in the United States. Then the Peruvian editor goes on to say, 'Do we realize that in the full twentieth century, when there is not left a single country in the world whose inhabitants are permitted to supersede justice by summary punishment, there are repeatedly taking place, almost daily, in the United States, lynchings like that of which we are told in the telegraphic dispatch?'

IV

Is it worth our while to heed the 'writing on the wall?'

Is it not true that it is the present tendency of the Monroe Doctrine to claim that the United States is to do whatever seems to the United States good and proper so far as the Western Hemisphere is concerned? Is there not a dangerous tendency in our country to believe so far in our own rectitude, that we may be excused from any restrictions either in the law of nations, or in our treaty obligations, that seem unjust, trivial, or inconvenient, notwithstanding the established practices of civilized nations? Our attitude on the Panama tolls question, our former disregard of treaty rights with China, and our willingness to read into or read out of existing treaties whatever seems to us right and proper, have aroused

deep-seated suspicion in our Southern neighbors which it seems to me we should endeavor to eradicate if we have our own highest good at heart.

Are we not too much in the state of mind of Citizen Fix-it, who was more concerned with suppressing the noisy quarrels of his neighbors than with quietly solving his own domestic difficulties? Could we see ourselves as our Southern neighbors see us in the columns of their daily press, where the emphasis is still on the prevalence of murder in the United States, the astonishing continuance of lynching, the freedom from punishment of the vast majority of those who commit murder, our growing disregard of the rights of others, bomb outrages, strikes, riots, labor difficulties, — could we see these things with their eyes, we should realize how bitterly they resent our assumed right to intervene when they misbehave themselves or when a local revolution becomes particularly noisy.

So firmly fixed in the Latin-American mind is the idea that our foreign policy to-day means intervention and interference, that comments on the splendid sanitary work being done at Panama by Colonel Gorgas are tainted with this idea.

On the West Coast of South America there is a pest-hole called Guayaquil, which, as Ambassador Bryce says, 'enjoys the reputation of being the pest-house of the continent, rivaling for the prevalence and malignity of its malarial fevers such dens of disease as Fontesvilla on the Pungwe River in South Africa and the Guinea coast itself, and adding to these the more swift and deadly yellow fever, which has now been practically extirpated from every other part of South America except the banks of the Amazon . . . It seems to be high time that efforts should be made to improve conditions

at a place whose development is so essential to the development of Ecuador itself.' Recent efforts on the part of far-sighted Ecuadorian statesmen to remedy these conditions by employing American sanitary engineers and taking advantage of the offers of American capital, were received by the Ecuadorian populace so ill as to cause the fall of the Cabinet and the disgrace of the minister who favored such an experiment in modern sanitation.

Peru suffers from the conditions of bad health among her northern neighbors, and yet the leading newspapers in Peru, instead of realizing how much they had to gain by having Guayaquil cleaned up, united in protesting against this symptom of 'Yanki' imperialism, and applauded the action of the Ecuador mob.

Is it worth while to continue a foreign policy which makes it so difficult for things to be done, things of whose real advantage to our neighbors there is no question?

The old adage, that actions speak louder than words, is perhaps more true in Latin America than in the United States. A racial custom of saying pleasant things tends toward a suspicion of the sincerity of pleasant things when said. But there can be no doubt about actions. Latin-American statesmen smiled and applauded when Secretary Root, in the Pan-American Congress at Rio Janeiro, said, 'We consider that the independence and the equal rights of the smallest and weakest members of the family of nations deserve as much respect as those of the great empires. We pretend to no right, privilege, or power that we do not freely concede to each one of the American Republics.' But they felt that their suspicions of us were more than warranted by our subsequent actions in Cuba, Santo Domingo, and Nicaragua. Our ultimatum to

Chile on account of the long-standing Alsop claim seemed to them an unmistakably unfriendly act and was regarded as a virtual abandonment by Secretary Knox of the policy enunciated by Secretary Root.

Another unfriendly act was the neglect of our Congress to provide a suitable appropriation for the Second Pan-American Scientific Congress.

Before 1908 Latin-American Scientific Congresses had been held in Argentina (Buenos Aires), Brazil (Rio Janeiro), and Uruguay (Montevideo). When it came Chile's turn, so kind was her feeling toward Secretary Root, that the United States was asked to join in making the Fourth *Latin-American* Scientific Congress become the First *Pan-American*. Every one of the four countries where the international scientists met had made a suitable, generous appropriation to cover the expenses of the meeting. Chile had felt that it was worth while to make a very large appropriation in order suitably to entertain the delegates, to publish the results of the Congress, and to increase American friendships. This First Pan-American Scientific Congress selected Washington as the place for the Second Congress, and named October, 1912, as the appointed time for the meetings. But when our State Department asked Congress for a modest appropriation of fifty thousand dollars to meet our international obligations for this Pan-American gathering, our billion-dollar Congress decided to economize and denied the appropriation. When the matter came up again during the Congress that has just finished its sessions, the appropriation was recommended by the Committee on Foreign Affairs, but was thrown out on a technical point of order.

Now, you cannot make a Latin American believe that the United States

is so poor that it cannot afford to entertain International Scientific Congresses as Argentina, Brazil, Uruguay, and Chile have done. They argue that there must be some other reason underlying this lack of courtesy. No pleasant words or profuse professions of friendship and regard can make the leading statesmen and scientists throughout Latin America forget that it was not possible to hold the Second Pan-American Scientific Congress because the United States did not care to assume her international obligations. Nor will they forget that Chile spent one hundred thousand dollars in entertaining the First Pan-American Scientific Congress and that the ten official delegates from the United States government enjoyed the bounteous Chilean hospitality and were shown every attention that was befitting and proper for the accredited representatives of the United States.

In short, here is a concrete case of how our present policy toward Latin America justifies the Latin-American attitude toward the country that has been maintaining the Monroe Doctrine.

v

Finally, there is another side to the question.

Some of the defenders of the Monroe Doctrine state quite frankly that they are selfish, and that from the selfish point of view, the Monroe Doctrine should at all costs be maintained. They argue that our foreign commerce would suffer were Europe permitted to have a free hand in South America. Even on this very point it seems to me that they make a serious mistake.

You can seldom sell goods to a man who dislikes you except when you have something which is far better or cheaper than he can get anywhere else. Furthermore, if he distrusts you, he is not

going to judge your goods fairly, or to view the world's market with an unprejudiced eye. This can scarcely be denied. Everyone knows that a friendly smile or cordial greeting and the maintenance of friendly relations are essential to 'holding one's customers.' Accordingly, it seems that even from this selfish point of view, which some Americans are willing to take, it is absolutely against our own interests to maintain this elder-brother-with-the-stick policy, which typifies the new Monroe Doctrine.

Furthermore, Germany is getting around the Monroe Doctrine, and is actually making a peaceful conquest of South America which will injure us just as much as if we had allowed her to make a military conquest of the Southern republics. She is winning South American friendship. She has planted colonies, one of which, in Southern Brazil, has three hundred and fifty thousand people in it, as large a population as that of Vermont, and nearly as large as that of Montana. Germany is taking pains to educate her young business men in the Spanish language, and to send them out equipped to capture Spanish-American trade. We have a saying that 'Trade follows the flag.' Germany has magnificent steamers, flying the German flag, giving fortnightly service to every important port in South America, — ports where the American flag is practically never seen. She has her banks and business houses which have branches in the interior cities. By their means she is able to keep track of American commerce, to know what we are doing, and at what rates. Laughing in her sleeve at the Monroe Doctrine as an antiquated policy, which only makes it easier for her to do a safe business, Germany is engaged in the peaceful conquest of Spanish America.

To be sure, we are not standing still,

and we are fighting for the same trade that she is, but our soldiers are handicapped by the presence of the very doctrine that was intended to strengthen our position in the New World. Is this worth while?

At all events let us face clearly and frankly the fact that the maintenance of the Monroe Doctrine is going to cost the United States an immense amount of trouble, money, and men.

Carried out to its logical conclusion, it means a policy of suzerainty and interference which will earn us the increasing hatred of our neighbors, the dissatisfaction of Europe, the loss of commercial opportunities and the forfeiture of time and attention which would much better be given to settling our own difficult internal problems. The continuance of adherence to the Monroe Doctrine offers opportunities to scheming statesmen to distract public opinion from the necessity of concentrated attention at home, by arousing mingled feelings of jingoism and self-importance in attempting to correct the errors of our neighbors.

If we persist in maintaining the Monroe Doctrine, we shall find that its legitimate, rational, and logical growth will lead us to an increasing number of large expenditures, where American treasure and American blood will be sacrificed in efforts to remove the mote from our neighbor's eye while overlooking the beam in our own.

The character of the people who inhabit the tropical American republics is such, the percentage of Indian blood is so great, the little-understood difficulties of life in those countries are so far-reaching, and the psychological tendencies of the people so different from our own, that opportunities will continually arise which will convince us that they require our intervention if we continue to hold to the tenets of the Monroe Doctrine.

It is for us to face the question fairly, and to determine whether it is worth while to continue any longer on a road which leads to such great expenditures, and which means the loss of international friendships.

That international good will is a desideratum, it needs no words of mine to prove to any one. Looked at from every point of view, selfishly and unselfishly, ethically, morally, commercially, and diplomatically, we desire to live at peace with our neighbors and to promote international friendship. Can this be done by continuing our adherence to the Monroe Doctrine?

From the unselfish point of view, and from the point of view of the world's peace and happiness, there seems to be no question that the Monroe Doctrine is no longer worth while. Mr. Bryce, in an able exposition in his recent *South America*, has clearly pointed out that the Spanish American's regard for the United States, and his confidence in its purposes, have never even recovered from the blow given by the Mexican War of 1846, and the annexation of California. For many years, a political tie between ourselves and the other American Republics was found, says Mr. Bryce, in our declared intention 'to resist any attempt by European Powers either to overthrow republican government in any American state or to attempt annexation of its territory. So long as any such action was feared from Europe, the protection thus promised was welcome, and the United States felt a corresponding interest in their clients. But circumstances alter cases. To-day, when apprehensions of the old kind have vanished, and when some of the South American States feel themselves already powerful, one is told that they have begun to regard the situation with different eyes. "Since

there are no longer rainclouds coming up from the east, why should a friend, however well-intentioned, insist on holding an umbrella over us? We are quite able to do that for ourselves if necessary.'" Mr. Bryce continues: 'It is as the disinterested, the absolutely disinterested and unselfish, advocate of peace and good will, that the United States will have most influence in the Western Hemisphere, and that influence, gently and tactfully used, may be of incalculable service to mankind.'

Old ideas, proverbs, catchwords, national shibboleths, die hard. No part of our foreign policy has ever been so continuously held and so popularly accepted as the Monroe Doctrine. Hoary with age, it has defied the advance of commerce, the increase of transportation facilities, and the subjugation of the yellow-fever mosquito. Based on a condition that has long since disappeared, owing its later growth and development to mistaken ideas, it appears to our South American neighbors to be neither disinterested nor unselfish, but rather an indisputable evidence of our overweening national conceit. The very words 'Monroe Doctrine' are fraught with a disagreeable significance from our neighbors' point of view. There is no one single thing, nor any group of things, that we could do to increase the chances of peace and harmony in the Western Hemisphere comparable with the definite statement that we have outgrown the Monroe Doctrine, that we realize that our neighbors in the New World are well able to take care of themselves, and that we shall not interfere in their politics or send arms into their territory, unless cordially invited to do so, and then only in connection with, and by the coöperation of, other members of the family.

If it is necessary to maintain order in some of the weaker and more rest-

less republics, why not let the decision be made, not by ourselves, but by a Congress of the leading American powers? If it is found necessary to send armed forces into Central America to quell rebellions that are proving too much for the recognized governments, why not let those forces consist not solely of American marines, but of the marines of Argentina, Brazil, and Chile as well? In some such way

as this we can convince 'the other Americans' of our good faith, and of the fact that we have not 'made up our minds to conquer South America.' By adopting a foreign policy along these lines we can establish on a broad and solid foundation the relations of international peace and good will for which the time is ripe, but which cannot arrive till we are convinced that the Monroe Doctrine is *not* worth while.

THE REAL YELLOW PERIL

BY J. O. P. BLAND

I

IN the summer of 1911, my duties as *Times* correspondent took me to the Baltic. On a fine morning in July, I found myself in the neighborhood of Riga, walking among the pine trees that grow to the edge of the sand at the popular sea-bathing resort of Dubbeln. Riga, be it observed, boasts of another flourishing watering-place which rejoices in the name of Edinbourg, and is in hereditary rivalry with Dubbeln; but the satisfaction which a wandering Englishman may derive from the saving grace of these names *in partibus infidelium* is of the gentle, melancholy kind which comes from the contemplation of departed greatness. Inevitably one's mind goes back to the days of our sturdy merchant adventurers, when England not only dominated the commerce of the White Sea and the Baltic, but pushed her far-flung trade lines through Moscow to the shores of the Black Sea and the Cas-

pian. Dubbeln and Edinbourg were originally private estates and summer resorts, created by an Irishman and a Scot, respectively, as places preferable on summer evenings to the narrow, stuffy streets of the old Hanseatic town. To-day, the German and the Dutchman, with their wives and families, fill the suburban villas and hotels of all that region, and bathe noisily behind the curiously ineffective screens which stretch along the water's edge.

I was reflecting, sadly enough, on the archaic traditions which make the British Board of Trade and Foreign Office so persistently incapable of adapting our national trade interests to their rapidly changing environments, and wondering why the German's intelligent coördination of financial and industrial resources should be beyond the modern Anglo-Saxon's economic capacity, when suddenly there emerged on the path in front of me, from the garden gate of a villa among the pines, two thick-set men, clad in blue, each carrying a heavy

bundle on his back. The sight of them was strangely familiar; at a glance I knew them to be peddlers from Shantung, from China's Farthest East; but their sudden appearance here—at the uttermost limit of western Europe—seemed so utterly impossible, that for a moment I stood still, half expecting them to fade and disappear among the pines. They came sturdily along, however, with the shuffling gait habitual to Chinese burden-bearers of the hill countries, and were about to enter the garden gate of the next villa, when I stopped them and asked, in their own tongue, what business brought them to this place, so far from their honorable home.

Talk of British phlegm! There is nothing in the world to compare with the perfectly natural *sangfroid*, the imperturbable calm of the Chinese race. Neither honest face showed the slightest sign of surprise at being thus addressed. One man, in fact, proceeded stolidly up the path to deposit his pack by the doorstep, leaving the other to answer the foreigner's questions. Their trade, he informed me, was a peddler's business in Shantung silks and pongees; for twelve years they had tramped the country northwards and west, from Moscow, their base of supplies. It was a good trade, he said, though even the cheapest inns were very expensive, and many Russians were very deficient in reasonableness, especially the excise officers; and to travel at night was dangerous, because so many men were drunken after dark, and then violent. They were working for a *hong* manager, getting a small share in the annual profits. Neither of them had been home in all these years, but they hoped to be able to go soon, for their sons in China were now grown men, and they had saved enough to be sure of rice in their old age. Trading in Russia was easy, easier than in China, for

the women were free buyers and fond of silk, especially when they could buy it at their doors cheaper than in the shops; but they all keep late hours, and in winter the working-days are very short.

What about the prospect of a parliament in China, I asked, and the condition of affairs at Peking? Shouldering his pack with a jerk, which said plainly that the time for idling was past, he replied, 'I do not know about these things. All that is mandarin business; we are silk-sellers. The wise dog does not try to catch mice.' Whereupon we wished each other peace on our respective roads.

But as I stood awhile and watched these sons of Han displaying their wares to a stout lady in a pink *peignoir*, and heard them bargaining in an evidently serviceable 'pidgin' Russian, using the same gestures, the same trade shibboleths which the Shantung silk and fur peddlers have used for centuries in their closely preserved trades, these two lonely figures by the shores of the Baltic seemed to me to be forerunners of the only real Yellow Peril which can possibly threaten the material civilization of the Western World,—a far-flung wave of the great tide of China's hunger-driven millions, seeking, beyond the borders of the Middle Kingdom, to escape from its ever-present menace of starvation. Behind them I saw the cloud, no bigger than a man's hand on our horizons of to-day, the cloud of Asia's intolerable struggle for bare life, unmoved through the long centuries of her splendid isolation by any wind of inspiration or sea-breeze of change. As I watched those two men, splendidly typical of the invincible patience and dogged industry bred in their race by long ages of that fierce struggle, I realized that their presence here was, in its way, a portent of no mean significance. It meant that the

sea-breeze was rising, and the cloud moving at last.

If there be a Yellow Peril of the future, if the Western World's persistent forebodings of danger to come from China's teeming millions are justified by any cause other than the natural nervousness of our comfortable materialism, that cause lies assuredly in the growing perception by the Chinese people of the fact that relief from their intolerable life-struggle may be sought and found beyond the frontiers of the eighteen provinces, and in the fact that those who, as pioneers, have sought relief in this way, are gradually learning, in adapting themselves to new conditions of life, to free themselves from the fettering traditions which have made the race in China hereditary and unresisting victims of native misrule and foreign aggression.

II

This aspect of the Yellow Peril (to which I shall return) is not that which has usually attracted the attention and fretted the nerves of politicians and publicists in Europe and America. Ever since Japan's victories over Russia, the Pickwickian Fat Boys of yellow journalism have found their pleasure and profit in making our comfortable feather-bed flesh creep with lurid descriptions of 'China Arming,' with grim prophecies of the Celestial giant awakening and proceeding, after a brief period of military training, to overthrow the whole fabric of Western civilization.

Even after the Boxer rising in 1900 had once again demonstrated the utter fatuity of attributing to the passive sons of Han the qualities of a conquering race, this vision of a scientifically organized, efficient, and aggressive China continued to oppress the imagination of a world that has been

taught to like its sensations hot and strong. After the Russo-Japanese war, the Yellow Peril waxed in fearfulness, partly because of the Russian government's panicky belief in a Pan-Asiatic movement, and partly because of the highly intelligent work done by the official Japanese press bureau abroad. If His Majesty the Kaiser could profess, *coram publico*, to believe in the prospect of Europe forced to stand on the defensive against Asia, plain citizens were surely justified in looking for Armageddon from that quarter; and the Kaiser's flights of poetic imagination had Sir Robert Hart's prophecies to justify them in the press of the Western world.

The popular conception of the Yellow Peril military was based, in the first instance, on a widespread acceptance of two fantastic ideas: first, that 'Asia for the Asiatics' is a possible war-cry; and, secondly, that China is capable of rapidly emulating Japan in the matter of political progress and military efficiency. The Peril, as a bogey, derived all its awe-inspiring qualities from sheer weight of numbers. With a thoroughly effective national army (it has been freely estimated in the European press at forty millions of men in the near future), China, gladly supported by India and Japan, must soon have Europe at her mercy. The idea is in itself so utterly absurd, so completely opposed to all the teachings of history, and to our knowledge of the Chinese people, that its acceptance must, I think, be partly ascribable to vague race-memories subconsciously latent among European peoples, to certain unreasoning atavistic instincts, whose origins lie far back in those forgotten centuries, when all the world of the Middle Ages trembled before the resistless Mongol hosts, when Jenghiz Khan ruled from Korea to Muscovy, and when, from Cathay to Poland,

every race had felt the heavy hand of an Asiatic conqueror.

Underlying the Yellow Peril idea of the present day, with its vague apprehensions of danger from the East, we may also trace, I believe, the workings and prickings of a collective bad conscience, an instinctive admission of the wrongs inflicted by the white races upon the defenseless Chinese people, and a sense of the fitness of retributive justice. No one can study the history of the relations of the Christian Powers with China during the past sixty years without realizing how little, despite all its professions of philanthropy, the West has done to improve the actual conditions of life for the East; how cynically our benevolent pretensions of altruism have cloaked persistent policies of aggression. While our missionaries have proclaimed the common brotherhood of man and the sanctity of human life, organizing famine relief works, building hospitals, and preaching sanitation in order to reduce a death-rate three times greater than that of the United States; while the Powers of Europe and America have united to insist upon the principle of the open door and equal opportunity as the inalienable birthright of every white man in China, we have made it plain to the Chinese that equal opportunities and the rights of common brotherhood are not for them unless, like the Japanese, they can learn to assert their right to them by force. The exclusion acts adopted by the Anglo-Saxon peoples of the American and Australian continents, to protect themselves against the undeniable economic superiority of the yellow races, are merely a manifestation of nature's grimly fundamental law of self-preservation, in whose service might is ever right. But, in the face of our philanthropic professions, these acts are morally indefensible, and their hypocrisy becomes the more

glaringly manifest when viewed in the light of international 'dollar diplomacy,' whereby the birthrights of the weaker nations are bought and sold in the open market. Hence arises a collective bad conscience, disturbing at times to the moral dignity of our civilization, a conscience which vaguely realizes that if ever China should become an efficiently organized military power, she would be fully justified in exacting heavy reparation for these things.

A significant indication of this bad conscience, and of an intuitive fear of possible retaliation, was given at the time of Prince Katsura's polite 'conversations' with the Russian government at St. Petersburg last summer, when the new friends, preparing for the dismemberment of China's northern dependencies, cordially agreed that 'if China should ever recover her balance sufficiently to turn her attention to national defenses, she should not be permitted to create a formidable army.' It is obviously to the advantage of Russia and Japan that China should not 'recover her balance,' and it is highly suggestive of the lack of high principles in international politics, that the other Great Powers, represented by their politico-financial syndicates, should lend themselves to proceedings evidently intended to prevent her from so doing.

The vision of a Yellow Peril military is now steadily fading, in the light of new conditions and of facts which deprive it of all substance. 'Asia for the Asiatics' as a possible war-cry, or even as a tentative diplomatic shibboleth to offset the Monroe Doctrine, becomes obviously impossible in the face of the Russo-Japanese *entente* and its immediate consequences in Manchuria and Mongolia. The moral and material weaknesses of China's military organization, as revealed by the events of the

recent revolution and by the actual situation at Peking, have made it impossible to regard Sir Robert Hart's 'millions of Boxers in serried ranks and war's panoply' as a menace to any but the Chinese themselves. Before China can possibly possess an efficiently organized and disciplined national army, she must have proved herself capable of effecting radical reforms throughout her whole fiscal and administrative system; she must, in other words, have evolved a class of officials, clean-handed and intelligently patriotic, capable of leading and inspiring a nation in arms. Without such a class, — of which there is at present no sign, — China's military forces (foreign-drilled troops and provincial levies alike) will continue to be armed rabbles, mobs of men with guns, liable at any crisis to lend themselves to the purposes of political adventurers, a permanent menace to the security of life and property.

The Yellow Peril military, as an effective bugbear, is therefore doomed; nevertheless, because of its oft-proved usefulness to serve the ends of foreign statesmen and diplomats in the past, it is a phantom which is likely to be frequently invoked again by those who seek thereby to justify their policies of territorial aggression. Russia and Japan have lately used it with good effect, and their schemes have been greatly assisted by the purblind folly of Young China, which continues loudly to proclaim its pathetic warlike intentions and the immediate prospect of Chinese armies being organized and equipped on a gigantic scale. Sun Yat-sen, for instance, publicly advises Yuan Shih-k'ai to place two or three millions of men on the Mongolian frontier, and Young China, splendidly indifferent to facts and figures, assumes that they are already on the way. At a recent conference at Clark University, one of the Chinese speakers, a young student, de-

clared that the forces of the Republic, having easily overcome Manchu imperialism, were not likely to submit to Russian aggression, a statement typical of the boyish bravado and ignorant valor of his class, which was warmly applauded by his sympathetic audience.

But the cooler heads in China, the older men who recognize the hard fact that there are no efficient troops available to put into the field against Russia or Japan, have, by common consent, postponed to some future date (say, ten or fifteen years hence) the prospect of seeing China fully armed and prepared to resist foreign aggression. Their policy, as expressed in the native press and reproduced by many newspapers abroad, is to be one of future retaliation rather than of immediate resistance.

Sun Yat-sen himself has been reported as indifferent to the prospect of a period of alien domination, so sure is he that, sooner or later, the moral and economic superiority of his countrymen will enable them to conquer their conquerors. 'Wait a little,' says Young China; 'give us but time to set our house in order, to organize our finances, and to train our army; then you will see.' But in this matter, Young China is merely following faithfully in the footsteps of its ancestors. Precisely thus did the mandarin, under the Manchu dynasty, endeavor to frighten the barbarian, and to head off his schemes of aggression. It is in accordance with every ancient principle of Chinese statecraft to devise ways and means of intimidating powerful foes; it is also in accordance with every tradition of the mandarin, ancient and modern, to get credit for the possession of a large army, rather than to have to pay for one. This latter tradition has lately been powerfully stimulated by the Chinese officials' belief that the

foreign financiers might be induced to advance funds for the redemption of the 'war notes' of the revolution and for military purposes; it was this belief that led T'ang Shaoyi, when Premier, to evolve, from his own consciousness and the reports of his fellow provincials, a Republican army of eighty divisions, most of which he proposed to disband, with the aid of a foreign loan. (It was at this time that the Nanking Assembly was solemnly passing academic resolutions in favor of universal conscription, without any reference to the financial aspects of that question.)

These things are nothing more than traditional mandarin tactics, with which the patient, toiling millions of the Chinese people are in no way concerned. The structural character of the race remains, and must long remain, essentially non-aggressive, by no means to be suddenly diverted from its ancient passive philosophy by changes in the outward forms and symbols of authority. As a Japanese military officer of high rank observed, after witnessing the foreign-drilled troops' manoeuvres in 1908, 'The Chinese Dragon is being painted to look very fierce; nevertheless, he remains a paper dragon.' The Japanese have never been under any delusions as to the Yellow Peril, which they know to be a myth.

III

Another aspect of the Peril which has oppressed the imagination of many superficial observers has resulted from the idea that, by the adoption of Western methods and Western machinery, China can be industrially organized to produce manufactured articles on a scale defying European competition. Belief in a Yellow Peril of this kind is possible only for those who accept the theory that the inherited tendencies, institutions, and social system of the

Chinese are capable of sudden and racial change as the result of new political arrangements. For theorists of this type, who believe in the possibility of 'inoculating' the Chinese with a fighting spirit and a vigorous nationalism, there is nothing inherently improbable in the idea that they will suddenly become imbued with the qualities requisite for industrial organization, and relieved of the social and economic conditions which, from time immemorial, have made such organization impossible.

At first sight, it would seem, indeed, that a race which possesses millions of frugally industrious laborers, able and willing to work for wages varying between eight and fifteen cents a day, together with raw materials produced by the most efficient agriculturists on earth, and vast resources of undeveloped mineral wealth, — a country unhampered by socialism and trade-union legislation, — should be able to bring industrial Europe to its knees. But the observer who studies the economic results of China's social system, realizes that, until slow educative processes shall have produced a class of honest administrators, and, through them, a root-and-branch fiscal reform, there can never be any effective combination of labor and capital in China.

The existing social conditions and methods of government preclude all reasonable hope of developing the country's potential resources and industries on a large scale, or of producing any rapid expansion of manufactured exports. It is not that the merchant class is lacking in business capacity or the educated class in intelligence, — far from it; the trouble lies in the fact that, in the absence of definitely recognized rights of property, protected by valid laws, the Chinese capitalist is not prepared either to invest his

money in government undertakings, or to establish joint-stock industries upon which the mandarins would levy their direct or indirect 'squeezes.' Certain enthusiastic theorists of the type of Sun Yat-sen, who profess, or did profess, to believe that the average citizen's reluctance to admit the possession of wealth in any squeezable form would pass with the passing of the Manchu dynasty, have been rapidly cured of that illusion by Young China's proceedings in the matter of 'patriotic subscriptions.' At the present moment, the Chinese merchant, even in the comparative security of the foreign settlements of Shanghai, dares not purchase landed property at auction in his own name for fear of attracting the unpleasant attentions of the Republican officials.

Given laws for the administration of joint-stock companies, and justice for the individual; given the abolition of the barrier-and-*likin* exactions on trade and a limit to the arbitrary rapacities of the excise and terminal tax squeezes; given, in fact, good government, there is no reason to doubt that the capitalists and merchants of China might speedily organize the opening-up of mines and the establishment of industries as successfully as their countrymen have done under the protection of British and Dutch colonies in the East. In the provinces of Kuangtung, Kuangse, and Fuhkien, at all events, there are plenty of returned emigrants, with practical experience and capital capable of taking the lead in an industrial movement.

Nothing but the fear of official tyranny and mandarin rapacity prevents the development of China's mineral resources. The mine-owner has no hopes, under existing conditions, of organizing capital and labor with any certainty of profit; at the same time, he is naturally and violently opposed to the metropol-

itan or provincial authorities' granting concessions of mining rights to foreigners, because he hopes that, in the course of time, he may be able to work them for his own benefit. And similarly with industrial enterprise. Chinese laborers, artisans, and merchants, working individually or in guilds, are economically superior to any race on earth, but the opportunities and the technical education necessary for wholesale industrial organization of an effective kind are at present entirely beyond them. The materials are there, but it will take several generations to erect the structure, which requires, before all else, solid foundations of social and economic reform. And even if China were ready and able to organize industrialism of the scientific kind which prevails in Europe and America, and to master the elements of modern industrial finance; even if she were prepared, under the direction of foreign experts, to train her people in the skilled labor of factories and dockyards, the white races still could, and would, protect themselves by tariff walls against the competition of the Asiatic's cheap labor, just as they now protect themselves from his presence in their own countries by their exclusion acts.

IV

There remains the Yellow Peril racial. At first sight it is evident that the conditions under which the Chinese have until quite recently been wont to emigrate in search of work and wealth, have not been of a nature to threaten the countries concerned with race-problems of the kind produced by the Negro population of the United States or the Jews in Russia. Hitherto (and, generally speaking, at the present day), the Chinese emigrant has been a transient breadwinner, and not a permanent settler, overseas. Going abroad

under the stern necessity of mass pressure, his home and his family have remained in China, and if he died abroad his body was sent back for burial in the ancestral graveyard. He was, in fact, firmly bound to the homeland by immemorial ties and traditions of ancestor-worship. The effect of his cheap-labor competition on the white races, and the defensive measures taken against it, have therefore been of their nature local and economic, and not racial.

In order to appreciate the present conditions and tendencies of Chinese emigration, it is necessary to bear in mind the fact that it is only since the opening up of commercial intercourse, and improved means of communication between China and the outside world, that the people of China, or, rather, the people of the congested southeastern maritime provinces, have come to the knowledge that relief from the ever-present menace of starvation *en masse* may be sought and found overseas. Prior to the date of the Burlingame treaty between the United States and China (1868), the exodus of Cantonese and Fuhkien laborers had been practically confined to the nearer Oriental lands of the westward trade-routes, to Siam, and Borneo, and the Malay States; but it was then only a thin stream of adventurous pioneers. Until that date, relief from the constant pressure of population had been effected, internally, by nature's drastic remedies, — by famine and pestilence, by infanticide and the slaughter of frequent rebellions. In the Burlingame treaty, the American government cordially recognized 'the inalienable right of man to change his home and allegiance,' with the immediate result that industrious and thrifty Chinese from the Kuang provinces began to emigrate by thousands in the 'fire-ships' of the foreigner to the new lands of pro-

mise on the Pacific coast of America, their numbers rapidly increasing as the tale was spread of the wealth to be acquired in California.

But within ten years the white population of that state had realized the inherent fallacy of the doctrine of the open door and equal opportunity, and, clearly perceiving the economic superiority of the yellow race, had proceeded to enforce the fundamental principles of self-preservation. Chinese emigration to the white man's countries has since that time been stopped by *force majeure*; but not before several millions of intelligent southern Chinese have learned by practical experience that, beyond the borders of their own land, relief is to be found from the burdens imposed upon them by bad government and economic pressure. And this knowledge has steadily increased and spread through the interior of China, brought back by returned emigrants, taught by foreign missionaries, diffused by educational bodies and by the press, so that to-day, among the educated classes in all parts of the country, and among the laboring classes of the South, there exists a clear perception of the relief which lies in emigration and a feeling of deep and perfectly just resentment against the white races, which preach the gospel of brotherhood and equal opportunity on the one hand, and, on the other, refuse its benefits to the Chinese race in all parts of the world.

Thus the ever-insistent problems of population and food-supply have of recent years been complicated by new conditions arising directly from the changes which have taken place in China's environment, as the result of the impact of the West. For instance, the work of missionary and educational bodies, and the introduction of certain measures of public health and sanitation spreading from the treaty ports,

are tending to produce a diminution of the death-rate, which, under normal conditions in the interior, necessarily approximates to the birth-rate, and is computed at something like fifty-five per thousand. In other words, the effect of the introduction of Western ideas is to increase the pressure of population on the visible means of subsistence, precisely as it is doing in India. At the same time, the great natural outlet for the surplus millions which the Chinese government has been lately seeking to develop, by means of railways and assisted colonization, in the thinly populated regions of Manchuria and Mongolia, is now being closed by the territorial encroachments of Russia and Japan. Thus, while our medical and other missions are teaching the Chinese, on humanitarian principles, ideas which tend to increase the mass pressure of population, the policies of the World Powers, dictated by instincts either of self-preservation or of earth-hunger, are steadily confining this non-aggressive race within narrower limits.

Under these conditions, it was to be expected that, among the intelligent and active inhabitants of the south-eastern maritime provinces, appreciation of the new forces and factors produced by education and economic pressure must soon bring about important modifications of the social system based on ancestor-worship and Confucianism. Under the stern pressure of necessity, and in the light of new knowledge, it was inevitable that the ancient traditions must go down in the struggle for life, and that the communities of Chinese overseas, the *élite* of the race, should gradually find means of adapting themselves to their environment, accepting the destiny of permanent settlers in lands far from their ancestral homes and burial-places. And so it is coming to pass: to-day, in several parts of the world, there are unmistak-

able indications of a weakening of the ties of ancestor-worship as a rigidly localizing tradition of the race. In the Straits Settlements, a large proportion of the Chinese population (economically the dominant race) have abandoned the practice of sending their dead back for burial in the home-land, though in other respects their pride of nationality and social customs remain unchanged. Throughout the Malay States they have become permanent settlers, distinguished from the labor emigrants who formerly went to America and those who were employed in South Africa, by having their families with them. The family, the unit of the Chinese system has, in fact been transplanted, Nature's sternest law finally triumphing over one of the most permanent social systems ever established by man.

Cut off from North America and Australia, the Chinese emigration movement toward Burma, Siam, Malaya, and Borneo is steadily proceeding, but its conditions are changing. In Burma, for instance, where the Chinese population has more than doubled in the last ten years, many of the emigrants become permanent settlers, and intermarry freely with the Burmese women; the sons of such marriages becoming Chinese by nationality, and the daughters remaining Burmese. In Siam, there are already some three million Chinese; everything points, in fact, to a steady flow westward of the great tide of China's hunger-driven humanity, and to the probability that those who emigrate will gradually shed their racial customs and traditions, wherever these conflict with their chances of success and survival. In the provinces to the north of the Yangtse, the same forces are at work, but, because of the less actively self-helping type of race in these regions, their results are far less conspicuous than in the case of the

population which emigrates from the south-eastern maritime provinces.

Nevertheless, the tide of the predestined hungry ones flows also northward and west, wherever vacant lands are to be found, and means of communication permit. All along the Siberian and Manchurian railways, for instance, Chinese colonists are steadily making their way, demonstrating at every step their economic superiority. Prior to the outbreak of the revolution settlers (chiefly from Shantung) were moving into Mongolia, on foot, at the rate of about eight thousand a month. Russia has now forbidden the Chinese government to take any further steps toward the colonization of this region, but no ukase of the Czar can possibly check the steady flow of that resistless tide, or protect the thriftless Slav from the consequences of his own economic inefficiency. Herein, for Russia, lies the shadow of the real Yellow Peril, a peril against which she, the aggressor, can protect herself only by openly violating every principle of humanity and justice.

One of the most significant aspects of the Chinese emigration movement of to-day is to be found, not in Asia, but on the Pacific coast of South America, — in Chile and Peru. Here, almost unnoticed, the new impulses brought about by education and the fierceness of the life-struggle in China, are producing results of unmistakable significance. Among the fifteen thousand Chinese settlers in Peru, says a recent British consular report, there are many who have become Christians and who have intermarried with the Peruvians. The Chinese colony is rich and influential; it has taken firm root in this new land, while it retains undiminished its pride of race and its active sympathies for the progressive movement in China.

Now it is safe to predict that this movement of emigration to the tropi-

cal and sub-tropical countries of South America is certain to develop rapidly in proportion to the development of direct means of communication which will follow from the opening of the Panama Canal. The Cantonese, held back from other fields of activity, will assuredly seek them, as rapidly as possible, in those regions of Brazil, Peru, Ecuador, Colombia, and Chile, where agricultural and other work is essentially a question of labor, and not of white labor.

Economically speaking, the development of husbandry and industry in these regions by the labor of Orientals would appear to offer the only practical solution of problems upon which, in no small degree, depends the material welfare of the human race. Politically, however, the possibility of large numbers of Chinese and Japanese settling on the American continent opens up prospects of new racial difficulties in the future. Herein the separate interests of individual South American republics may well be found to conflict with those Pan-American or Monroe Doctrine ideas which lately found expression in the resolution of the United States Senate to forbid the acquisition by Japan of 'fishing rights' and a harbor on the Mexican coast. For, where the present-day Cantonese go, as settlers, they will assuredly take root, and where they take root they will speedily increase and multiply.

In the Chinese people's collective aversion to starvation, and in their partial but increasing perception of ways and means to avert that unpleasant end, by processes of 'peaceful penetration' beyond China's frontiers, we may perceive, I think, dimly outlined against the horizon of the future, the Yellow Peril racial. It is a peril against which, as I have said, the civilized nations of the West can protect themselves effectively only by denying the

fundamental principles of philanthropy, and Christianity's ideals of common brotherhood. From our white-racial point of view, which assumes the moral superiority of Western civilization over that of the East, and the desirability of letting white men, rather than yellow, inherit the earth, this Yellow Peril remains, for the present, still indefinite and remote. From the broad philosophical and sublunary

point of view, there is nothing to show that it really threatens the ultimate good of humanity. But, however we regard the matter, and even adopting the racial standpoint, the most violent activities of the Chinese race (which not only professes, but practices, the belief that right is superior to might) will ever be kindly and gentle compared with the White Perils that at present encompass China on every side.

THE NEED

BY ZONA GALE

'Now let's us invite in somebody,' said Abel, glowing.

He looked about on the new furniture, the new piano, the two shelves of bright books.

Emily Louise clapped her hands.

'Oh,' she said, 'yes. Let's!'

On the face of Victoria, the mother, the pleased pride gave place to a look of trouble.

'We don't know so very many,' she said.

'We!' Abel repeated. 'I don't know nobody. How should I? I work all day like a dog since I came to this place. I've no time to know nobody. But you — you stay about here. Have you not made friends?'

'Not well enough to invite them in,' she said. 'Why, you know yourself, Abel, nobody has invited us yet.'

'What difference does that make?' he wanted to know irritably. 'Prob'ly they can't afford it. Prob'ly they ain't nice enough things. Neither did we have. But now, we got them. I get

them for you. Now you must invite in different ones. Let us see — we have Tuesday. Saturday is a good day. I am early home Saturday. Have it then.'

'Goody, goody,' said Emily Louise. 'A party, won't it be?'

Her eyes met her mother's serenely and she went away to school. Abel ran for his train. The new things had come late in the evening and he had risen early to unpack them before he went to work. Left alone, Victoria faced the new responsibility.

They had lived for six months in the suburb. She rehearsed those to whom in that time she had spoken. There was the woman in the yellow house on the corner to whom Victoria had once bowed, though she could not be sure that her greeting had been returned; in the brick house across the street, Mrs. Stern, who had called upon her; the next-door neighbor, who had not called but with whom she had sometimes talked across the fence; and

Emily Louise's school-teacher, Miss Moody, who had come to see her about the child's throat. With the exception of the tradespeople, these were all. How, then, was it possible that she should give a party?

But how was it that she knew no one, she wondered. It was true, they went to no church; but then, there are people who go to no churches and who still have friends. It could not be Abel's fault — he looked just like any other man; and Emily Louise, she was a neat and pretty child. It must be she, herself, Victoria thought.

She looked in the mirror of the new side-board. She was worn and untidy. She went to her closet and examined her stock of clothes. Her black best dress, she decided, would pass very well, but she never wore it; and even her gray second-best she had seldom troubled to put on in the afternoons. It was hard to dress for nobody.

Still, that afternoon she put on the gray dress and sat rocking on the front porch for a long time. The suburb lay naked to the August sun. New sidewalks cut treeless stretches of brown grass where insects shrilled. There were few houses, and these, at ragged intervals, exposed narrow, staring fronts or backs which looked taken unaware. To and fro on the highway before her door continually rolled touring cars, filled with people who hardly saw the little town and never knew its name. From the yellow house on the corner the woman — a Mrs. Merriman — came out and crossed the street. For a moment Victoria thought that she was coming to see her, but she went to the next-door neighbor's.

'Well,' said Abel that night, 'I do everything I can to help you. When I got off the train I spoke to that fine bakery place there on the corner. I told him he should make us ice-cream and make us cakes for Saturday. He

says, "Sure," and he wants I should tell him how many.'

'Abel,' Victoria said, 'I don't know what to do about this party. I ain't acquainted with enough folks to make a party — honest.'

'You're too particular, maybe,' he told her. 'Well, that is right,' he added complacently, 'that is how you should be, particular. But not *too*.'

'But, Abel,' she persisted, 'I tell you that I don't know —'

He turned to her indignantly.

'When I married you,' he said, 'you knew half the village. In Eland's you know the ladies yet. Here we have been six months already, and you say you cannot give a party. I tell you, you should ask what few you know and make a start. If you don't, how will you get started? Ain't it you don't appreciate what I get for you? Ain't it a party should make you some hard work a'ready? Or *what*?'

She was silent. That night she tried to think it out. In the morning she went to the next-door neighbor.

'My husband and I want your husband and you should come over to our house and spend the evening next Saturday. Could you?' she recited formally.

The woman's vast face, with its unnecessary chins, was genuinely regretful. She was going that day to her mother, who was sick in the city, and her husband was to stay nights at her mother's.

Victoria went resolutely to Mrs. Stern's door, at the brick house. And there the heavens opened. Mrs. Stern would come.

'O, thank you!' Victoria breathed, and hesitated — deploring Mrs. Stern's widowhood. 'Would — would you like to bring somebody with you?' she asked. 'I'm going to have things as nice as I can.'

Mrs. Stern, a sad little woman with

an unexpectant droop, contrived to make her answer all kindness.

'How many can come to the party?' Abel inquired that evening.

'Mrs. Stern can come,' Victoria replied.

'Well?' said Abel expectantly.

'I have n't — there is n't anyone else. Abel, I don't think I can do it, truly,' she said.

The man's face tightened.

'So,' he said, 'you cannot do like other men's wives when they get a neat up-to-date little home furnished like this. Is that it?'

'I have n't had time yet, either, Abel,' she pleaded weakly. 'It takes longer. I — I have n't heard.'

She remembered how hard he worked and how few were his pleasures. She thought of his pride in their new furniture. And in her flesh was the sting of his words about other men's wives. Surely he was right — since they had the furniture and the means, there must be people who would come. In the morning, when she told him good-bye in the confidence of the sun, 'Abel,' she said with determination, 'the party will be Saturday! But I can't tell yet how many — that is the only thing.'

'So,' he said, his satisfaction returning. 'Of course, when a person wants to give parties, people hang around 'em! You should manage, Victoria.'

There was, Victoria knew, a little club of women which met in the parlor of a near-by public hall on Thursdays. She had seen the members pass her house on the way to the meetings. On Thursday she presented herself at the door of the little room and asked for the president. It had come to Victoria that if she could join, she would invite that whole club and their husbands to her house on Saturday evening. She waited in the ante-room through which went women talking as if they had known each other for a long time. At

last the president appeared. This woman held her head back, either to focus her glasses or to keep them on, and her hands were filled with loose papers.

'What was it?' she asked.

She was in haste, and it was hard for Victoria to begin.

'Could other folks join your club?' Victoria finally inquired.

'If you get two members of the club to propose the name,' the president answered kindly. 'Then it is voted on two weeks after it is proposed. Was that all?'

That night Abel came home with a large box. He was gay with mystery. The box was not to be opened until after dinner. Emily Louise was warned away. To please him Victoria guessed: a rug, a picture, new curtains, a bed-spread.

'Yet more magnificent!' cried Abel, and cut the string.

It was a suit of evening clothes. Abel had never worn evening clothes. These had been made for another man and had not been received on delivery.

'Now you should not be ashamed when I am welcoming our company,' he said. 'Can you tell yet how many are coming?' he demanded.

'Not yet,' Victoria said.

'I should let that baker know tomorrow without fail,' he declared.

On Friday Victoria took the step over which she had hesitated. She wrote a note and sent it by Emily Louise to Mrs. Merriman in the yellow house on the corner. The note said: —

MRS. MERRIMAN

MY DEAR NEIGHBOR: —

We are going to have a party Saturday night. Will you and your husband come, and your little girl, if you think she would enjoy it. I would like to have my neighbors come.

Yours sincerely,

MRS. ABEL HOPE.

'Then,' Victoria thought, 'if she has n't called just because she's been busy, she'll come.'

When she was preparing lunch for herself and Emily Louise, the reply was delivered by a maid.

'Mr. and Mrs. William Merriman regret that they are unable to accept the invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Hope for Saturday evening.'

Victoria dropped these regrets on the coals of the cooking stove. Her heart was heavy in her, and she felt a kind of physical nausea. Abel had bought this fine suit. He would look like any other man giving a party and having a wife who made friends. What should she do now?

While Emily Louise ate her lunch, Victoria ate nothing. She tried to think it out, and she sat staring at the automobiles rolling to and fro on the highway. She was hardly conscious of the child's chatter until at last one sentence leaped from the rest and held her.

'Miss Moody says she's coming to see you again about my throat,' said Emily Louise.

Miss Moody! Why had she not invited her?

'I like Miss Moody, but I like Mr. Allen better,' Emily Louise continued candidly. 'He's —'

Victoria bent toward the child.

'Emily Louise,' she said breathlessly, 'how many teachers is they in your school-house?'

At once the child became important. She named them all, proud of her knowledge, and Victoria and she counted them. There were seven.

Seven! That number in itself would make a party. People were always doing nice things for teachers. She would have them all. She said nothing to the child, but when Emily Louise returned

to school, she took to Miss Moody a note asking her to invite all the other teachers to Emily Louise's house for Saturday evening.

That night the child waited, as she sometimes did, for her father's train, and she came home with him. Victoria took Miss Moody's note secretly and laid it on a shelf in the pantry. She was in the midst of getting dinner, but this was not the real reason for the delay. She dreaded to open the note.

'How,' Abel inquired, 'is our party *now*? By now you got to know how many come. Not?'

'Ten,' said Victoria faintly. 'Counting us, ten.'

Oh, yes, she said to herself, the teachers would come. They must come. Surely they would be glad to come.

Abel pursed his lips. 'You should have got more,' he rebuked her. 'We could afford more, while we're doing it.'

She said nothing. After dinner, while he was on the sofa playing with Emily Louise, she went to the pantry and opened the note. Miss Moody was genuinely sorry and they all were, appreciating as they did this attention from the parents of a pupil, but on Saturday night they must all be at a teachers' conference in town.

Victoria washed the dinner dishes and laid the table for breakfast. When she could make no further excuse for delay, she went in the other room to tell Abel. She was pale and faint, and when she closed the kitchen door she stood leaning against it, trembling.

Only Emily Louise was in the room.

'Daddy's gone to the bakery to tell him how many,' she announced. 'Just think, mother! To-morrow night the party'll be being! Ain't it *grand*!'

Victoria took her in her arms and sat waiting for Abel's return. She dared not think what he would do. He had a temper of unreason and of violence,

and he would see only what he already saw. Yet when he came back, filled with innocent pride in the brick ice-cream and the little fancy cakes which he had selected, it was not so much her fear that held her silent as her sick unwillingness to quench that almost child-like planning.

'We should change the book-case and the piano,' he declared. 'It will make the room stand to look wider across.'

She even helped him to fold back the rug and to move the furniture.

'We should shake hands here,' said he. 'Where do they put their coats? Why don't you talk some planning?'

Somehow she evaded everything save assent, and Abel was not one to wonder at any monologue of his own. Quite blithely he arranged it all. He talked of it incessantly.

At last Victoria crept to bed and faced what on the morrow she must do. From the sleep which came to her toward dawn, she was early awakened by Emily Louise jumping in her bare feet at the bed-side and calling, —

'The party's to-night! The party's to-night!'

The phrase beat at Victoria's ears through the morning. She saw Abel set off for his work, and she said to herself that she would never see him just like this again — perhaps she would never see him again at all. He would work all day thinking of the evening. They had never given a party. Then he would come home and find the truth. She confronted the chief misery of every unhappiness: the tracing of avoidable events by which the thing has so incredibly come about.

She made ready and cooked a fowl and a roast and other food, enough to last Abel for several days. She set her house in order and packed her own belongings. She put on the gray dress, and dressed Emily Louise — perhaps,

she thought, Abel would follow her for the child, and then she might make him understand. After their lunch she sat down to write two notes. The one to Mrs. Stern was brief and explained that she had been obliged unexpectedly to leave home. The note to Abel was harder to write.

DEAR ABEL: — I am so sorry it will hurt you that I couldn't invite a party like the other women. I tried to. I asked the ones I know any, but only Mrs. Stern could, and anyway there was n't enough. . . .

She was still writing at this when she heard a sharp noise and voices. In the road was standing a large touring car. She watched the men descend and examine the machine, and then one of them came to her door. Victoria had never spoken with a man like him, or heard speech so perfect. When she had told him that she had no telephone and had directed him to Mrs. Stern's house, she could not forbear a sympathetic question.

'Thank you, yes,' he said. 'A rear axle. If it had been a front one —'

He smiled, and Victoria smiled too, although to her his words meant nothing.

'We'll be tied up for some time, I'm afraid,' he added.

There were in the car three women and three men. Presently Victoria saw them all go into Mrs. Stern's garden. One of the women had to be helped a little. She went into the house, but the others sat under the trees. The men went away and the women laid aside their veils. Mrs. Stern came running across the street.

'Oh, Mrs. Hope,' she said, her dull face quickened, 'have you got any lemons in the house? Those folks have got to sit here till they can send out from the city to mend their car — one

of the ladies is lame. I thought I'd give 'em something cool to drink.'

Victoria was looking at her breathlessly.

'Do you think,' she said, 'that they'd come over here with you for dinner? I could have it real prompt.'

To the Audreys and their friends, sitting somewhat disconsolately in Mrs. Stern's little garden, Victoria appeared in a confusion which unmasked her eagerness. They protested: it was too much; their own dinner hour was late — there was no need. . . .

'I want you should come,' Victoria said earnestly, as if there were a need. 'I never have any company come out here. I want you to come.'

They followed her involuntary glance to the treeless stretches and the sidewalks that led nowhere and that betrayed to how few footsteps they ever echoed. Some hint of Victoria's tragedy was in the bleak open of the blocks.

'Why, thank you,' Mrs. Audrey said gently. 'Then if you will really let us, we will come.'

Victoria could hardly believe. She sped across the street, the past days fallen from her. She made ready the roast and the fowl that she had meant to leave for Abel, the vegetables and salad fresh from the garden. Emily Louise was sent to hurry the baker, and later to strip the vines of their sweet peas. Many tasks were to be done, but Victoria made of them nothing. When Abel came home the savor of the preparation filled the little house.

'It's a dinner!' she triumphantly told him.

'A dinner! So that was what was up your sleeve!' cried Abel, and ran to look over the table. 'That is right — that is fine,' he approved, 'only we should had more here. It was no more trouble — to have more.'

At six o'clock all was ready: Victoria

in her black best gown, Abel in the new suit of which the sleeves were a bit too long, so that he constantly pushed them up at the armholes. When he saw their guests at the gate, he drew Victoria to the place he had appointed. Emily Louise opened the door.

'Most pleased to welcome you hospitable under my little roof,' Abel said, as he had planned to say.

He mastered the names by careful attention and repetition. Victoria slipped away to serve the dinner. When she called them with, 'You can come now,' from the doorway, Abel genially led the way.

'Take your seats where you like!' he cried.

The six guests were from another world. Of everything that they did they made graces. At Abel's table they were instantly at home, and they were found putting Victoria at her ease.

'You in business around here or in the city?' Abel inquired of Audrey.

Audrey, a man of forty, of fine distinction and fine humor and a genuine love of men, replied that his work was in town.

'What company you with?' Abel wished to know. 'The Badington Electric!' he repeated with a shout. 'Why, that's my firm! Sure — I'm for ten years a builder. What's your job with 'em, may I ask? Travel for 'em, maybe?'

'Something of that sort,' said Audrey, to whom a majority of the Badington stock belonged. 'All three of us here are slaves for that company,' he added.

'Well, then,' cried Abel, 'we are already acquainted, ain't it? We understand each other like a family. We got a kind of a common feeling. Not?'

After that the talk made itself. Abel talked, and to his eyes came the passions of the men with whom he worked, their needs, their bonds, their

confusions. The three men listened and said what they could, wondering at this unfamiliar agglomeration which to Abel meant the firm; and then they sought to show him vistas of which he had taken no account. The guests praised the little house, and Victoria told them how, though she herself had lived in a village and had had more experience, Abel had until now always lived in a flat — ‘Abel’s never lived before, what you might say, private,’ she said.

When the brick ice-cream and the baker’s little cakes were set before them, Abel almost kept silence while he ate, as one giving meet observance; and he sent glances of pleased pride to Victoria.

Finally, Abel proposed to the men that they go out to the porch ‘where they could smoke,’ and the women who had fallen in talk about Emily Louise, were left lingering at the table. Mrs. Audrey had a little girl at home, the others had children grown. The three women told anecdotes of childish doing.

‘Your little girl must be a great deal of company for you,’ the lame lady said quaintly.

‘She has to be,’ Victoria said — and in the warmth of their presence, she told them the history of her party and of how it had almost failed. The furniture, the club, her other invitations — she told it all, except that Abel’s new suit she did not mention. ‘You see what you done for me,’ she ended. When Audrey came to tell them that the car was ready, the eyes of the women were filled with tears.

‘Well, now,’ said Abel, when they

went with their guests to their car, ‘you must all drop in on us some evening. We’d like it, would n’t we, Victoria?’

‘We mean to come,’ the women told Victoria.

‘And I’ll look you up at the works some time, if you don’t mind,’ Audrey heard himself saying to Abel.

‘Sure,’ said Abel, ‘we stand to know each other better from now on — not? That is what a man needs. Sure!’

‘Come soon again — come soon again!’ Emily Louise called after the car.

Mrs. Stern was speaking softly to Victoria.

‘That club you told us about,’ she said, ‘I belong to that. I’ll get your name put up, if you want.’

Abel, having carefully changed the new suit, went into the kitchen to help his wife with the dishes and to talk it over. To his surprise, she had done nothing; she stood leaning in the outside kitchen doorway. In the late light the open land had almost the face of the country; and to that which had seemed to be defined, color of twilight was now giving new depths and delicacies. He came and stood beside her.

‘Victoria,’ he said admiringly, ‘where’d you meet ’em? They’re the right kind of friends for anybody!’

Then she told him, melting suddenly to tears in her happiness and her contrition. And she showed him the note that she had meant to leave. For an instant something of her tragedy was clear to Abel. He put out his hand.

‘I don’t care how you done it,’ he said loyally, ‘you done it magnificent.’

THE CAGE¹

BY ARTURO M. GIOVANNITTI

SALEM JAIL, SUNDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1912

I

In the middle of the great greenish room stood the green iron cage.
All was old and cold and mournful, ancient with the double antiquity of heart and brain in the great greenish room.
Old and hoary was the man who sat upon the faldstool, upon the fireless and godless altar.
Old were the tomes that mouldered behind him on the dusty shelves.
Old was the painting of an old man that hung above him.
Old the man upon his left, who awoke with his cracked voice the dead echoes of dead centuries; old the man upon his right who wielded a wand; and old all those who spoke to him and listened to him before and around the green iron cage.
Old were the words they spoke, and their faces were drawn and white and lifeless, without expression or solemnity; like the ikons of old cathedrals.
For of naught they knew, but of what was written in the old yellow books. And all the joys and pains and loves and hatreds and furies and labors and strifes of man, all the fierce and divine passions that battle and rage in the heart of man, never entered into the great greenish room but to sit in the green iron cage.
Senility, dullness and dissolution were all around the green iron cage, and nothing was new and young and alive in the great room, except the three men who were in the cage.

II

Throbbled and thundered and clamored and roared outside of the great greenish room the terrible whirl of life, and most pleasant was the hymn of its mighty polyphony to the listening ears of the gods.
Whirred the wheels of the puissant machines, rattled and clanked the chains of the giant cranes, crashed the falling rocks; the riveters crepitated; and glad and sonorous was the rhythm of the bouncing hammers upon the loud-throated anvils.

¹ For a commentary on 'The Cage,' see the first article in the Contributors' Club in this number.

Like the chests of wrathfully toiling Titans, heaved and sniffed and panted the sweaty boilers, like the hissing of dragons sibilated the white jets of steam, and the sirens of the workshops shrieked like angry hawks, flapping above the crags of a dark and fathomless chasm.

The files screeched and the trains thundered, the wires hummed, the dynamos buzzed, the fires crackled; and like a thunderclap from the Cyclopean forge roared the blasts of the mines.

Wonderful and fierce was the mighty symphony of the world, as the terrible voices of metal and fire and water cried out into the listening ears of the gods the furious song of human toil.

Out of the chaos of sound, welded in the unison of one will to sing, rose clear and nimble the divine accord of the hymn: —

Out of the cañons of the mountains,
Out of the whirlpools of the lakes,
Out of the entrails of the earth,
Out of the yawning gorges of hell,
From the land and the sea and the sky,
From wherever comes bread and wealth and joy,

And from the peaceful abodes of men, rose majestic and fierce, louder than the roar of the volcano and the bellow of the typhoon, the anthem of human labor to the fatherly justice of the Sun.

But in the great greenish room there was nothing but the silence of dead centuries and of ears that listen no more; and none heard the mighty call of life that roared outside, save the three men who were in the cage.

III

All the good smells, the wholesome smells, the healthy smells of life and labor were outside the great room.

The smell of rain upon the grass and of the flowers consumed by their love for the stars.

The heavy smell of smoke that coiled out of myriads of chimneys of ships and factories and homes.

The dry smell of sawdust and the salty smell of the iron filings.

The odor of magazines and granaries and warehouses, the kingly smell of argosies and the rich scent of market-places, so dear to the women of the race.

The smell of new cloth and new linen, the smell of soap and water and the smell of newly printed paper.

The smell of grains and hay and the smell of stables, the warm smell of cattle and sheep that Virgil loved.

The smell of milk and wine and plants and metals,

And all the good odors of the earth and of the sea and of the sky, and the fragrance of fresh bread, sweetest aroma of the world, and the smell of human sweat, most holy incense to the divine nostrils of the gods, and all the olympian perfumes of the heart and the brain and the passions of men, were outside of the great greenish room.

But within the old room there was nothing but the smell of old books and the dust of things decayed, and the suffocated exhalation of old graves, and the ashen odor of dissolution and death.

Yet all the sweetness of all the wholesome odors of the world outside were redolent in the breath of the three men in the cage.

IV

Like crippled eagles fallen were the three men in the cage, and like little children who look into a well to behold the sky were the men that looked down upon them.

No more would they rise to their lofty eyries, no more would they soar above the snow-capped mountains — yet, tho' their pinions were broken, nothing could dim the fierce glow of their eyes, which knew all the altitudes of heaven.

Strange it was to behold the men in the cage while life clamored outside, and strange it seemed to them that they should be there because of what dead men had written in old books.

So of naught did they think but of the old books and the green cage.

Thought they: All things are born, grow, decay, and die and are forgotten.

Surely all that is in this great room will pass away. But what will endure the longer, the folly that was written into the old books or the madness that was beaten into the bands of this cage?

Which of these two powers has enthralled us, the thought of dead men who wrote the old books, or the labor of living men who have wrought this cage?

Long and intently they thought, but they found no answer.

V

But one of the three men in the cage, whose soul was tormented by the fiercest fire of hell, which is the yearning after the Supreme Truth, spoke and said unto his comrades: —

'Aye, brothers, all things die and pass away, yet nothing is truly and forever dead until each one of the living has thrown a regretless handful of soil into its grave.

'Many a book has been written since these old books were written, and many a proverb of the sage has become the jest of the fool, yet this cage still stands as it stood for numberless ages.

'What is it then that made it of metal more enduring than the printed word?

'Which is its power to hold us here?

'Brothers, it is the things we love that enslave us.

'Brothers, it is the things we yearn for that subdue us.

'Brothers, it is not hatred for the things that are, but love for the things that are to be, that makes us slaves.

'And what man is more apt to become a thrall, brothers, and to be locked in a green iron cage, than he who yearns the most for the Supreme of the things that are to be — he who most craves for Freedom?

'And what subtle and malignant power save this love of loves could be in the metal of this cage that it is so mad to imprison us?'

So spoke one of the men to the other two, and then out of the silence of the æons spoke into his tormented soul the metallic soul of the cage.

VI

'Iron, the twin brother of fire, the first born out of the matrix of the earth, the witness everlasting to the glory of thy labor, am I, O Man!

'Not for this was I meant, O Man! Not to imprison thee, but to set thee free and sustain thee in thy strife and in thy toil.

'I was to lift the pillars of thy Temple higher than the mountains;

'I was to lower the foundations of thy house deeper than the abysmal sea;

'I was to break down and bore through all the barriers of the world to open the way to thy triumphal chariot.

'All the treasures and all the bounties of the earth was I to give as an offering into thy hands, and all its forces and powers to bring chained like crouching dogs at thy feet.

'Hadst thou not sinned against the nobility of my nature and my destiny, hadst thou not humiliated me, an almighty warrior, to become the lackey of gold, I would never have risen against thee and enthralled thee, O Man!

'While I was hoe and ploughshare and sword and axe and scythe and hammer, I was the first artificer of thy happiness; but the day I was beaten into the first lock and the first key, I became fetters and chains to thy hands and thy feet, O Man!

'My curse is thy curse, O Man! and even if thou shouldst pass out of the wicket of this cage, never shalt thou be free until thou returnest me to the joy of labor.

'O Man! bring me back into the old smithy, purify me again with the holy fire of the forge, lay me again on the mother breast of the anvil, beat me again with the old honest hammer — O Man! remould me with thy wonderful hands into an instrument of thy toil,

‘Remake of me the sword of thy justice,
Remake of me the tripod of thy worship,
Remake of me the sickle for thy grain,
Remake of me the oven for thy bread,
And the andirons for thy peaceful hearth, O Man!
And the trestles for the bed of thy love, O Man!
And the frame of thy joyous lyre, O Man!’

VII

Thus spake to one of the three men, out of the silence of centuries, the metallic soul of the cage.

And he listened unto its voice, and while it was still ringing in his soul, — which was tormented with the fiercest fire of hell, which is the yearning after the Supreme Truth (Is it Death? Is it Love?), — there arose one man in the silent assembly of old men that were around the iron cage.

And that man was the most hoary of all, and most bent and worn and crushed was he under the heavy weight of the great burden he bore without pride and without joy.

He arose, and addressing himself — I know not whether to the old man that sat on the black throne, or to the old books that were mouldering behind him, or to the picture that hung above him — he said (and dreary as a wind that moans through the crosses of an old graveyard was his voice): —

‘I will prove to you that these three men in the cage are criminals and murderers and that they ought to be put to death.’

Love, it was then that I heard for the first time the creak of the moth that was eating the old painting and the old books, and the worm that was gnawing the old bench, and it was then that I saw that all the old men around the great greenish room were dead.

They were dead like the old man in the old painting, save that they still read the old books he could read no more, and still spoke and heard the old words he could speak and hear no more, and still passed the judgment of the dead, which he no more could pass, upon the mighty life of the world outside that throbbed and thundered and clamored and roared the wonderful anthem of Labor to the fatherly justice of the Sun.

THE NEGRO AND THE LABOR UNIONS

BY BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

WHEN the Negro boy from the Southern states leaves the plantation or the farm and goes up to the city, it is not work, in many cases, that he is looking for. He has labored in the field, beside his father and his mother, since he was old enough to hold a hoe, and he has never known the time when he, and every other member of the family, could not find all the work they needed and more than they wanted. The one thing of which he has always had plenty at home has been work. It is very likely that a promise that he would earn more and do less has turned his steps from the farm; but at bottom it is not the search for easier work or higher wages that brings the country boy to town; it is the natural human desire to see a little more of the place he has heard of over yonder, beyond the horizon — the City.

The thing that takes the country boy to the city, in short, is the desire to learn something, either through books and in school, or in actual contact with daily life, about the world in which he finds himself. One of the first and most surprising things the country boy learns in the city is that work is not always to be had; that it is something a man has to go out and look for. Another thing he very soon learns is that there is a great deal of difference between skilled and unskilled labor, and that the man who has learned to do some one thing well, no matter how small it may be, is looked upon with a certain respect, whether he has a white skin or a black skin; while the man who

has never learned to do anything well simply does not count in the industrial world.

The average Negro learns these things, as I have said, when he comes to the city. I mention them here because in considering the relation of the Negro to the labor unions it should be remembered that the average Negro laborer in the country districts has rarely had the experience of looking for work; work has always looked for him. In the Southern states, in many instances, the employment agent who goes about the country seeking to induce laborers to leave the plantations is looked upon as a kind of criminal. Laws are made to restrict and even prohibit his operations. The result is that the average Negro who comes to the town from the plantations does not understand the necessity or advantage of a labor organization, which stands between him and his employer and aims apparently to make a monopoly of the opportunities for labor.

Another thing which is to some extent peculiar about the Negro in the Southern states, is that the average Negro is more accustomed to work for persons than for wages. When he gets a job, therefore, he is inclined to consider the source from which it comes. The Negro is himself a friendly sort of person, and it makes a great deal of difference to him whether he believes the man he is working for is his friend or his enemy. One reason for this is that he has found in the past that the friendship and confidence of a good white

man, who stands well in the community, are a valuable asset in time of trouble. For this reason he does not always understand, and does not like, an organization which seems to be founded on a sort of impersonal enmity to the man by whom he is employed; just as in the Civil War all the people in the North were the enemies of all the people in the South, even when the man on the one side was the brother of the man on the other.

I have tried to suggest in what I have said why it is true, as it seems to me, that the Negro is naturally not inclined toward labor unions. But aside from this natural disposition of the Negro there is unquestionably a very widespread prejudice and distrust of labor unions among Negroes generally.

One does not have to go far to discover the reason for this. In several instances Negroes are expressly excluded from membership in the unions. In other cases individual Negroes have been refused admittance to unions where no such restrictions existed, and have been in consequence shut out from employment at their trades.

For this and other reasons, Negroes, who have been shut out, or believed they had been shut out, of employment by the unions, have been in the past very willing strike-breakers. It is another illustration of the way in which prejudice works, also, that the strikers seemed to consider it a much greater crime for a Negro, who had been denied an opportunity to work at his trade, to take the place of a striking employee than it was for a white man to do the same thing. Not only have Negro strike-breakers been savagely beaten and even murdered by strikers or their sympathizers, but in some instances every Negro, no matter what his occupation, who lived in the vicinity of the strike has found himself in danger.

Another reason why Negroes are

prejudiced against the unions is that, during the past few years, several attempts have been made by the members of labor unions which do not admit Negroes to membership, to secure the discharge of Negroes employed in their trades. For example, in March, 1911, the white firemen on the Queen and Crescent Railway struck as the result of a controversy over the Negro firemen employed by the road. The white firemen, according to the press reports, wanted the Negro firemen assigned to the poorest runs. Another report stated that an effort was made to compel the railway company to get rid of the Negro firemen altogether.

Shortly after this there was a long controversy between Public Printer Donnelly and the Washington Bricklayers' Union because, so the papers said, Mr. Donnelly would not 'draw the color line' in the employment of bricklayers on a job at the Government Printing Office. It appears that an additional number of bricklayers was needed. Mr. Donnelly drew upon the Civil Service Commission for the required number of men. A colored man was certified by the Commission, whereupon the white bricklayers struck, refusing to work with a Negro. Other Negroes were hired to take the strikers' places. The labor union objected to this and threatened to demand that President Taft remove Mr. Donnelly. These are some of the reasons why Negroes generally have become prejudiced against labor unions.

On the other hand, many instances have been called to my attention in which labor unions have used their influence in behalf of Negroes. On the Georgia and Florida Railway the white and colored firemen struck for higher wages. Mobs composed of both white and black men held up trains. It was reported that the Negroes were as violent in their demonstrations as the

whites. In this instance the strikers won. A recent dispatch from Key West, Florida, stated that the white carpenters in that city had struck because two Negro workmen had been unfairly discharged. The members of the white Carpenters' Union refused to return to work until the Negroes had been reinstated.

At the 1910 National Council of the American Federation of Labor, resolutions were passed urging Negroes and all other races to enter the unions connected with the Federation. Since that time I have learned of activity on the part of the Federation in organizing Negro laborers in New Orleans, Pittsburg, Pensacola, Richmond, and several other Southern cities. In spite of the impression which prevails generally among colored people that the labor unions are opposed to them, I have known several instances in which Negroes have proven enthusiastic trade-unionists, and in several cases they have taken a leading part in organization and direction, not only in the colored, but in the white unions of which they chanced to be members.

Notwithstanding these facts, some of which seem to point in one direction and some in another, there seems to be no doubt that there is prejudice against Negroes among the members of labor unions and that there is a very widespread prejudice against labor unions among Negroes. These are facts that both parties must reckon with; otherwise, whenever there is a strike, particularly among those trades which have been closed to Negroes, there will always be a considerable number of colored laborers ready and willing to take these positions, not merely from a desire to better their positions as individuals, but also for the sake of widening the race's opportunities for labor.

In such strikes, whatever disadvantages they may have in other respects,

Negroes will have this advantage, that they are engaged in a struggle to maintain their right to labor as free men, which, with the right to own property, is, in my opinion, the most important privilege that was granted to black men as a result of the Civil War.

Under these circumstances the question which presents itself to black men and white men of the laboring classes is this: Shall the labor unions use their influence to deprive the black man of his opportunity to labor, and shall they, as far as possible, push the Negro into the position of a professional 'strike-breaker'; or will the labor unions, on the other hand, admitting the facts to be as they are, unite with those who want to give every man, regardless of color, race or creed, what Colonel Roosevelt calls the 'square deal' in the matters of labor, using their influence to widen rather than to narrow the Negro's present opportunities; to lessen rather than to magnify the prejudices which make it difficult for white men and black men to unite for their common good?

In order to get at the facts in reference to this matter, I recently sent a letter of inquiry to the heads of the various labor organizations in the United States, in which I asked the following three questions: —

What are the rules of your union concerning the admittance of Negroes to membership?

Do Negroes, as a rule, make good union men? If not, what in your opinion is the cause?

What do you advise concerning the Negro and the Trade-Unions?

I confess that I was both interested and surprised by the number and the character of the replies which I received. They not only indicated that the labor leaders had fully considered the question of the Negro laborer, but

they also showed, in many instances, a sympathy and an understanding of the difficulties under which the Negro labors that I did not expect to find. A brief summary of these letters will indicate, better than anything I can say, the actual situation.

In reply to the question, 'What are the rules of your union concerning the admittance of Negroes?' nine unions, all but two of which are concerned with transportation, stated that Negroes are barred from membership. These unions are: the International Brotherhood of Maintenance-of-Way Employees, Switchmen's Union, Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen, Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, Order of Railway Conductors of America, Order of Railway Telegraphers, American Wire Weavers' Protective Association, and the International Brotherhood of Boilermakers, Iron Shipbuilders and Helpers of America.

Fifty-one national labor organizations, several of which are the strongest in the country, reported that there was nothing in their constitutions prohibiting the admittance of Negroes. In fact, many of the constitutions expressly state that there shall be no discrimination because of race or color. This is the case, for example, with the Wood, Wire and Metal Lathers' Union. The constitution of the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners contains the following statement: 'We recognize that the interests of all classes of labor are identical regardless of occupation, nationality, religion or color, for a wrong done to one is a wrong done to all.'

Mr. Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, replying to the question concerning the admission of Negroes to labor unions wrote: 'Realizing the necessity for the unity of the wage-earners of our

country, the American Federation of Labor has upon all occasions declared that trade unions should open their portals to all wage-workers irrespective of creed, color, nationality, sex, or politics. Nothing has transpired in recent years which has called for a change in our declared policy upon this question; on the contrary, every evidence tends to confirm us in this conviction; for even if it were not a matter of principle, self-preservation would prompt the workers to organize intelligently and to make common cause.'

With two exceptions the answers to my question, 'Do Negroes in your opinion make good Union men?' were that they do.

Mr. Ralph V. Brandt, of Cleveland, secretary-treasurer of the Wood, Wire and Metal Lathers' Union, wrote: 'I regret to say I must answer "no" to this question. We have had several locals in the South,' he continues, 'where the membership was made up either exclusively of Negroes or a large majority, and we have had only two out of the entire number that have made a success. One of these locals is in Savannah, Georgia, and the other in Charleston, South Carolina, and, as it happens, both of these are among the earliest locals chartered by our organization. I have had this situation come under my personal observation in our locals in this city, of which I am a member, and I must say that the Negro lathers in Cleveland have failed absolutely in meeting the general requirements of union men.'

The letter goes into details, describing the various efforts, all of them unsuccessful, which the local unions made to induce the Negro lathers to re-affiliate. They were promised recognition in the governing board of the union and, at the suggestion of some of the colored lathers, one of their number was recognized as a contractor, but

these measures also failed of their purpose.

Another letter to much the same effect was received from the secretary of the Tobacco Workers' International Union. The secretary wrote: 'Our experience has been that very few of them have turned out to be such [good union men]. They have a large Union in Richmond, Va., all colored men, and only a few of the whole membership are what I would call union men. They do not seem to grasp the significant feature of the trade-union [movement].'

Mr. B. A. Larger, general secretary of the United Garment Makers of America, said: 'I think the Negroes working in the trades do make good union men, but I do not think that the Negro waiters make good union men, as I have had some experience in trying to organize them. They would be well organized and apparently have a strong organization, but in a short time it would go to pieces. Among them there would be some good loyal members, but not sufficient [in numbers] to keep up the organization.'

'I am unable,' he adds, 'to give a definite reason except, perhaps, that it might be the fault of the head waiter, who would induce some person to go into the organization and break it up. Nevertheless, it is true that they are the most difficult to organize of any class of people.'

A somewhat different light is thrown upon the situation by a letter from Mr. Jacob Fisher, general secretary of the Journeymen Barbers' International Union. This letter is so interesting that I am disposed to quote from it at considerable length. 'In my opinion,' Mr. Fisher writes, 'Negro trade-unionists make as good members as any others, and I believe that the percentage of good trade-unionists among the Negroes is just as high as of any other class of people; but the percentage of

Negroes of our trade belonging to our organization is not as high as among other classes. One of the greatest obstacles we have to confront, in inducing and urging the Negroes to become members of our organization, is a general current rumor that the white barbers are trying to displace and put out of business the Negro barbers. There is no foundation whatever for the rumor, but it has become generally spread among the Negro barbers, and this feeling has been urged upon them more strongly than it would otherwise be, by Negro employers, who do everything they can, as a general rule, to keep their employees from joining our trade-union. We have tried for years to impress upon the minds of Negro barbers that their best hope for better conditions lies in becoming members of our organization. But the feeling that exists among them has been so impressed upon their minds by no one else except the Negro employer, as to make it a very difficult matter to induce individual Negro barbers to become members of our organization.'

Mr. Fisher adds that a few years ago a large percentage of the barbers were Germans. In more recent years Jews and Italians have been getting into the barber business in large numbers. Barbers of all of these nationalities are 'rapidly becoming educated' in the trade-union movement, and are active in bringing other members of the trade of their nationalities into the union. 'On the other hand,' he continues, 'the Negro barbers, while loyal to the movement and active in the affairs within the organization, do not direct their attention to the unorganized Negro barbers and use their endeavors to educate them in trade-union matters.'

The Mine Workers' Union has the largest Negro membership of any of the labor unions. Mr. John Mitchell,

the former president, states that, 'while there are no exact statistics as to the number of Negro members of the United Mine Workers of America, it is safe to say that not less than 30,000 of the 300,000 members are Negroes. Many important offices are filled by colored members.

'The Negroes who are mining coal in the Northern states,' he adds, 'make first-class union men. In the Southern states where Negroes are employed in large numbers in the mining industry, unionism is not so strong. This, however, is in part accounted for by the fact that the mine-owners oppose strongly the organization of their workmen, and the miners are so poor that they cannot contend successfully against the corporations unless they are supported financially by the organized men in other states.'

Mr. Edwin Perry, secretary-treasurer of the United Mine Workers of America, replying to the question, 'Do Negroes make good union men?' wrote: 'I say unequivocally, "yes," and point with pride to the fact that the largest local branch of our organization has at least 80 per cent colored men. It is progressive and up to date in all things. This local is located in my home state at Buxton, Iowa.

'It is possible,' he adds, 'that misguided individuals may, in some isolated instances, discriminate against the Negro, but when our attention is called to the same, we endeavor to overcome that condition by the application of intelligence and common sense. The time is not far distant when the working men and women of our country will see the necessity of mutual coöperation and the wiping out of existence of all class lines.'

Mr. John Williams of Pittsburg, president of the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers, stated that the laws of his association

provide that 'all men working in and around rolling mills are eligible to membership.' No line of demarcation is drawn. He was of the opinion that Negroes, if given the opportunity, make good union men. He also advised that Negroes should be educated in the principles and ideals for which the labor-union movement stands.

In view of the newspaper reports from time to time concerning the discrimination against Negro chauffeurs, the statement of Mr. Thomas L. Hughes, general secretary-treasurer of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, Chauffeurs, Stablemen and Helpers, concerning Negroes in labor-unions is particularly interesting.

'I have had considerable dealing with colored men as members of our trade-union,' he writes. 'In every instance where the colored men have been organized, we find them to be loyal to our union in every shape and manner. To say that they make good union men is only putting it too lightly. We have local unions composed entirely of Negroes in certain parts of the country that are a credit to our international union.'

In many localities Negroes, Mr. Hughes asserts, belong to the same organization as white men and get on satisfactorily. In many of the large local unions, where there are both, the colored membership is large. The officers of the organization are also colored.

The secretary of the Amalgamated Meat-Cutters and Butchers' Workmen, replying to my question, 'Do Negroes make good union men?' said, 'I will say that the Negro averages up with the white man and I cannot see any difference, as it is all a matter of education. Both classes improve as they become more familiar with the work. I might say, incidentally, that one of the best and most conscientious officials we have is a Negro member of

our local union in Kingston, N. Y. He is a man who not only has the entire confidence of his associates in the organization, but is held in the highest esteem by the entire community and, as an officer, stands second to none.'

The answers to the question, 'What do you advise concerning the Negro and Trade Unions?' were practically unanimous in advising that the Negro be organized and educated in the principles of trade-unionism. Even the leaders of those unions which bar out the Negro advised that he be organized. The president of the Switchmen's Union, Mr. S. E. Heberling, wrote: 'The laws of our union will not permit Negroes to join, the constitution using the term "white." However,' he adds, 'I advise that the Negroes in all trades organize to better their condition. This organization, in reference to Negroes following the occupation of switchmen, has advised the American Federation of Labor, with whom we are affiliated, to grant the Negroes charters as members of the Federal Labor Union. I hope your race will take advantage of the opportunities afforded them.'

Mr. H. B. Perham, of St. Louis, president of the Order of Railroad Telegraphers, wrote: 'The Order of Railroad Telegraphers is a white man's organization, that provision having been in its constitution since its inception twenty-six years ago. I advise the organization to help the poor man to a better standard of living, better education, resistance of injustice and the like. As the Negro, generally speaking, is poor, he needs organization.'

Mr. John J. Flynn, of Chicago, secretary and treasurer of the Brotherhood of Railroad Freight Handlers, wrote: 'I believe that a campaign of education should be started among the Negro workers of the country, this education to dwell principally on the fact that in organization there is strength

and that the surest way to rise above their present condition is to become members of labor organizations that their craft calls for. In short, the best way for the Negro to improve his present condition is to become a member of a branch of the labor movement which covers his craft.'

Mr. James Wilson, general president of the Pattern Makers' League, said: 'I would advise that the Negro be taught to join the union of whatever occupation he is following, and if there is no union of that calling, that he organize one, for there is no greater educational movement in the country for all wage-earners than the trade-union movement.'

Mr. E. J. Brais, general secretary of the Journeyman Tailors' Union, wrote: 'Our opinion is and our advice would be that the Negroes should organize trade-unions by themselves under the jurisdiction, of course, of the American Federation of Labor, being governed by the same rules in all their trades as the white mechanics. We believe in that case, if they organize into separate locals in the various trades and insist upon the same scale of wages as their white brethren, it would be a source of strength to both elements.'

Mr. James Duncan, international secretary of the Granite Cutters' International Association of America, replied in substance as follows to my inquiry: 'I advise concerning Negroes and trade-unions, that they be organized the same as white people are organized, mixed with white people, where that is advisable, but in local unions by themselves where circumstances make it advisable for white people and Negroes being in separate organizations.'

Mr. Duncan stated that the rule did not prohibit Negroes joining the union, but throughout the South granite-cutting was usually considered a 'white man's trade.' Because of the feeling

in the South he believed that Southern granite-cutters would not be disposed to work at that trade with Negroes.

'This,' he added, 'is sentiment, and forms no part of the rules of our association.'

I have quoted at some length the statements made by the labor leaders, because it seemed to me that these statements not only disclose pretty accurately the position of the labor organizations as a whole, in reference to the Negro, but indicate, also, the actual situation of the Negro at the present time in the world of organized industry. In this connection it should be remembered that the labor unions are not primarily philanthropic organizations. They have been formed to meet conditions as they exist in a competitive system where, under ordinary circumstances, every individual and every class of individuals is seeking to improve its own condition at the expense, if necessary, of every other individual and class. It is natural enough, under such conditions, that union men should be disposed to take advantage of race prejudice to shut out others from the advantages which they enjoy.

The leaders of the labor movement, however, see clearly that it is not possible permanently to close, to the million or more Negro laborers in this country, the opportunity to take the positions which they are competent to fill. They have observed, also, that race prejudice is a two-edged sword, and that it is not to the advantage of organized labor to produce among the Negroes a prejudice and a fear of labor unions such as to create in this country a race of strike-breakers. The result has been that in every part of the United States where Negro laborers have become strong enough in any of the trades to be able to hold their own, the Negro has been welcomed into the unions, and the prejudice which shut

him out from these trades has disappeared.

As an illustration of this fact, I cannot do better than quote a few paragraphs from the report of the English Industrial Commission in 1911 in regard to labor conditions in the Southern states, which gives a very clear and, I think, accurate description of local conditions in cities to which it refers.

Concerning the Negro labor unions in the Birmingham district, the English Industrial Commission reported: 'It is not owing to the existence of any very sympathetic feeling between the white men and the Negroes that the latter are allowed to join the union; it is simply because the white men feel that their interest demands that colored men should be organized, as far as possible, so as to prevent them from cutting down the rate of wages. Wherever a sufficient number of colored men can be organized, they are encouraged to form a union of their own, affiliated to the white man's union, but where there are not enough to form a separate union, they are allowed in the South to become members of the white man's organization.

'The building and mining industries,' the report continues, 'are the two in which the white and colored races come into the most direct competition with each other, yet it cannot be said that in either of these industries a situation exists which occasions friction. No doubt in both industries the white men would like to monopolize the skilled work for themselves, but they recognize that that is impossible and make the best of the situation. . . . The white men make it quite clear that their connection with the colored men is purely a matter of business and involves no social recognition whatever. It is in the mining industry that the relations between the two races, though working side by side, in direct compe-

tition, are smoothest. They acted together in the great strike of 1902, and in fact the good feeling between the whites and the colored men was used with great effect by the opponents of the strikers, who charged the white miners with disloyalty to their race.'

In New Orleans the Commission found a very interesting situation which is described as follows: 'It is probable that in New Orleans there is a larger number of white and Negro people in very much the same economic position than in any other American city, or anywhere else in the world. The industries of New Orleans are of a kind which employ mainly unskilled or semi-skilled labor, with the result that both white men and Negroes are found doing the same kind of work and earning the same rate of pay. . . . The various unions combine in maintaining the Dock and Cotton Council, which dominates the entire business of compressing, carting, and loading cotton. . . . By arrangement between the Dock and Cotton Council and the employers, work has to be impartially apportioned between the white compress gangs and the colored gangs.'

In the letters from which I have so far quoted the writers have been content, for the most part, simply to answer the questions asked them, and sometimes, when they have not come into contact with the racial problem involved, have been disposed to discuss the advantages of labor organizations in the abstract. More interesting are the letters which I have received from labor men who have come into close quarters with the problem, in their efforts to organize Negro labor in the face of existing conditions.

As these letters indicate better than any discussion on my own part, the way the problem works out in practice, it will be well, perhaps, to let the writers speak for themselves.

One of the most interesting letters which I received was from Mr. M. J. Keough, of Cincinnati, acting president of the International Moulders' Union. Mr. Keough wrote that one of the national officers of the Moulders' Association, who was a Southerner by birth, had been devoting a very considerable part of his time in trying to organize the Negro Moulders of the South. In Chattanooga, for example, there were between six and eight hundred moulders, whom they had been trying, with no great success, to get into the union.

'Of course you are aware,' he continues, 'that there is a certain feeling in the South against the Negro, but we have succeeded in overcoming that, and have educated our members to the fact that if the Negro moulder of Chattanooga is not brought up to the level of the white man, he, the Negro, will eventually drag the white man down to his condition. It is our purpose to continue the agitation in order to have a thorough organization of the Negro moulders of Chattanooga.'

'We find there is considerable opposition on the part of the employers in Chattanooga to the Negro moulders joining the union. I might state we have a shop on strike in which practically all of the men were Negro moulders and are being supported by our organization. The employers are having these Negro moulders out on strike arrested for loitering, etc., and have put us to considerable expense in keeping our Negro members, who are on strike, out of jail. In conclusion let me state that we are very anxious that the Negro moulders should become members of our organization and enjoy all its rights and privileges.'

Another important letter in this connection was received from Mr. John P. Frey, editor of the *International Moulders' Journal*. He said; 'As I made

many earnest efforts to organize Negro moulders in the South some twelve years ago and met with almost complete failure, owing to what appeared to be the Negroes' suspicion as to the genuineness of our intentions, it is but natural that I should still be interested in the question. While a Northerner, I have spent sufficient time in the Southern states to become familiar personally with the several phases presented by the question of the Negro status, both socially and industrially.'

In his further reply to my question, Mr. Frey referred to an editorial in a recent issue of the iron-moulders' official organ. In this editorial the statement was made that the fact that there were so few Negroes in the Moulders' Union was due largely to race prejudice.

'As the years rolled by,' the editor continues, 'our members in the South realized that the question of Negro membership was an industrial one. The castings made by the Negroes were worth as much as those made by white men, but they might be sold for less in the open market because the Negro was forced to work for much smaller wages. It was not a question of social equality, but a question of competition in the industrial field. Other trade-unions in the South have faced the same problem and have been even more ready, in some instances, to take the Negro mechanic or laborer into their ranks. Not long ago the largest union in the South, No. 255, of Birmingham, Alabama, gave the question thorough consideration, with the result that it decided to take qualified Negro mechanics into membership. Their action may not have been in line with the sentiment of twenty years ago, but it was in line with justice to themselves and to the Negro who had learned the trade, for industrial competition pays no heed to questions

of social equality. In our trade, the Negro has become an industrial factor in the South, and the wise policy of giving him the benefit of membership in our organization will not be of value to him alone, but to every one who works at moulding. To expect that race prejudice and social questions will be eliminated or adjusted in a generation or two, is to expect too much; but the question of the Negro moulder is neither one of race nor of social equality; it is purely one of industrial competition.'

Mr. Frey referred, also, to an article by Mr. Nick Smith, who is a Southerner by birth and training, has worked all his life as a moulder in the South, and is now organizer of his union. In this article Mr. Smith said in part: 'If we want to make the Negro a good union man, we will have to grant him the same privileges and the same treatment in the shop that is enjoyed by the white moulder. Treat the Negro square; allow him to work in our shops when he presents his union card, and we will take away from the foundryman his most effective tool, the Negro strike-breaker. Refuse the Negro this privilege and the foundryman will continue to use him to trim us with when we have trouble. The Negro is here, and here to stay, and is going to continue to work at moulding, and it is for us to say whether he shall work with us as a union moulder, or against us as a tool in the foundryman's hands and a strike-breaker. When a Negro comes to your town, do what you can to see that he gets a job, and is treated as a union man should be treated. Refuse to do this and you force him to allow the foundryman to use him as a club to beat us into submission. The I. M. U. has spent considerable money and time to get the Negro moulder educated up to the point where he is to-day, and the refusal of the white moulder to work with the Negro will undo all that has

been accomplished. Brothers, it is up to us to think it over.'

Mr. William J. Gilthorpe of Kansas City, secretary-treasurer of the International Brotherhood of Boilermakers, Iron Shipbuilders and Helpers, said: 'Being a Southern man myself, in breeding and education, I naturally think that I am acquainted with the colored people. I served, in 1880, in New Orleans with the colored delegates to the central body, and I want to say that the colored delegates were as true and loyal to the principles of true labor movement as any delegate in that body. They make the best of union men. There is no trouble with them whatever. In answer to your question I say this: The rules of this organization do not permit them to be initiated into this order. Now I am one of those who advocate the organization of the colored men, as well as the white men. I possess a few followers, but this is a principle that is going to live, and it is going to be an established fact, in this order, sooner or later. As far as my advice goes, and humble efforts, I would say organize them in every case where they are eligible.'

Mr. Frank Duffy, general secretary of the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners, wrote: 'I wish to inform you that we do not draw the color line in our organization, as is evidenced by the fact that throughout the Southern states we have in the United Brotherhood twenty-five unions composed exclusively of colored men. We have found in our experience that where there are colored carpenters in great numbers, it is an absolute necessity both for their advancement and for the welfare of the white carpenters as well, to organize them. We have a colored organizer in the South, Mr. J. H. Bean, who has done splendid work in getting the colored carpenters together.'

In order to find out what were the experiences and views of colored union men, I communicated with Mr. Bean and received a very interesting reply. He wrote that he had been connected with the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America for more than twelve years and had been a delegate to every national convention but one since 1902. Since October, 1908, he has been continually engaged as general organizer for colored carpenters in nine Southern states. 'During that time,' he added, 'I have met with some opposition from both races, until they saw that one carpenter is largely dependent upon another, and to organize our forces in the right way is not only helpful to one but to all engaged in similar work. Then their opposition ceased.'

One of the easiest things in the world, I have found, is prophecy, and there have been a good many prophecies in regard to the Negro. Some persons have said there is no future for the Negro, because, in the long run, he cannot compete with the white man, and, as a consequence, in the course of time the Negro will be crowded out of America and forced to go to some other country.

Other persons say that the future is dark for the Negro because, as soon as it appears that the black man is actually able to live and work alongside of the white man in competition for the ordinary forms of labor, racial prejudice will be so intensified that the Negro will be driven out of the country or he will be reduced to some form of industrial servitude and compelled to perform the kind of work that no white man is willing to do.

While the letters I have quoted do not tell the whole story of the Negro and the unions, they at least throw some light upon the value of the predictions to which I have just referred.

They indicate, at any rate, that the Negro, as a matter of fact, can and does compete with the white laborer, wherever he has an opportunity to do so. They show also that, on the whole, the effect of this competition is not to increase but to lessen racial prejudice.

It is nevertheless true, that the prejudice of the Negro against the unions, on the one hand, and of the white man against the black, on the other, is used sometimes by the unions to shut the Negro from the opportunity of labor, sometimes by the employer to injure the work of the unions. In the long run, however, I do not believe that, in the struggle between capital and labor, either party is going to let the other use the sentiment of the community in regard to the race question to injure it in an industrial way.

When, for example, the capitalist, as has sometimes happened, says that Negro and white laborers must not unite to organize a labor union, because that would involve 'social equality,' or when, as has happened in the past, the white laborer says the Negro shall not work at such and such trades, not because he is not competent to do so, but because he is a Negro, the interest in 'social equality,' so far as it refers to those particular matters mentioned, tends to decrease.

So long as there is any honest sentiment in favor of keeping the races apart socially, I do not believe the unions or the public are willingly going to permit individuals to take a dishonest advantage of that sentiment. On the contrary, so far as the labor unions are concerned, I am convinced that these organizations can and will become an important means of doing away with the prejudice that now exists in many parts of the country against the Negro laborer. I believe that they will do this not merely, as Mr. Gompers has said, from 'principle,' but be-

cause it is to their interest to do so. At present, however, that prejudice exists and it is natural that individuals should make use of it to their own advantage. If proprietors of Negro barber shops seek to prejudice their workmen, as is reported, against the white unions, so that they may pay them less wages, it is likewise true that some white unions take advantage of the existing prejudice wholly to exclude colored men from some of the trades in which they are perfectly competent to work.

There is, in my opinion, need for a campaign of education not only among Negro artisans but among white artisans as well. With every such effort of the labor leaders to create a sentiment among white men, as well as colored, which will permit both races to work together for their common good, I am heartily in sympathy.

In spite of all that has been said to the contrary, we are making progress in the solution of this, as of other problems connected with the relations of the races in this country. To say that we are not is pretty much the same as saying that, in spite of all our efforts, the world is growing worse instead of better. Justice, fair play, and a disposition to help rather than to injure one's fellow are not only good things in themselves, but in the long run they are the only things that pay, whether in the case of an individual, a group of individuals, or a race.

It seems to me that the letters to which I have referred in this article show clearly that the leaders of the labor organizations fully realize what the masses of laboring men must inevitably come to see, namely, that the future belongs to the man, or the class of men, who seeks his own welfare, not through the injury or oppression of his fellows, but in some form of service to the community as a whole.

BRAINS AND BUYING

BY ELIZABETH C. BILLINGS

THERE is a law to prohibit dishonest advertising, and a new committee has been formed to enforce this law. But legislative enactments mean nothing, public opinion passing freely from man to man means everything. If we are stupid enough to flock where poorly made things are offered cheaply, and to buy that which we neither need nor desire, we deserve to be made the sport of the advertisers.

The test of economic efficiency in the standard of living 'is not a question of choosing the good instead of the bad, but of choosing the best instead of the good,' and it is a far cry from our daily morning's mail, in which we receive dozens of carefully worded notices, printed at huge expense, which we have to open, and destroy. Think of the relief it would be to our postman to have this idiotic use of the United States mails stopped. It would be impossible to read all this printed matter daily. If one did, and acted upon its suggestions, physical collapse would follow bankruptcy.

This huge and expensive mail delivery pertains to all manner of subjects. Let me give a list of the documents received in one day by a small family who live in a modest suburban house.

Notice of a new hotel to be opened in Chicago.

Four sealed invitations in double cream laid envelopes, engraved, and with an etched landscape at the top, inviting each member of the family, by name, to the opening of a toy shop.

Appeal to subscribe to a colossal new dictionary, enclosing twelve sample pages. Seven circulars about new publications; three subscription blanks and a stamped envelope.

Sample of laundry wax — with circular.

Large embossed envelope, containing a folder, tied with ribbon, enclosing three colored plates of 'Clothing of Refinement' for men.

Four-page circular, heavy Irish linen, with information about 'One gray charmeuse gown, fur-trimmed, with beaded passementeries, Paquin Model. Value \$185.00; sale price \$78.00'; and ninety-six other equally alluring descriptions.

'Biblical study picture course' described for children in a six-page booklet.

Large notice of society vaudeville in black and yellow sealed envelope.

Six tickets to be sold for a fair, held in aid of an institution of which we had never heard!

And to-day was only an average day — and elections are over.

As Sidney Smith said, 'What do I want of this piece of pasteboard? It costs you two pence and does me no good.'

One wonders if this daily deluge of printers' ink is a useful method of distributing stray facts to the community; for Edward Devine, in his charming little book on 'Economics,' states that 'A decrease in the cost of commodities, a discovery of some new mechanical process, a change in the

habits of consumers, make possible a higher level of living for all who have an assured income of stipulated amount,' and that 'the advantage will be retained, if the standard of living is modified.'

As individuals we may not be able to decrease the cost of commodities or to discover new mechanical inventions, but we can change our habits, if we will. We can teach children to choose the best instead of the useless, the lasting instead of the cheap, the beautiful instead of the ugly, — and we could, by common consent, and the force of honestly expressed opinion, relieve the advertisers from the strain under which they are now laboring, and ourselves from the burden of their industry.

It is no easy task to choose 'the best instead of the good.' This the working people, the professional people, the conscientious parents, all know, and to them idling in the shops brings no lasting satisfaction, no real interest. They do not often enjoy wandering from shop to shop, pricing, discussing, handling articles offered for sale. Shopping as an all-day business is impossible to them. They have no desire to sit in the waiting room of a department store, to listen to assorted music, to watch the wandering crowd, to examine, without mind to purchase, clothing suitable for a court function. They have no willingness to spend what they do not have, to receive what they do not pay for, or to get what they do not want, and yet they are often lost in the jungle of things manufactured, and feebly snatch what they can in the struggle to get out.

Sometimes one does not purchase according to one's original intention. There was a 'rummage sale' not long ago, in aid of a local charity. A Society Bud, in charge of one of the tables, was earnest in her effort to find the

real market value of her goods by the 'test of final utility and supply.'

An old woman came to purchase, and spying a full-sized pair of La Crosse racquets, asked, 'How much are those?'

'Fifteen cents,' was the prompt answer.

'Will you take ten?' asked the old woman.

'No,' said the Bud, 'that is too great a sacrifice.'

'Then give me that cabbage, and here is your dime.'

Saleswoman and purchaser both smiled contentedly, feeling that a good deed had been well done.

To buy wisely has its true satisfaction, but just 'buying' seems to have irresistible attraction for the human mind. We were spending a golden hour at the top of a great headland; far below, the sea showed opal color and violet light. The clay of the cliff ranged in tone from black, through red, blue, and yellow, to a creamy white; patches of sweet fern and delicate grasses grew in the crannies, glowing green, giving accent and harmony to the whole. Far below, the line of the golden beach, the white curl of the surf, were like poetry and music; and yet, among the people who journeyed that day to enjoy a fair place, only a few had time to go out on the cliffs and revel in color and beauty, because, at a neat little stall, there was a collection of perishable souvenirs for sale, and so great was the demand for them that the buyers had no time to feast their eyes elsewhere. A proof that purchasing is more interesting to the majority than observing.

Of this fact advertisers and merchants are well aware and yet they invite us to look also. 'No trouble to show goods,' is a slogan freely used, and the shop-windows are lessons in the art of display. This is the shop-

keeper's business, thought out, and shown to the passer-by. Is our spending thought out also? Do we really know our business, too, when we come to make our selections, or are we like the executive young woman who was riding in from Cambridge? Opposite her, in the car, was the embodiment of the respectable lower-middle-class British matron, with a child of ten. The day was cold and raw for November. The child wore a dress with low neck and short sleeves. The executive woman was troubled, and remarked on the fact to her neighbors. 'She ought to be ashamed of herself to dress that poor little thing so foolishly; I really should like to take that child away from her; it is scandalous.' The mother sat opposite, patient, but at last she remarked very clearly, 'I've 'ad twelve. How many 'ave you 'ad?'

We constantly receive catalogues of 'Reduction Sales,' tremendous in bulk, and explicit in detail, offering great opportunities to buy goods that are unseasonable, or of a pronounced and passing fashion. The philosophy of such a 'mark-down' policy was interestingly illustrated on Cape Ann, where two amateur artists, with paint-boxes and white umbrellas, were searching for an abiding place.

'What is the price of board and room at your cottage?'

'My prices are a dollar a day, or eight dollars a week,' replied the business-like New England spinster.

Thinkers claim that a purchaser with high ideals and intelligence, whose demands call for a wide range of resource,

will win a commanding place in the 'Unconscious Economic Struggle' that constantly goes on. Witness the assistance offered such a purchaser in a recent newspaper advertisement, which says:—

'We have won distinction merely by doing well what all should be ashamed to do in a wrong way,' and 'firmly refusing to let fussy and affected discords of refined austerity take the place of the rhythmic and the graceful.'

You know about the woman who was pronounced by her friends 'very sacrificing'—but she did not sacrifice judicious'; this is what is happening to our advertisers: they no longer 'advertise judicious,' and if they keep on at the rate at which they are now going, arithmetical progression will prove that there will soon be room for naught else but their works on the civilized globe.

Would it not be interesting to have economic relations taught in our schools, just put into the simplest possible language; teaching that *good* not *cheap* is the standard, and that *the best* is our object in human acquirement? What a helpful body of young men and women they would graduate. What a bond there would be between them, what a force they would be in the nation; so that not only would 'Political Economy' be a serious study for the learned, but its simple and underlying truths would become woven into the daily thinking and accomplishment of our boys and girls, and its results would show in their relations to living and to trade.

SCIENCE AND MYSTICISM

BY HAVELOCK ELLIS

I

If by 'science' we mean an organized knowledge of the world we live in, adequate to give us some degree of power over that world, and if by 'mysticism' we mean the quintessential part of religion, or our emotional relationship to the world as a whole, the opposition which we usually assume to exist between them is of comparatively modern origin.

Among savage peoples such an opposition has no existence. Not only is there no opposition between the 'scientific' and the 'mystical' attitude among peoples we may fairly call primitive, but the two attitudes are usually combined in the same person. The 'medicine-man' is not more a man of science than he is a mystic: he is both equally. He cultivates not only magic but holiness, he achieves the conquest of his own soul, he enters into harmony with the universe; and in doing this, and partly indeed through doing this, his knowledge is increased, his sensations and power of observation are rendered acute, and he is enabled so to gain organized knowledge of natural processes, that he can to some extent foresee or even control those processes. He is the ancestor alike of the hermit following after sanctity and of the inventor crystallizing discoveries into profitable patents.

Such is usually the medicine-man wherever we find him, all over the world, around Torres Straits just as much as around Bering's Straits. Yet

we have totally failed to grasp the significance of this fact.

It is the business of the *shaman*, as on the mystical side we may best term the medicine-man, to place himself under the conditions — and even in primitive life those conditions are varied and subtle — which bring his will into harmony with the essence of the world, so that he grows one with that essence, that its will becomes his will, and, reversely, that in a sense his will becomes its. Herewith, in this unity with the spirit of the world, the possibilities of magic and the power to control the operations of Nature are introduced into human thought, with its core of reality and its endless trail of absurdity persisting even into advanced civilization. But this harmony with the essence of the universe, this control of Nature through oneness with Nature, is not only at the heart of religion; it is also at the heart of science. It is only by the possession of an acquired or inborn temperament attuned to the temperament of Nature that a Faraday or an Edison, that any scientific discoverer or inventor, can achieve his results. And the primitive medicine-man, who on the religious side has attained harmony of the self with the not-self, and by obeying has learned to command, cannot fail on the scientific side also, under the special conditions of his isolated life, to acquire an insight into natural methods, a practical power over human activities and over the treatment of disease, such as on the imaginative and emotional side he

already possesses. If we are able to see this essential and double attitude of the *shaman* or medicine-man, if we are able to eliminate all the extraneous absurdities and extravagances which conceal the real nature of his function in the primitive world, the problem of science and mysticism, their relationship to each other, ceases to have any difficulties for us.

Thus the medicine-man's significance is surely clear. If science and mysticism are alike based on fundamental natural instincts, appearing spontaneously all over the world; if, moreover, they naturally tend to appear in the same individual in such a way that each impulse would seem to be dependent on the other for its full development, then there can be no ground for accepting any disharmony between them. The course of human evolution may involve a division of labor, a specialization of science and of mysticism along different lines and in separate individuals; but a fundamental antagonism of the two, it becomes evident, is not to be thought of; it is unthinkable, even absurd.

If at some period in the course of civilization we seriously find that our science and our religion are antagonistic, then there must be something wrong either with our science or with our religion. Perhaps not seldom there may be something wrong with both. For if the natural impulses which normally work best together are separated and specialized in different persons, we may expect to find a concomitant state of atrophy and hypertrophy, both alike morbid. The scientific person will become atrophied on the mystical side, the mystical person will become atrophied on the scientific side. Each will become morbidly hypertrophied on his own side. But the assumption that because there is a lack of harmony between opposing pathological states there must

also be a similar lack of harmony under natural conditions, is unreasonable. We must severely put out of count alike the hypertrophied scientific people with atrophied religious instincts, and the hypertrophied religious people with atrophied scientific instincts. Neither group can help us here; they only introduce confusion. The fact that at the present moment this is peculiarly the case furnishes the reason why we here have to examine the matter critically, to go back to first principles, to take so wide a survey of the phenomena that their seemingly conflicting elements shall fall into harmony.

The fact, in the first place, that the person with an over-developed religious sense combined with an under-developed scientific sense necessarily conflicts with a person in whom the reverse state of affairs exists cannot be doubted, nor is the reason of it obscure. It is difficult to conceive a Darwin and a St. Theresa entering with full and genuine sympathy into each other's point of view. And that is so by no means because the two attitudes, stripped of all but their essentials, are irreconcilable. If we strip St. Theresa of her atrophied pseudo-science, which in her case was mostly theological science, there was nothing in her attitude which would not have seemed to harmonize with and to exalt that absolute adoration and service to natural truth which inspired Darwin. If we strip Darwin of that atrophied feeling for poetry and the arts which he deplored, and that anæmic secular conception of the universe as a whole which he seems to have accepted without deploring, there was nothing in his attitude which would not have served to fertilize and enrich the spiritual exaltation of Theresa, and even to have removed far from her that temptation to *accidie* or slothfulness which all the mystics, who are mystics only, have

recognized as their besetting sin, minimised as it was in Theresa by her practical activities. Yet being, as they were, persons of supreme genius developed on opposite sides of their common human nature, an impassable gulf lies between them. It lies equally between much more ordinary people who yet show the same common character of being under-grown on one side, over-grown on the other.

This difficulty is not diminished when the person who is thus hypertrophied on one side and atrophied on the other suddenly wakes up to his one-sided state and hastily attempts to remedy it. The very fact that such a one-sided development has come about, indicates that there has probably been a congenital basis for it, an innate disharmony which must require infinite patience and special personal experience to overcome it. But the heroic and ostentatious manner in which these ill-balanced people hastily attempt the athletic feat of restoring their spiritual balance has frequently aroused the interest, and too often the amusement, of the spectator.

Sir Isaac Newton, the most quintessentially scientific person the world has seen, the searcher who has made the most stupendous effort to picture the universe intelligently on its purely intelligible side, realized in old age, when he was indeed approaching senility, that the vast hypertrophy of his faculties on that side had not been compensated by any development on the religious side. He forthwith set himself to the interpretation of the Book of Daniel and puzzled over the prophecies of the Book of Revelation, with the same scientifically serious air that he would have assumed in analyzing the spectrum. In reality he had not reached the sphere of religion at all; he had merely exchanged good science for bad science. Such senile efforts to pen-

etrate, ere yet life is quite over, the mystery of religion, recall, and indeed have a real analogy to, that final effort of the emotionally starved to grasp a love which has been called 'old maids' insanity'; and just as in this aberration the woman who has all her life put love into the subconscious background of her mind is overcome by an eruption of the suppressed emotions and driven to create baseless legends of which she is herself the heroine, so the scientific man who has put religion into the sphere subconscious, and has scarcely known that there is such a thing, may become in the end the victim of an imaginary religion.

In our own time we may have witnessed attempts of the scientific mind to become religious, which, without amounting to mental aberration, are yet highly instructive. It would be a double-edged compliment, in this connection, to compare Sir Oliver Lodge with Sir Isaac Newton. But after devoting himself for many years to purely physical research, Lodge also, as he has confessed, found that he had overlooked the religious side of life, and therefore set himself with characteristic energy to the task — the stages of which are described in a long series of books — of developing this atrophied side of his nature. Unlike Newton, who was worried about the future, Lodge became worried about the past. Just as Newton found what he was contented to regard as religious peace in speculating on the meaning of the books of Daniel and Revelation, so Lodge found a similar satisfaction in speculations concerning the origin of the soul, and in hunting out tags from the poets to support his speculations. So fascinating was this occupation that it seemed to him to constitute a great 'message' to the world. 'My message is that there is some great truth in the idea of preëxistence, not an obvious

truth, nor one easy to formulate, — a truth difficult to express, — not to be identified with the guesses of reincarnation and transmigration, which may be fanciful. We may not have been individuals before, but we are chips or fragments of a great mass of mind, of spirit, and of life — drops, as it were, taken out of a germinal reservoir of life, and incubated until incarnate in a material body.’¹

The genuine mystic would smile if asked to accept as a divine message these phraseological gropings in the darkness, with their culmination in the gospel of ‘incubated drops.’ They certainly represent an attempt to get at a real fact. But the mystic is not troubled by speculations about the origin of the individual, or theories of preëxistence. It is abundantly evident that when the hypertrophied man of science seeks to cultivate his atrophied religious instincts it is with the utmost difficulty that he escapes from science. His conversion to religion merely means, for the most part, that he has exchanged sound science for pseudo-science.

Similarly, when the man with hypertrophied religious instincts seeks to cultivate his atrophied scientific instincts, the results are scarcely satisfactory. Here, indeed, we are concerned with a phenomenon that is rarer than the reverse process. The reason may not be far to seek. The instinct of religion develops earlier in the history of a race than the instinct of science; it is doubtless more fundamental. The man who has found the massive satisfaction of his religious cravings is seldom at any stage conscious of scientific cravings; he is apt to feel that he already possesses the supreme knowledge. The religious doubters who vaguely feel that their faith is at variance with science are merely the

creatures of creeds, the product of churches; they are not the genuine mystics. The genuine mystics who have exercised their scientific instincts have generally found scope for such exercise within an enlarged theological scheme which they regarded as part of their religion. So it was that St. Augustine found scope for his full and vivid, if capricious, intellectual impulses; so also Aquinas, in whom there was doubtless less of the mystic and more of the scientist, found scope for the rational and orderly development of a keen intelligence which has made him an authority, and even a pioneer, for many who are absolutely indifferent to his theology.

Again, we see that to understand the real relations between science and mysticism, we must return to ages when, on neither side, had any accumulated mass of dead traditions effected an artificial divorce between two great natural instincts. It has already been pointed out that if we go outside civilization, the divorce is not found; the savage mystic is also the savage man of science, the priest and the doctor are one. It is so also for the most part in barbarism, among the ancient Hebrews, for instance, and not only among their priests but even among their prophets. It appears that the most common Hebrew word for what we term ‘prophet’ signified ‘one who bursts forth,’ presumably into the utterance of spiritual verities, and the less usual words signify ‘seer.’ That is to say, the prophet was primarily a man of religion, secondarily a man of science. And that predictive element in the prophet’s function, which to persons lacking in religious instinct seems the whole of his function, has no relationship at all to religion; it is a function of science. It is an insight into cause and effect, a conception of sequences based on extended observa-

¹ Sir Oliver Lodge, *Reason and Belief*, p. 19.

tion, and enabling the 'prophet' to assert that certain lines of action will probably lead to the degeneration of a stock, or to the decay of a nation. It is a sort of applied history. 'Prophecy' has no more to do with religion than have the forecasts of the Meteorological Bureau, which also are a kind of applied science in earlier ages associated with religion.

If, keeping within the sphere of civilization, we go back as far as we can, the conclusion we reach is not greatly different. The earliest of the great mystics in historical times is Lao-tze. He lived six hundred years earlier than Jesus, a hundred years earlier than Sakya-Muni, and he was more quintessentially a mystic than either. He was, moreover, incomparably nearer than either to the point of view of science. Even his occupation in life was, in relation to his age and land, such as we may regard as of a typically scientific character: he was, if we may trust uncertain tradition, keeper of the archives. In the substance of his work this harmony of religion and science is throughout unmistakable; the very word Tao, which to Lao-tze is the symbol of all that to which religion may mystically unite us, is susceptible of being translated Reason, although that word is quite inadequate to its meaning. There are no theological or metaphysical speculations here concerning God (the very word only occurs once and may be a later interpolation), the soul, or immortality. The delicate and profound art of Lao-tze largely lies in the skill with which he expresses spiritual verities in the form of natural truths. His affirmations not only go to the core of religion, but they express the essential methods of science. This man has the mystic's heart, but he has also the physicist's touch and the biologist's eye. He moves in a sphere in which religion and science are one.

If we pass to more modern times and to the little European corner of the world, around the Mediterranean shores, which is the cradle of our latter-day civilization, again and again we find traces of this fundamental unity of mysticism and science. It may well be that we never again find it in quite so pure a form as in Lao-tze, quite so free from all admixture alike of bad religion and bad science. The exuberant, unbalanced activity of our race, the restless acquisitiveness, — already manifested in the sphere of ideas and traditions before it led to the production of millionaires, — soon became an ever-growing impediment to such unity of spiritual impulses. Among the supple and versatile Greeks, indeed, exuberance and recklessness seem always to have stood in the way of approach to the essential terms of this problem. We see far more of it in Lucretius than we can divine in Epicurus. It was only when the Greeks began to absorb oriental influences that they became genuine mystics, and as they approached mysticism they left science behind.

If Lucretius is the first of moderns in this identification of mysticism and science, he has been followed by many, even though it may be, one sometimes thinks, with an ever increasing difficulty, a drooping of the wings of mystical aspiration, a limping of the feet of scientific progress. Leonardo and Giordano Bruno and Spinoza and Goethe, each with a little imperfection on one side or the other, if not on both sides, have moved in a sphere in which the impulses of religion are felt to spring from the same centre as the impulses of science. If we cannot altogether include such men as Swedenborg and Faraday in the same group, it is because we cannot feel that in them the two impulses, however highly developed, really spring from the same centre or really make a true harmony.

We suspect that these men and their like kept their mysticism in a science-proof compartment of their minds, and their science in a mysticism-proof compartment; we tremble for the explosive result, should the wall of partition ever be broken down.

The difficulty, we see again, has been that on each hand there has been a growth of non-essential traditions around the pure and vital impulse, and the obvious disharmony of these two sets of accretions conceals the underlying harmony of the impulses themselves. The possibility of reaching the natural harmony is thus not necessarily by virtue of any rare degree of intellectual attainment, nor by any rare gift of inborn spiritual temperament, — though either of these may in some cases be operative, — but rather in the happy chance that the burden of tradition on each side has fallen, and that the mystical impulse is free to play without a dead metaphysical theology, the scientific impulse without a dead metaphysical formalism. It is a happy chance that may befall the simple more easily than the wise and learned.

II

The foregoing considerations have perhaps cleared the way to a realization of the fact that when we look broadly at the matter, when we clear away all the accumulated superstitions, the unreasoned prepossessions on either side, and so reach firm ground, not only is there no opposition between science and mysticism, but in their essence, and at the outset, they are essentially related. The seeming divorce between them is due to a false and unbalanced development on either side, if not on both sides.

Yet all such considerations as these cannot suffice to realize for us this unity of apparent opposites. There is,

indeed, it has often seemed to me, a certain futility in all discussion of the relative claims of science and religion. This is a matter which, in the last resort, lies beyond the sphere of argument. It not only depends on a man's entire psychic equipment, brought with him at birth and never to be fundamentally changed, but it is the outcome of his own vital experience during life. It cannot be profitably discussed because it is experiential.

It seems to me, therefore, that, having gone so far, and stated what I consider to be the relations of mysticism and science as revealed in human history, I am bound to go further and to state what are my personal grounds for believing that the harmonious satisfaction alike of the religious impulse and of the scientific impulse may be attained to-day by an ordinarily balanced person in whom both impulses crave for satisfaction. There is indeed a serious difficulty. To set forth a personal religious experience for the first time requires considerable resolution, and not least to one who is inclined to suspect that the experiences usually so set forth can be of no profound or significant nature; that if the underlying motives of a man's life can be brought to the surface and put into words their vital motive power is gone. Even the fact that more than thirty years have passed since the experience took place, scarcely suffices to make the confession of it easy. But I recall to mind that the first original book I ever planned (and in fact partly wrote) was a book, impersonal though suggested by personal experience, on the foundations of religion.¹ I put it aside, saying

¹ In connection with this scheme, it may be interesting to note, I prepared in 1879 a *questionnaire* on 'conversion,' on the lines of the investigations which some years later began to be so fruitfully carried out by the psychologists of religion in America. — THE AUTHOR.

to myself that I would complete it in old age, because it seemed to me that the problem of religion would always be fresh, while there were other problems more pressingly in need of speedy investigation. Now, it may be, I begin to feel that the time has come to carry that early project a stage further.

Like many of the generation to which I belonged, I was brought up far from the Sunday-school atmosphere of conventional religiosity. I received little religious instruction outside the home, but there I was made to feel, from my earliest years, that religion was a very vital and personal matter with which the world and the fashion of it had nothing to do. To that teaching, while still a child, I responded in a wholehearted way. Necessarily, the exercises of this early impulse followed the paths prescribed for it by my environment. I accepted the creed set before me; I privately studied the New Testament for my own satisfaction; I honestly endeavored, strictly in private, to mould my actions and impulses on what seemed to be Christian lines. There was no obtrusive outward evidence of this; outside the home, moreover, I moved in a world which might be indifferent but was not actively hostile to my inner aspirations, and if the need for any external affirmation had become absolutely inevitable I should, I am fairly certain, have invoked other than religious grounds for my protest. Religion, as I instinctively felt then, and as I consciously believe now, is a private matter, as love is. This was my mental state at the age of twelve.

Then came the period of emotional and intellectual expansion, when the scientific and critical instincts began to germinate. These were completely spontaneous, and not stimulated by any influences of the environment. To inquire, to question, to investigate the qualities of the things around us and to

search out their causes, is surely as native an impulse as the religious impulse would be found to be if only we would refrain from exciting it artificially. In the first place, this scientific impulse was not greatly concerned with the traditional body of beliefs which were then inextricably entwined in my mind with the exercise of the religious instinct. In so far indeed as it touched them it took up their defense. Thus I read Renan's *Life of Jesus*, and the facile sentiment of this book, the attitude of artistic reconstruction, aroused a criticism which led me to ignore any underlying sounder qualities. Yet, all the time, the inquiring and critical impulse was a slowly permeating and invading influence, and its application to religion was, now and again, stimulated by books, although such application was in no slightest degree favored by the social environment. When, too, I came to read Swinburne's *Songs before Sunrise*, — although the book made no very personal appeal to me, — I realized that it was possible to present in an attractively modern, emotional light, religious beliefs which were incompatible with Christianity, and even actively hostile to its creed.

The process of disintegration took place in slow stages that were not perceived until the process was complete. Then at last I realized that I no longer possessed any religious faith. All the Christian dogmas I had been brought up to accept unquestioned had slipped away, and they had dragged with them what I had experienced of religion, for I could not then so far analyze all that is roughly lumped together as 'religion' as to disentangle the essential from the accidental. Such analysis, to be effectively convincing, demanded personal experiences I was not possessed of.

I was now seventeen years of age. The loss of religious faith had produced

no change in conduct, save that religious observances, which had never been ostentatiously performed, were dropped, so far as they might be without hurting the feelings of others. The revolution was so gradual and so natural that even inwardly the shock was not great, while various activities, the growth of mental aptitudes, sufficiently served to occupy the mind. It was only during periods of depression that the absence of faith as a satisfaction of the religious impulse became at all acutely felt. Possibly it might have been felt less acutely if I could have realized that there was even a real benefit in the cutting down and clearing away of traditional and non-vital beliefs. Not only was it a wholesome and strenuous effort to obey at all costs the call of what was felt as 'truth,' having in it, therefore, a spirit of religion even though directed against religion, but it was evidently favorable to the training of intelligence. The man who has never wrestled with, and overcome, his early faith, the faith that he was brought up with and that yet is not his own, has missed not only a moral but an intellectual discipline. The absence of that discipline may mark a man for life and render all his work in the world ineffective. He has missed a training in criticism, in analysis, in open-mindedness, in the resolutely impersonal treatment of personal problems, which no other training can compensate. He is, for the most part, condemned to live in a mental jungle where his arm will soon be too feeble to clear away the growths that enclose him and his eyes too weak to find the light.

While, however, I had adopted without knowing it, the best course to steel the power of thinking and to render possible a patient, humble, self-forgetful attitude toward Nature, there were times when I became painfully,

almost despairingly, conscious of the unsatisfied cravings of the religious impulse. These moods tended to become more rather than less acute. They were emphasized even by the books I read, which argued that religion, in the only sense in which I understood religion, was unnecessary and that science, whether or not formulated into a creed, furnished all that we need to ask in this direction. I well remember the painful feelings with which I read at this time D. F. Strauss's *The Old Faith and the New*. It is a scientific creed set down in old age, with much comfortable complacency, by a man who found considerable satisfaction in the evening of life in the enjoyment of Haydn's quartettes and Munich brown beer. They are both excellent things, as I am now willing to grant, but they are a sorry source of inspiration when one is seventeen and consumed by a thirst for impossibly remote ideals. Moreover, the philosophic horizon of this man was as limited and as prosaic as the æsthetic atmosphere in which he lived. I had to acknowledge to myself that the scientific principles of the universe, as Strauss laid them down, presented, so far as I knew, the utmost scope in which the human spirit could move. But what a poor scope!

I had the feeling that the universe was a sort of factory filled by an inextricable web of wheels and looms and flying shuttles, in a deafening din. That, it seemed, was the world as the most competent scientific authorities declared it to be made. It was a world I was prepared to accept, and yet a world in which, I felt, I could only wander restlessly, an ignorant and homeless child. Sometimes, no doubt, there were other visions of the universe a little less disheartening, such as that presented by Herbert Spencer's *First Principles*, but the dominant

feeling always was that while the scientific outlook, the outlook of Darwin and Huxley, commended itself to me as presenting a sound view of the world, on the emotional side I was a stranger to that world, if indeed I would not, with Omar, 'shatter it to bits.'

At the same time, it must be noted, there was no fault to find with the general trend of my life and activities. I was fully occupied, with daily duties as well as with the actively interested contemplation of an ever enlarging intellectual horizon. This was very notably the case at the age of nineteen, three years after all vestiges of religious faith had disappeared from the psychic surface.

I was still interested in religious and philosophic questions, and it so chanced that at this time I reread the *Life in Nature* of James Hinton, who had already attracted my attention as a genuine man of science with yet a very original and personal grasp of religion. I had read the book six months before and it had not greatly impressed me. Now, I no longer know why, I read it again, and the effect was very different. Evidently by this time my mind had reached a stage of saturated solution which needed, by the shock of the right contact, to recrystallize in forms that were a revelation to me. Here evidently the right contact was applied. Hinton in this book showed himself a scientific biologist who carried the mechanistic explanations of life even further than was then usual. But he was a man of a highly passionate type of intellect, and what might otherwise be formal and abstract was for him soaked in emotion. Thus, while he saw the world as an orderly mechanism, he was not content, like Strauss, to stop there and see nothing else. As he viewed it, the mechanism was not the mechanism of a factory, it was vital, with all the

glow and warmth and beauty of life; it was, therefore, something which not only the intellect might accept, but the heart might cling to. The bearing of this conception on my state of mind is obvious. It acted with the swiftness of an electric contact; the dull aching tension was removed; the two opposing psychic tendencies were fused in delicious harmony, and my whole attitude toward the universe was changed. It was no longer an attitude of hostility and dread, but of confidence and love. My self was one with the not-self; my will, one with the universal will. I seemed to walk in light; my feet scarcely touched the ground; I had entered a new world.

The effect of that swift revolution was permanent. At first there was a moment or two of wavering, and the primary exaltation soon subsided into an attitude of calm serenity toward all those questions that had once seemed so torturing. In regard to all these matters I had become permanently satisfied and at rest, yet absolutely unfettered and free. I was not troubled about the origin of the soul, or about the destiny of the soul; I was entirely prepared to accept any analysis of the soul which might commend itself as reasonable. Neither was I troubled about the existence of any superior being or beings, and I was ready to see that all the words and forms by which men try to picture to themselves spiritual realities are mere metaphors and images of an inward experience. There was not a single clause in my religious creed, because I held no creed. I had found that all dogmas were — not as I had once imagined, true, not as I had afterwards supposed, false — but the mere empty shadows of intimate personal experiences. I had become indifferent to shadows for I held the substance. I had sacrificed what I counted dearest at the call of what seemed to be

Truth, and now I was repaid a thousand-fold. Henceforth I could face life with confidence and joy, for my heart was at one with the world, and whatever might prove to be in harmony with the world could not be out of harmony with me.

Yet, as the acute reader cannot fail to observe, nothing whatever had happened, and I had not gained one single definite belief that could be expressed in a scientific formula or hardened into a religious creed. That, indeed, is the essence of such a process. A 'conversion' is not, as is often assumed, a turning toward a belief. More strictly, it is a turning round, a revolution; it has no primary reference to any external object. To put the matter a little more precisely, the change is fundamentally a readjustment of psychic elements to each other, enabling the whole machine to work harmoniously. There is no necessary introduction of new ideas, and there is much more likely to be a casting out of dead ideas which have clogged the vital process. The soul had not been in harmony with itself; now it is revolving truly on its own axis, and in doing so it simultaneously finds its true orbit in the cosmic system. In becoming one with itself it becomes one with the universe.¹

Thus may be explained what may seem to some the curious fact that I never for a moment thought of accepting as a gospel the book which had brought me a stimulus of such inesti-

mable value. The person in whom 'conversion' takes place is usually told that the process is connected in some magical manner with a supernatural influence of some kind, a book, a creed, a church, or what not. I had read this book before, and it had left me unmoved; I knew that the change had its source in me, and not in the book. I never looked into the book again; I cannot tell when or how my copy of it disappeared; for all that I know, having accomplished its mission, it was drawn up again to Heaven in a sheet. As regards James Hinton, I was interested in him before the date of the episode here narrated; I am interested in him still.

It may further be noted that this process of 'conversion' cannot be regarded as the outcome of despair. The unfortunate individual, we sometimes imagine, who is bereft of religious faith, sinks deeper and deeper into despondency, until finally he unconsciously seeks relief from his woes by plunging into an abyss of emotions, thereby committing intellectual suicide. On the contrary, the period in which this event occurred was far from a period of dejection, either mental or physical. I was fully occupied; I lived a healthy, open-air life, in a fine climate, amid beautiful scenery; I was reveling in new studies and the growing consciousness of new powers. Instead of being the ultimate stage in a process of descent, my psychic revolution might much

¹ The simple and essential outlines of 'conversion' have sometimes been obscured to the psychologists of religion because they have chiefly studied it within the churches among people whose prepossessions and superstitions have rendered it a highly complex process, and mixed it up with questions of right and wrong living which, important as they are, properly form no part of religion. The man who waits to lead a decent life until he has 'saved his soul' is not likely to possess a soul that is worth saving. Long ago Edith Simcox (in a passage

of her *Natural Law* which chanced to strike my attention very soon after the episode above narrated) well described 'conversion' as a 'spiritual revolution,' not based on any single rational consideration but due to the 'cumulative evidence of cognate impressions' resulting at a particular moment, not in a change in belief, but in a total rearrangement and recoloring of beliefs and impressions, with the supreme result that the order of the universe is apprehended no longer as hostile but as friendly. This is the fundamental fact of 'conversion.' — THE AUTHOR.

more fittingly be regarded as the climax of an ascending movement.

Moreover, — and this is a point on which I would insist, — nothing had here taken place which by any effort of imagination could be described as intellectual suicide. On the intellectual side no change had taken place. No new creed or dogma had been adopted; it might rather be said that, on the contrary, some prepossessions, hitherto unconscious, had been realized and cast out. The operations of reason, so far from being fettered, could be effected with greater freedom and on a larger scale.

The religious process, we may observe again, had throughout directly contributed to strengthen the scientific attitude. The mere fact that one is impelled by the sincerity of one's religious faith to question, to analyze, and finally to destroy one's religious creed, is itself an incomparable training for the intelligence. In this task reason is submitted to the hardest tests; it has every temptation to allow itself to be lulled into sleepy repose or cajoled into specious reconciliations. If it is true to itself here it is steeled for every other task in the world, for no other task can ever demand so complete a self-sacrifice at the call of Truth. Indeed the final restoration of the religious impulse on a higher plane may itself be said to reinforce the scientific impulse, for it removes that sense of psychic disharmony which is a subconscious fetter on the rational activity. The new inward harmony, proceeding from a psychic centre that is at one alike with itself and with the not-self, imparts confidence to every operation of the intellect. All the metaphysical images of faith in the unseen — too familiar in the mystical experiences of men of all religions to need specification — are now on the side of science. For he who is thus held in his path can pursue that

path with serenity and trust, however daring its course may sometimes seem.

It appears to me, therefore, on the basis of personal experience, that the process thus outlined is a natural process. The harmony of the religious impulse with the scientific impulse is not merely a conclusion to be deduced from the history of the past. It is a living fact to-day. However obscured it may be in many cases, the process lies in human nature and is still open to all to experience.

III

If the development of the religious instinct and the development of the scientific instinct are alike natural, and if the possibility of the harmony of the two instincts is a verifiable fact of experience, how is it, one may ask, that there has ever been any dispute on the matter? Why has not this natural experience been the experience of all?

Various considerations may help to make clear to us how it has happened that a process which might reasonably be supposed to be intimate and sacred should have become so obscured and so deformed that it has been fiercely bandied about by opposing factions. At the outset, as we have seen, among comparatively primitive peoples, it really is a simple and natural process carried out harmoniously with no sense of conflict. A man, it would seem, was not then overburdened by the still unwritten traditions of the race. He was comparatively free to exercise his own impulses unfettered by the chains forged out of the dead impulses of those who had gone before him.

It is the same still among uncultivated persons of our own race in civilization. I well remember how once during a long ride through the Australian bush with a settler, a quiet uncommunicative man with whom I had long been

acquainted, he suddenly told me how at times he would ascend to the top of a hill and become lost to himself and to everything as he stood in contemplation of the scene around him. Those moments of ecstasy, of self-forgetful union with the Divine beauty of Nature, were entirely compatible with the rational outlook of a simple, hard-working man who, at such moments, had in his own humble way, like Moses, met God in a mountain. There can be no doubt that such an experience is not uncommon among simple folk unencumbered by tradition, even when of civilized race.

The burden of written traditions, of formalized conventions, of stereotyped castes, has too often proved fatal alike to the manifestations of the religious impulse and of the scientific impulse. It is unnecessary to point out how easily this happens in the case of the religious impulse. It is only too familiar to us how, when the impulse of religion first germinates in the young soul, the ghouls of the Church rush out of their caverns, seize on the unhappy victim of the divine effluence and proceed to assure him that his rapture is not a natural manifestation as free as the sunlight and as gracious as the unfolding of a rose, but the manifest sign that he has been branded by a supernatural force and fettered for ever to a dead theological creed. Too often he is thus caught by the bait of his own rapture; the hook is firmly fixed in his jaw and he is drawn whither his blind guides will; his wings droop and fall away; so far as the finer issues of life are concerned he is done for and damned.

But the process is not so very different on the scientific side, though here it is more subtly concealed. The youth in whom the natural impulse of science arises is sternly told that the spontaneous movement of his intelligence

toward Nature and Truth is nothing, for the one thing needful is that he shall be put to discipline, and trained in the scientific traditions of the ages. The desirability of such training for the effective questioning of Nature is so clear that both teacher and pupil are apt to overlook the fact that it involves much that is not science at all: all sorts of dead traditions, unrealized fragments of ancient metaphysical systems, prepossessions and limitations, conscious or unconscious, the obedience to arbitrary authorities. So that the actual outcome may be that the finally accomplished man of science has as little of the scientific impulse as the fully fledged religious man need have of the religious impulse; he becomes the victim of another kind of ecclesiastical sectarianism.

There is one special piece of ancient metaphysics which, until recently, scientific and religious sects have alike combined to support: the conception of 'matter.' This conception has been of primary importance in distorting the scientific spirit and in creating an artificial opposition between science and religion. All sorts of antique metaphysical peculiarities were attributed to 'matter,' and they were mostly of a bad character; all the good qualities were attributed to 'spirit'; 'matter' played the Devil's part to the more divine 'spirit.' Thus it was that 'materialistic' came to be a term signifying all that is most heavy, opaque, depressing, soul-destroying and diabolical in the universe. The party of traditionalized religion fostered this conception and the party of traditionalized science frequently adopted it, cheerily proposing to find infinite potentialities in this despised metaphysical substance.

Yet 'matter' — as psychologically minded philosophers at last began to point out — is merely a substance we have ourselves invented to account for

our sensations. We see, we touch, we hear, we smell, and by a brilliant synthetic effort of intelligence we put together all these sensations and picture to ourselves 'matter' as being the source of them. It is a useful working hypothesis; it is nothing more. Science itself is slowly purging 'matter' of its complicated metaphysical properties. That 'matter,' the nature of which Dr. Johnson, as Boswell tells us, thought he had settled by 'striking his foot with mighty force against a large stone,' is coming to be looked upon as merely an electrical emanation. We now accept even that transmutation of the elements of which the alchemists once dreamed.

It is true that gravitation is still a mysterious puzzle, and that we still think of 'matter' as having weight. But so cautious a physicist as Sir Joseph Thomson has lately only felt able to say that weight is an 'apparently invariable property of matter.' Evidently we are approaching a time when 'matter' will be regarded as almost as 'ethereal' as 'spirit.' The spontaneous affirmation of the mystic that he lives in the spiritual world here and now, will then be, in other words, merely the same affirmation which the man of science has more laboriously reached. The man, therefore, who is terrified by 'materialism' has reached the final outpost of absurdity. He is a simple-minded person who places his own hand before his eyes and cries out in horror, 'The Universe has disappeared!'

We have not only to realize how our own prepossessions and the metaphysical figments of our own creation have obscured the simple realities of religion and science alike; we have also to see that our timid dread lest religion should kill our science, or science kill our religion, is equally fatal here. He who would gain his life must be willing to lose it, and it is by being honest to one's self

and to the facts, by applying courageously the measuring-rod of Truth, that in the end salvation is found.

Here, indeed, the Pragmatist smilingly comes up and assures us that by adopting such a method we shall thereby merely put ourselves in the wrong and endure much unnecessary suffering. There is no such thing as 'Truth,' he declares, regarded as an objective impersonal reality; we do not 'discover' truth, we invent it. Therefore it is our business to invent a truth which shall harmoniously satisfy the needs of our nature and aid our efficiency in practical life. Certainly the philosophers, and notably Nietzsche, have of late years loved to analyze the idea of 'truth' and to show that it by no means signifies what we used to suppose it signified. But to show that truth is fluid is by no means to show that we can at will play fast and loose with it to suit our own convenience. If we do we merely find ourselves, at the end, in a pool where we must tramp round and round in intellectual slush out of which there is no issue. One may well doubt whether the Pragmatist himself has ever invented his truth that way. He would be in the same position with a man who, having convinced himself that all actions are determined, and not the outcome of free will, were on that account to drift effortlessly along the course of self-indulgence. In that connection, practically the best result is attained by the man who acts as though free will were a reality and who exerts it. And in this matter, also, practically, in the end, the best result is attained by assuming that truth is an objective reality which we must patiently seek, and in accordance with which we must discipline our own wayward impulses.

No doubt it might be said, from the pragmatic point of view, that if the use of the measuring-rod of truth as an

objective standard produces the best practical results, that use is pragmatically justified. But if so, we are in exactly the same position as before the Pragmatist arrived; we can get on as well without him, if not better, for we run the risk that he may confuse the issues for us. It may be said, without paradox, that the real value of the Pragmatist lies, not in the pragmatic but in the theoretic field.

It is not only the Pragmatist's well-meant efforts to find an easy reconciliation of belief and practice, and indirectly the concord of religion and science, that come to grief because he has not realized that the walls of the spiritual world can be scaled only with much expenditure of treasure, with blood and sweat, that he cannot glide luxuriously to Heaven in his motor-car. We are also met by the Intuitionist. It is no accident that the Intuitionist so often walks hand in hand with the Pragmatist; they are engaged in the same tasks.

Plotinus in the third century invented intuition; Bergson has skillfully rejuvenated it in our own day. A sound foundation certainly exists for the brilliant Bergsonian edifice. There is, we have seen, the impulse of science which must work through intelligence; there is, also, the impulse of religion in the satisfaction of which intelligence can only take a very humble place in the ante-chamber of the sanctuary. To admit, therefore, that reason cannot extend into the religious sphere is absolutely sound so long as we realize that reason has a coördinate right to lay down the rules of intelligence. But in men of the metaphysical type, in thinkers like Plotinus and like Bergson, two tendencies are alike so deeply implanted that they cannot escape them: they are not only impelled to go beyond intelligence, but they are also impelled to carry intelligence with them outside

its sphere. The sphere of intelligence is limited, says Bergson, and he is right; the soul has other impulses besides that of intelligence, and life needs more than knowledge for its complete satisfaction. But in Bergson's metaphysical hands the faculty of intuition which is to supplant that of intelligence itself results in a product which is called 'knowledge,' and so spuriously bears the hallmark which belongs to the product of intelligence. In the skill by which that change is effected we witness the fine sleight of hand which has long made Bergson so supreme a conjurer in the metaphysical world.

But the result is disastrous. Not only is an illegitimate confusion introduced, but by attributing to the impulse of religion a character which it is neither entitled to nor in need of, we merely discredit it in the eyes of intelligence. Bergson, even in denying intelligence, is himself so predominantly and pervadingly intelligent that in entering what is for him the sphere of religion he still moves in an atmosphere of rarified intelligence. He is further from the Kingdom of Heaven than the simple man who is quite incapable of understanding the Bergsonian theory of duration, but yet may be able to follow his own religious impulse without foisting into it an intellectual content. For even the simple man may be one with the great mystics, who all declare that the unspeakable quality they have acquired, as Eckhart puts it, 'hath no image.' It is not in the sphere of intelligence, it brings no knowledge, although it supplements knowledge and may inspire it or be inspired by it; it is the outcome of the natural instinct of the individual soul.

No doubt there really are people in whom the instincts of religion and of science alike are developed in so rudimentary a degree, if developed at all, that they never become conscious.

Even the instinct of sex, which is much more fundamental than either of these, is not absolutely essential. A very little bundle of instincts and impulses is indispensable to a man on his way down the path of life to a peaceful and humble grave. A man's equipment of tendencies, on the lowest plane, needs to be more complex and diverse than an oyster's, yet not so very much more. The equipment of the higher animals, moreover, is needed less for the good of the individual than for the good of the race. We need not, therefore, be surprised if the persons in whom the superfluous instincts are rudimentary fail to understand them, confusing them and overlaying them with each other and with much that is outside both. The wonder would be if it were otherwise.

When all deduction has been made of the mental and emotional confusions which have obscured men's vision, we cannot fail to conclude, it seems to me, that Science and Mysticism are far nearer to each other than some would have us believe. At the beginning of human culture, far from being opposed, they may even be said to be identical. From time to time, in later ages, brilliant examples have appeared of men who have possessed both instincts in a high degree and have even fused the two together; while among the humble in spirit and the lowly in intellect it is probable that in all ages innumerable men have by instinct harmonized their religion with their intelligence. But as

the accumulated experiences of civilization have been preserved and handed on from generation to generation, the free and vital play of the instincts has been largely paralyzed. On each side fossilized traditions have accumulated so thickly, the garments of dead metaphysics have been wrapped so closely around every manifestation alike of the religious instinct and the scientific instinct, that not many persons can succeed in revealing one of these instincts in its naked beauty, and very few in thus revealing both instincts. Hence a perpetual antagonism.

It may be, however, that we are beginning to realize that there are no metaphysical formulæ to suit all men, but that every man must find his own philosophy. Thus it is becoming easier than it was before to liberate ourselves from a dead metaphysics, and so to give free play alike to the religious instinct and the scientific instinct. A man must not swallow more beliefs than he can digest; no man can absorb all the traditions of the past; what he fills himself with will only be a poison to work to his own auto-intoxication.

Along all these lines we see more clearly than before the real harmony between Mysticism and Science. We see, also, that all arguments are meaningless until we gain personal experience. One must win one's own place in the spiritual world, painfully and alone. There is no other way of salvation. The Promised Land always lies on the other side of a wilderness.

WHEN HANNAH VAR EIGHT YAR OLD

BY KATHERINE PEABODY GIRLING

'WERE you a little girl, Hannah, when you came to America?' I asked.

'No,' she replied, letting her sewing fall in her lap as her grave eyes sought mine slowly, 'I var a big girl eight yar old.'

'Eight years old? How big you must have been! Can you tell me about it? Why you came?'

The recent accounts of people driven to America by tragedy, or drawn by a larger hope of finding a life to live in addition to earning a living, had colored my thoughts for days. Have all immigrants — the will-less, leaden people who pass in droves through our railway stations; the patient, indifferent toilers by the roadside; the maids who cook and mend for us; this girl who sits sewing with me to-day — a memory and a vision? Is each of them in some degree a Mary Antin? So I closed the magazine and asked her. — 'A big girl eight yar old,' she said.

'Oh, well,' Hannah explained, 'in Old Country if you are eight yar old and comes younger child'n in familie, you are old woman; you gotta be, or who shall help de moder?'

'Yes? Did your father and mother bring you?' I continued, probing for the story.

'No, — fader and moder var daid. My h'aunt, my fader's broder's wife, se came for us. It cost her twenty-eight dollar, but se do it.'

'But surely you can't go to Sweden and return for twenty-eight dollars!'

'Seventeen yar ago, yes, but of course you must to take your own pro-

vidings. It don't require much.' Hannah's shoulders drew together expressively. 'Madam knows she is apt to miss her appetite at sea!'

'But too well.' I shrugged sympathetically. Then we both laughed.

'I can to tell you how it is I came on Ahmericah, but' — Hannah waited for words to express her warning — 'it will make you a sharp sadness.'

'Please.'

'I don't know if I can tell it to you good, but I tell it so good as I can. My fader he var Swedish fisherman vat h'own his boat and go away by weeks and weeks, and sometimes comes strong wedder and he can't make it to get home quick. My moder se var German.' Hannah hesitated, and then in lowered tones of soft apology added, 'Se var a ver' pretty woman. Var three child'n more as me — Olga var six yar old, and Hilda four, and Jens — well, Jens var just a baby, suppose yar and half. We live in a little house close on by de sea. It is just a little house, but it can to have a shed with a floor of stone. The door of de shed is broken so it is like a window mitout glass.

'The house is close on by a big dock where in somer-time comes big excursion-steamer mit — suppose hundert tourist people who climb on de mountain up de road. My moder se sell dem hot coffee, also bread and cheese, but dat is not de reason why we live in de little so lonesome house. It is de big dock is de reason. My fader he can to come home from late fishings mitout needing dat he sall walk on de roads.

In Sweden in winter de roads swallow snow till it makes dangersome to you to walk because hides holes to step in. We live dare all somer, but in late autumn my fader he say, "What about de winter?"

'My moder se say, "I don't know, but anyway ve try it vonce."

'Den my fader he go away in his boad and my moder se get bad cold and comes sickness on her, and ven se could n't to keep care on us by reason se is too weak, se lay on de cot in de kitchen-room and vatch on me dat I sall learn to keep care on de child'n.'

'But what did you live on? How did you keep warm?'

'Oh, — is plenty fuel, and ve make hot stew of dried meat mit rice and raisins.

'One day my moder se say me, "Hannah," se say, "you bain a big girl, I must to tell you sometings. You fader is very late, it seems, and winter comes now. I cannot to wait much more. It is soon I got to go. You must n't take a fear of me if I come all white like de snow and don't talk mit you any more. De little child'n dey will take a fear and cry. I cannot to bring a fear on my little child'n."

'So se tell me what I sall do — I sall close bot' her eyes up and tie her hands togeder and lock de shed door.'

'The shed door!'

'Ya.'

Hannah had resumed her sewing. Her thread fairly snapped as stitch fell by even stitch with monotonous rhythm. In quiet, uneventful tone she continued, —

'So one night pretty soon se make dat I sall bring her best nightgown and help her mit to put it on. Den se kiss de little child'n in dair sleepings and se sit on a stool by de fire and say I sall put Jens in her arms. Se try to rock back and fort' and se sing on him

a little hymn. But se is too weak, and I must to take him. Den se put on me a shawl and tie it behind under my arms, and se lean heavy on me, and we go out into de shed. My moder se do her bare feet on de stone floor. Se have yust but her nightgown on, but it is her best one with crocheted lace at de neck and wrists. Se tell me I sall put de ironing-board across two chair-seats, but it is too heavy and se sall try to help me, but comes coughing on her and se must to hold on by de shed door. Se look out across de road and de mountain all mit snow white and mit moonlight cold. And blood is on her lips but se wipe it away mit a snow bunch. Well, anyway, we do de ironing-board across de chair-seats and I spread a white sheet and put a head-cushion and my moder lie down and I cover her mit a more other sheet over.

"Oh, moder," I say, "let me make some warm coverings on you."

"No," se say, so soft dat I listen mit my ear, "I must to come here while I yet have de stren'th, but I want to go quick away, and in de cold I go more quick. Oh, Hannah!" se say, "my big daughter! You are so comfortable to me!"

'So I hold my moder's hand. Pretty soon it comes cold. I klapp it mit mine, but it comes more cold. I crumple it up and breathe my hot breath in it, but it comes not warm any more. So mit my fader's Sunday handkerchief I bind her eyes like if you play Blindman mit de child'n, and mit an apron-string I tie her hands togeder. Den I go back and make my hands warm in de kitchen-room and I take de comb down off de string, and I go back to my moder and make her hair in two braids like as I did all when se was sick. My moder se haf very strong hair; it is down by her knees on and so yellow, — so yellow as a copper tea-kettle! It could to haf been red but it yust are not. Den I

lock de shed door and crawl in bed mit de child'n to make me warm.

'Next day I tell de child'n dat moder is gone away. Dey cry some, but pretty soon dey shut up. Anyway, it is so long se haf lain on de cot in de kitchen-room dat dey don't haf to miss her.

'So I keep care on de child'n and play wid dem, and some days go by. Comes stronger wedder mit storms of sleet and snow, and de wind sob and cry. Comes nobody on. At night when de child'n are sleeping I unlock de shed door and go to see if it makes all right mit my moder. Sometimes it is by the moonlight I see on her, but more often it is by a candle-glimmer.'

Hannah broke the subdued tone of her narrative to add in a lower, more confiding note, 'It is mit me now dat when I see a candle on light I haf a sharp sadness.

'Pretty soon de wedder is more better, and comes a man trompling troo de snow to tell my moder dat her husband can't come home yust yet — he is drowned in de sea. When he see how it is mit my moder and mit me and de little child'n, de water stands in his eyes — ya. And he go on, troo de snow, tree, four mile nearer on de city to de big castle where live de lady wat h'own all de land and se come in sleigh mit four horsen and big robes of fur and yingling bells. Se see on my moder and se go quick away, but so soon as it can, se come again and se do on my moder a white robe, heavy mit lace, most beautiful! and white stockings of silk and white slippers broidered mit pearlen. Se leaf my moder's hair, as I fix it, in two braids, but se put a wreath

of flowers, white and green, yust like de real ones. Is few real flowers in Sweden in winter. Anyway, dese var like de flowers a girl vat gets married should to wear. Den my lady se send her sleigh dat all de people should come and see on de so brave woman vat could n't to bring a fear on her little child'n. And de people dey make admiration on my moder. Dey say it is de prettiest dey ever see it, and dey make pity dat se could n't to see it herself.' She paused and breathed deeply. 'I wish se could have to seen dose slippers!'

'And did no one tell you that you were a wonderful little girl?'

'Oh, vell — I var eight yar old.'

'But what became of you all?'

'My lady took us home in her sleigh mit — I want to stay mit my moder, but se say I sall come to keep care on de child'n dat dey don't cry. And dey don't cry — dey laugh mit de yingling bells. De need was on me strong, but I don't cry before my lady. Se var great dame vat go in de court mit de queen. Se sent men and dey do my moder in a coffin and carry her to a little chapel house in cemetaire and in de spring ven de snow is gone dey bury her. My lady se put a white stone mit my moder's name and some poetry — I can't to say it good in English, but it says, "The stren'th in the heart of her poor is the hope of Sweden."'

'And then did your aunt come?'

'Ya; my lady se wrote on my fader's broder vat var in Ahmericah. Se say we can to stay mit her, but my onkle he send his wife, and we come back mit her on Ahmericah, und dat is all how I came to be here.'

THE MOTHER CITY

BY ZEPHINE HUMPHREY

ONLY those who have known trouble can know Rome.

The statement, when scrutinized, seems to involve no discrimination, and therefore to be hardly worth making. But indiscriminateness is sometimes worth while, especially when it concerns the Catholic heart of the world. And there is a distinction here: it debars the very young, and the callous and flippant, and the followers of those philosophies that deny or refuse suffering. For all the rest of the world, Rome waits with healing in her hands.

It makes absolutely no difference what kind of trouble drags itself to her ancient gates. She has known and fathomed all kinds herself, and most of them over and over. Loss, failure, treachery, cruelty, desertion, disgrace, sin,—oh, yes, alas! plenty of sin,—destruction, all but annihilation, and the pangs of re-birth. There is literally nothing that she does not understand.

She makes no manner of fuss about her tremendous experience; she does not even invite us to come and sorrow with her. She simply sits and waits upon her Seven Hills. Nor yet, when we do come, does she rise and go forth to meet us with welcome and sympathy. There is not the slightest touch of demonstration in all the abounding comfort which she knows how to give. For she does not give it; that is the truth. Unless we know how to take it for ourselves, we shall never have it. And just here lies the strong secret of her wise beneficence.

How quiet she is! As still and serene as if she were the bride of the morning star, *beatissima*. Where all is immortal, her calm is the most immortal thing about her. Did she ever speak out? One wonders. Back in those proud early days, when her children were piling glory upon glory for her, when she was the mistress of the world, did she ever exult and sing? And then, when those same children turned against her, and when, from without, savage hordes fell upon her, did she lament? Perhaps; but one doubts it. The youth of Rome is as hard to imagine as the youth of the Campagna which girdles her, and which is her super-self, her soul. Have they not together existed forever, and do they not know that all human accidents only serve to form character which shall at last be worthy of its destiny, and that exultation and lamentation are therefore aside from the mark?

Certainly they are still enough now — the two of them who are one. Not necessarily still to the outer ear; trams and automobiles have nothing to do with such a hush of the spirit as broods over Rome. Or, perhaps, after all, they have much to do with it; for they are the signs of the new life which flows steadily through the old streets, like the Tiber drawing fresh waves from ancient sources, and which makes the repose of the city a living, instead of a dead, thing. Arrested tumult clamors forever, beating impotently against the barrier of chance which cut it off before it could redeem itself. A

city like Perugia, deserted by modern activity, is loud with petty old battle and conflict, vociferating restlessly in one's inner ear. Even Siena, remote and subdued; even Assisi, sitting down in the beloved footprints of Saint Francis — even these silent places know nothing of the fathomless depth of peace which Rome understands. For she has never ceased to redeem her old distresses by the new hopes and efforts of generation after generation, and she is constantly in process of fulfillment. It may even be not too much to say that the spell of her ruins and churches, instead of suffering from her apartment houses and electric lights, actually owes its vitality to them.

I have said that she will not talk about herself, that she will not explain herself to those who visit her. But they can explain her to themselves and thus can really learn. They cannot do it at once, — they must wait; perhaps they must even go away and come again. Great lessons take time, take patience, take brooding, take unconsciousness.

The humble disciple must wander unhurried through Forum and Colosseum, and climb the Palatine. He must sit on old bits of marble (how old!), beneath broken pillars and arches, and think what all these things stand for: how here, over these very stones, went Scipio, Cato, Cæsar, Horace, how the most important affairs of the world were determined here. He must re-create the old days till he sees the triumphal processions sweep past him, and hears the shouts and the music, and glories in the victory. His heart must be wrung with the old pain too — the anguish of the captive, the shame of the oppressor. Then, stern and stricken in soul, he must catch the sudden flaunt of a scarlet poppy out of the tail of his eye, and, looking up quickly,

he must find the whole bright contemporary Italian day smiling at him. Nay, it is something more than the day that smiles at him out of that blue, blue sky, beyond and above the slender columns of the ruined temple; and a most reassuring voice says, 'Yes, even so. So it has been, and so it is, and so it shall be, eternally so as I have decreed.'

It is not so much a return to the present that the mind makes, after a session like this, as an association of past and present and future in one comprehensive now. Heaven and Rome eternally are — the One working through the other stupendous things, the sum of which is not yet complete. Of course, there is no hurry then, no room for complaint or fear, no anxiety. It is this that makes Rome so still: she knows that God is God.

In a sense, time is nothing to her; and yet it is everything. It is certainly everything to the pilgrim who weighs his little feather in the huge scales before him, and is heartened and ashamed. Forty years! That is the most that the average pilgrim has yet to look forward to living when he comes to Rome for comfort. Forty years! Why, the very stones might laugh at him. The length of time is hardly enough to settle a fallen fragment in its place and make it comfortably ready to share the life of the earth which has reclaimed it; it was not enough to solve many a single problem out of the thousands that vexed the city in the old days.

Forty years! As one sits among the tombs on the Appian Way and looks back to see the funeral processions pass, there is an unbroken succession of mourners silently moving up to take their places as the mourned, and between mourned and mourner there is but the space between summer cloud and cloud. Literally on the heels of one another, the generations press to

the kindly tomb. One can only smilingly pity the sorrow of a person who laid his beloved away two thousand and seventy years ago, and took his place beside her two thousand and thirty years ago. Their two urns must appear precisely as old the one as the other.

But there is another way of looking at this time question that makes for shame rather than for smiling. What about Rome herself, the immortal, yet the supremely human? She has a soul that suffers and hopes, that is rent with vicissitudes vaster than any that ever fell to one mortal lot; and in all her twenty-seven hundred years, she has never known the relief of death. It is little wonder that she is grave, with a profound melancholy breathing through all her ancient ways; and, perhaps, if we knew God better, we should find it equally little wonder that she is so undisturbed. But the latter effect is admirable, however we may reason or speculate about it; and it abashes one who compares it with his own feverish outcries over his few transient troubles. Ah, Rome, mother! when thou hast borne so many and such bitter woes, and art so grandly at peace, can we not at least be still?

Mother! That is what Rome is to us all, whether or not we choose to acknowledge the relationship — the mightiest mother of men that ever took shape in a city. Mother of our physical life first of all, in the civilization that has its roots securely in her; then mother of our souls in our religion. We of the Far West are so remote in space and time, in sect and language and education, that we are often quite unconscious of the obscure maternal bond, and do not even recognize it when we feel it gripping our hearts at the first glimpse of the blue Dome across the Campagna. Yet it is nothing else than a filial impulse that actuates our

profound response, our sense of belonging, our feeling of returning from a far country. We cannot come to stay, for, after all, the far country is ours now and we love it best; but it is worth everything to us, in the deepening and strengthening of life, to grope our way back to old sources and find a brimming fountain-head.

It is as mother that she gathers us — or lets us gather ourselves — about her mighty knees in the midst of her ruins and churches, and takes us back to her mighty heart to learn once more of her. I have said that she never practices any demonstration; but it may happen to one now and then to feel a slow arm enfolding him as he sits on the slope of the Palatine in the mellow late afternoon. There is no pressure in the embrace, nor any individual selection. It is like the embrace of the colonnades about the Piazza of Saint Peter's, or, better still, like the embrace of the arm of God in that greatest of great pictures on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. All souls and all ages are held in it in a wide, free compass. Yet, oh, how it comforts! Healing and strength, control and reassurance, are in its encircling gesture; and one feels the faith of all past and future things as one lingers there.

Also I have said that Rome never speaks. But there is an eloquence in her silence that surpasses any sound. This is especially true of the Campagna, the city's super-self. That is an amazing silence out there, instinct with so many songs and sighs, shouts and murmurs, that one listens more intently to it than to any orchestra.

There is a silence where hath been no sound;
There is a silence where no sound may be;

But in green ruins, in the desolate walls
Of antique palaces, where Man hath been,

There the true Silence is, self-conscious and
alone.

What does it all mean — this undertone, this surging, interminable chant that breaks upon the ear, as one loiters among the tombs or wanders away over the grassy fields? What but the race-song, the human symphony, that, beginning to utter itself untold thousands of years ago, is not finished yet? The same themes are in it from age to age; one generation calls to another in familiar cadences. From the grass that covers the dust which once was an Etruscan village come the voices of our comrades. It behooves us to stoop very carefully then, kneel very reverently, before we lay our ears to this august sod. One cannot cast one's self on the Campagna as on the slope of a New England orchard.

Yet, for all their familiarity, their essential sameness, the themes which we hear are not the exact counterparts of the themes of the twentieth century. There is development in the latter; at least, we must believe that there is, or we shall hardly have the heart to go on singing. But there is an appeal in the former, too, which they did not know when they were first uttered, which they have acquired from listening to the later movements of the great symphony. 'You are going to save us at last, are you not?' — somewhat thus runs the anxious burden of their inquiry. 'We have waited a long time, and we are not yet satisfied that our old pain was worth while, our blind, groping effort. Unless we have given birth to our saviors, it were better not to have been.'

The stimulus of an unexplored country, waiting to be shaped to human ends, is as nothing compared to the urging of the Roman Campagna, where the past cries to the present for justification. One kneels in the grass, and looks out across the mysterious, rolling country, with its scattered, broken columns and its marching aqueducts,

to the Dome, the abiding Dome, hung in the air; and one bows the head as one thinks how far short of our destiny we have all come in two thousand years.

Just as Rome owes half its significance to the Campagna, so the Campagna depends upon Rome for the secret of its spell. There are moments and places among the gently swelling hills when one can almost look about as on common grass and flowers, when the sky and the distant mountains wear the careless serenity which belongs to Nature in her universal moods. Both relief and disappointment lie in the experience. One's heart is lightened of a load, but something precious vanishes. One has only to climb a slope, however, or travel to a bend in the road, and, looking citywards, find the Dome, to be smitten with a renewed realization of awful import in every blade and stone. It is Nature herself that vanishes then, clothing herself with a solemn garb of significance above her simple, familiar robes, just as the priest before the altar veils himself, becomes more than himself, in his chasuble.

Nature always stands for God, and the priest always stands for man; but it is when they stand for both together that they command our best adoration. In like manner, the Dome, which represents the principle of the incarnation of God in man, works the most inevitable of all transformations upon the world about it. The human garment of the Campagna is wrought of ruins and roads and buried cities, aqueducts and broken walls, shepherds' huts and glimpses of white towns on distant hills; but the great clasp, holding it all together, is the blue Dome in the air.

In another figure, the Dome is the magical helmet which the Campagna has only to don to step from its sim-

plicity into a position of profound significance. Nothing else arrests and moves us so potently, nor can we ever escape its dominance. We climb Monte Cavo only to sit and look at it across the purple plain. We go to Frascati, and turn our backs on the enchanted gardens that we may search out the blue curve in the hazy distance, and, having found it, give ourselves over to its contemplation. What an inscrutable air of expectation it has! It waits even more than it warns and commands; it waits and watches. In the mean time, those buried Campagna tongues urge us: how long? how long?

It is hard to see how any one can think of Rome as a dead city when it wears this expectancy. Sometimes it carries itself almost as if it had not yet begun to live at all. It treats its great past as a glorious, solemn, and costly throne on which it has climbed to sit and await its future. In the Sistine Chapel, in one of the triangles devoted to the ancestors of Christ, there is a woman who seems to me to have taken the very attitude of Rome. She is seated on the ground, the common throne of our race, — and no less glorious, solemn, and costly than any other seat, — and she leans with one elbow on her knee and her cheek against her hand. The other hand hangs down before her, empty, yet not nerveless, a strong, vital hand, ready to grasp and hold. Her whole bearing is that of one who waits, but there is no suggestion of vagueness or idleness about her. Her head is erect, and her wide eyes gaze forward, outward, steady and bright. What is it that she sees?

Even so, Rome gazes over the heads of the present generations, not ignoring them, but pointing their attention forward with hers, absorbed in the wonderful vision of things to come. We know now that the vision of the woman

in the Sistine Chapel was the first coming of Christ; but Rome's anticipation is still obscure to us. Perhaps she does not see it clearly herself; she only divines it. But she is so very sure of it that we must be sure, too.

No mother of men would be perfectly fitted for her great function unless she could sympathize with joy as well as with sorrow; for, mostly sober though life is, it still has hours of sufficient ecstasy. And doubtless this paper's opening sentence ought to have for its corollary the statement that only those who have known delight can know the Eternal City. Certainly, Rome has moods of glory which meet and challenge the most exultant heart. Take her in mid-spring, when the roses are blooming everywhere, rioting over the walls and the gateways, climbing the stems of the tall stone pines, lurking amid the ruins, dancing from window to window down the length of a sober street; when the fountains flash in the open squares, and dream among the bird-haunted shadows of the ilex groves; when the Forum and Palatine are soft with vines and gay with poppies; when the marbles in the museums glow and the mosaics in the churches sparkle like jewels; when the Campagna grass is so thick with flowers that one can hardly walk, and the larks singing over it are 'unbodied joys.' Rome is a sheer intoxication then. There is nothing to do but give one's self over to her in her present aspect, not remembering her past or speculating upon her future, but glorying utterly with her in her immediate day. One sits by the hour in the Borghese or Medici gardens, dreaming with the fountains; one occupies an intense, narrow shadow on the edge of the Colosseum arena, and looks up at the great sweep of the sun-baked walls, with little care for their significance, but with a dazzled appreciation of their moun-

tain-range effect against the vivid sky; one even kneels on the old pavements of the serene, cool churches, and forgets that they were not made yesterday. Color and fragrance, warmth and song — that is Rome in May.

But that is also Paris and Naples; and there is all the difference in the world between the spring moods of the two latter cities and that of Rome. Spring, to an habitually sober heart, is a disturbing, tormenting affair in Paris or Naples. It is so reckless in its disregard of the graver aspects of life, so wholly committed to the cause of pleasure. If you cannot rejoice with it, it leaves you in the lurch. With a precipitate gesture, it flings its beautiful, grave winter garment into the fire and springs forth in a nakedness which does all very well for the strong and the glad, but which disconcerts the pensive. Rome does not do that. She divests herself soberly and deliberately, not flinging her garment from her, but laying it aside. Then, in the midst of her revels, she keeps her wise, watchful eyes on her children; and when she sees any of them flag and falter, she points to the ample, abandoned folds, lying close at hand. 'Go and creep back

again,' she counsels. 'The stress is too much for you. I understand. It was so with me once, too. One has to suffer a great deal before one learns how to bear sustained delight. Go and shelter yourselves and rest. I will join you pretty soon.'

Thus, though she understands joy, there is no thoughtlessness in her *abandon*, no real forgetfulness of the burden of the years. She invites her children to dance with her, coaxing them gently; but when they will not, she covers them with her cloak and then lays them down where she can find them again quickly.

Rome has many watchwords, but perhaps Quietness is the best of them all. Over her gates might be written, 'In returning and in rest shall ye be saved; in quietness and confidence shall be your strength.'

Returning! One wonders about that. Some of us have wandered so far. And 'are they not all the seas of God?' One wonders very much. But at least such partial returning as we can all make from time to time is profoundly good for us; and we acknowledge a regeneration in the touch of our Mother City.

JUDAH P. BENJAMIN

A CONFEDERATE PORTRAIT

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD, JR.

BENJAMIN was a Jew. He was born a British subject. He made a brilliant reputation at the Louisiana Bar and was offered a seat in the United States Supreme Court. He became United States senator. When his state seceded, he went with it, and filled three cabinet positions under the Confederacy. He fell with the immense collapse of that dream fabric. Then, at the age of fifty-four, he set himself to build up a new fortune and a new glory; and he died one of the most successful and respected barristers in London. Such a career seems to offer piquant matter for portraiture. Let us see if it does.

Characteristic of the man at the very outset is his attitude about such portraiture. He will not have it, if he can help it; will not aid in it, destroys all letters and papers that may contribute to it. 'I have never kept a diary, or retained a copy of a letter written by me. . . . I have read so many American biographies which reflected only the passions and prejudices of their writers, that I do not want to leave behind me letters and documents to be used in such a work about myself.' And he is said to have quoted early advice given him to the effect that the secret of human happiness was the destruction of writing. On this principle he acted and by so doing certainly made my task more difficult. Indeed, it would have been impossible, except for the researches of

Professor Pierce Butler, whose excellent biography must form the basis of all future writing about the Jewish lawyer and statesman.

But if Benjamin's view of biography and its materials is characteristic in its secretiveness, it is also characteristic in its limitation and inadequacy. I take him to have been an honest man. Now, an honest man has nothing to gain by destroying records. Talleyrand spent hours of his retirement in burning paper after paper. John Quincy Adams spent hours, both of active life and retirement, in noting every detail of his existence for posterity. Has he not gained by it? Is there a line of his that does not emphasize his honesty, his dignity, his human worth? Do we not love Pepys far better for his minute confessions, even if he loses a little of his bewigged respectability? No; Benjamin's endeavors to conceal himself remind me a good deal of the ostrich which rests satisfied when it has left perfectly obvious the least intelligent part of it.

The truth is, destruction of records hampers only the honest investigator. The partisan and the scandal-monger remain wholly indifferent. Professor Butler's earnest efforts have accomplished everything possible, in the scarcity of material, to clear his favorite; but Benjamin's popular reputation will probably continue what it was at the end of the war. That is,

both North and South will regard him with dislike approaching to contempt. 'The ability of Benjamin was undoubted,' says Mr. Rhodes, expressing the mildest Northern view, 'but he was by many considered untrustworthy.' And the same authority sees nothing in the Secretary's career incompatible with complicity in the raid on St. Albans and the attempt to burn New York. A few Southern amenities may also be cited. 'The oleaginous Mr. Benjamin,' Wise calls him, 'his keg-like form and over-deferential manner suggestive of a prosperous shopkeeper.' 'The hated Jew,' says Dodd, 'whom the President had retained at his council table, despite the protests of the Southern people and press.' And Foote sums him up choicely as 'Judas Iscariot Benjamin.'

It is our affair, from the mass of anecdote and recollection, and especially from such scanty evidence as the gentleman himself could not avoid leaving us, to find out how far this attitude is justified.

To begin, then, with Benjamin's professional life; for he was first and last a lawyer, only by avocation a statesman. It is universally recognized that as a pleader in court he had few superiors. His power of direct, lucid statement was remarkable, and no one knew better how to present every remote possibility of argument on either side of a case. Even his admirers confess that he sometimes imposed on himself in this way. His enemies maintain that he was not imposed on at all, but argued for the side that paid him, with serene indifference to the right and wrong of it. And they conclude that in politics he was equally indifferent. They forget, however, that the lawyer's second nature does not always drive out the first. Cicero pleaded for many a client whom he despised. Nevertheless, he was a passionate lover of Rome.

As to Benjamin's oratory, opinions differ. In England more stress was laid on his matter than on his manner. But in America friends and enemies alike seem to agree that he had unusual gifts. On this point mere printed speeches are not sufficient for a judgment. They lack the gesture, the expression, the fire, cunningly simulated or real. But, so far as such printed testimony goes, I fail to find the basis for the extravagant praise of Benjamin's biographers. His rhetoric is neither better nor worse than that of fifty of his contemporaries, a clever knack of turning large phrases on subjects that breed rhetoric in the very naming of them. His farewell speech in the Senate is lofty and impressive. Who could have failed to be so on such an occasion? He can pass a noble compliment like that to Judge Taney: 'He will leave behind him in the scanty heritage that shall be left for his family the noblest evidence that he died, as he had lived, a being honorable to the earth from which he sprang and worthy of the heaven to which he aspired.' And a few minutes later he can fall into screaming melodrama: 'Accursed, thrice accursed is that fell spirit of party which desecrates the noblest sentiments of the human heart, and which, in the accomplishment of its unholy purposes, hesitates at no violence of assault on all which is held sacred by the wise and good . . . Mr. President, in olden times a viper gnawed a file.'

In both the graces and the defects of Benjamin's oratory it is interesting to note the riches of a well-stored mind. He was a reader all his life, a lover of Shakespeare and the great poets, quoted them and filled his thoughts with them; and this, too, although in youth he was poor and had to fight hard for book hours, perhaps all the sweeter when thus purchased.

But the strongest element of Benjamin's public speaking is a singular frankness and directness. Now and then he comes out with an abrupt sentence that must have struck the Senate like cold water. 'I did not think I could be provoked to say another word on this subject, of which I am heartily sick.' 'If the object [of a certain bill] is to provide for friends and dependents, let us say so openly.' 'For you cannot say two words on this floor on any subject whatever that Kansas is not thrust into your ears.'

If the test of professional ability is success, Benjamin has been surpassed by few. His early income, for America of the fifties, was very large, and when he rebuilt his fortunes in London, his earnings again rose from nothing to seventy or eighty thousand dollars a year. I can find no evidence whatever that these earnings were based upon practice dubious or questionable. His connection with some financial schemes before the war is admitted by his partial biographer to have been unfortunate, if not indiscreet. But certainly his professional standing in Louisiana was totally different from that of a man like Butler in Massachusetts.

Moreover, no one can read the universal testimony to his position at the English bar without believing him to have been a high-minded gentleman. Blaine's contention that the English admired Benjamin because they hated the North must indeed be allowed some weight at the beginning of his career. But no man could have gained increasingly for fifteen years the esteem and personal affection of the first lawyers in London, if he had not deserved it. 'The success of Benjamin at the English Bar is without parallel in professional annals,' says a good authority, and attributes the fact that it excited no jealousy to 'the simplicity of his manners, his entire freedom

from assumption, and his kindness of heart.' Lord Coleridge called him 'the common honor of both Bars, of England and of America.' And Sir Henry James, speaking at the farewell dinner given Benjamin on his retirement, said: 'The honor of the English Bar was as much cherished and represented by him as by any man who has ever adorned it, and we all feel that if our profession has afforded him hospitality, he has repaid it, amply repaid it, not only by the reputation which his learning has brought to us, but by that which is far more important, the honor his conduct has gained for us.' Few men can show a higher testimonial to character than that.

Now let us turn to the political aspects of this varied career. The Senate reports in the *Congressional Globe* during the later fifties show how constant and how many-sided was Benjamin's activity. What has struck me especially in some of the large semi-private interests that he espoused is that he failed. He should not have failed. He may have been a great lawyer. To be a great man, he failed too often.

On public questions he invariably took the extreme Southern view; but it is characteristic that he did this without exciting animosity. No senator seems to have been more popular on both sides of the house, and his adversaries regarded him with respect, sometimes even with affection.

When the Confederate government was organized, Benjamin was first made Attorney General. From this position he quickly passed to that of Secretary of War. Here again he was a failure. He had no special knowledge and this made him obnoxious to soldiers. Even his extraordinary quickness and business instinct were hardly equal to learning a new profession in the complicated conditions then prevailing. Charges of laxity and of

corruption amounting to treason are brought against him, I think wholly without foundation. But he struck one rock after another and finally met disaster in the unfortunate affair of Roanoke Island. Wise charged that he was ordered by the Secretary to remain in an impossible position, that powder was refused him, and that thus the War Office led up to the catastrophe. Benjamin remained silent at the time; but it was afterwards explained that there was no powder and that he willingly submitted to public censure rather than reveal the deficiency. This is assuredly to his credit. Congress censured him, however, and a resolution was offered, though tabled, 'that it is the deliberate judgment of this House that the Hon. Judah P. Benjamin, as Secretary of War, has not the confidence of the people of the Confederate States, nor of the Army, to such an extent as to meet the exigencies of the present crisis.'

Upon this, Davis, to show his own confidence in his favorite, transferred him to the still higher post of Secretary of State. It is said that Benjamin here served his chief in innumerable ways, drafting public documents, suggesting and advising on lines quite outside the technical limits of his office. The best known of these activities were in regard to the Hampton Roads Peace Conference, and the proposal to make military use of the Negroes, and even to emancipate them for the sake of securing foreign support. In these attempts also Benjamin failed, or what slight measure of success there was went to the credit of others.

In the State Department proper he devoted all his energy for three years to obtaining foreign recognition — and failed again, where perhaps no one could have succeeded. A side issue in this departmental work has discredited him more seriously than any other

charge that can plausibly be brought against him. Acting generally under Davis, he authorized and instructed the agents in Canada who were to attack the Northern states from the rear. These men — Thompson and others — fostered discontent and insurrection everywhere. They planned the raid on St. Albans and the attempt to burn New York city with its thousands of innocent women and children. There is no evidence that Benjamin directly instigated these undertakings. But we know that he received and read Thompson's account of them, and we do not know that he ever expressed any disapproval. Looked at now, in cold blood, they seem without excuse. We can only remind ourselves that passion has strange pleas, and that the whole South believed the North to be capable of worse deeds than any Thompson contemplated; nay, to have done them.

In this matter of the Canadian attempts, Mr. Rhodes is very careful to distinguish Davis from his Secretary, and the historian cannot believe that the Confederate President could have been a partaker in such infamy, but implies that the subordinate officer was much less sensitive. I hardly think Benjamin's character deserves this sharp discrimination. In any case, I have been most interested to find one of the very greatest of Virginia's statesmen and philanthropists explicitly advocating just such an attempt as that to fire New York. 'She' [England], writes Jefferson in 1812, 'may burn New York, indeed, by her ships and Congreve rockets, in which case we must burn the city of London by hired incendiaries, of which her starving manufacturers will furnish abundance.'

In all these manifold schemes of Benjamin I look in vain, so far as the records go, for evidence of large, far-reaching, creative statesmanship. Again and again I ask myself what

Cavour would have thought, have devised, have done in that position. For it is sufficiently manifest that a man of Cavour's type was what the Confederacy needed — and did not get. Yet would any man of that statesmanlike genius and close practical grasp have attempted to solve the impossible problem of reconciling the loose theory of state rights with the fiercely centralized government required to cope with the overwhelming force of the North?

At any rate, Benjamin was no Cavour. His biographer does, indeed, point out that he had something of the dreamy, imaginative side of his race, as shown in the unpractical conceptions of his early business efforts. But dreamers do not make statesmen, usually quite the contrary. And Benjamin's practical statesmanship was, I think, rather of the makeshift order. It is very rare that in his diplomatic papers we find any reference to the cloudy future of the Confederacy, and the only instance in which he amplifies on the subject, predicting that North America is 'on the eve of being divided into a number of independent Governments with rival, if not conflicting, interests,' is distinctly in the nature of a dream.

A dream also, the nightmare of a Jewish prophet, and clung to with a Jewish prophet's tenacity, is his ever-recurring hope of European recognition, which should free the South and end the war. Here again, it seems to me that Cavour would either have put the thing through or soon have felt its hopelessness. Even Benjamin's own foreign agent declares that failure should have been foreseen and accepted at a very early stage. But Benjamin believed that recognition must come, that Europe could not be so foolish as to neglect its own interest. And long after the war he told W. H. Russell, in London, that 'though I have done

with politics, thank God! I consider your government made a frightful mistake which you may have occasion to rue hereafter.'

Of similar character, though even more general in the South and less persistent in Benjamin, was the delusion as to the supremacy of cotton.

If, then, Benjamin was not a statesman of a high order, or of large and commanding ideas, how was it that he so long held such a prominent position in the Confederate government? The answer is simple, and two good reasons furnish more than the solution of the difficulty.

In the first place, Benjamin was an admirable man of business, and those who have had the privilege of meeting a good many business men know how rare an admirable man of business is. He was a worker. While he loved ease and luxury, he was capable of enormous labor, did not shirk long hours or cumbrous documents, went right at a job and finished it. He would remain at his desk, when necessary, from eight o'clock one morning till one or two the next. He would work Sundays and holidays. And he did this without fatigue, complaint, or murmur, always cheerfully and easily, and as if he enjoyed it.

Industry in itself does not go far, however, or not the whole way. Benjamin had what is worth more than industry, system. When he went into the war office he was no soldier and could not please soldiers. But he was an administrator, and if he had stuck to that phase, I imagine he would have been useful. He began right away to bring order out of hopeless confusion; he organized, systematized, docketed. 'Having had charge of the War Department but a few days,' he writes, 'my first effort was to master our situation, to understand thoroughly what we had and in what our deficiencies consisted, but I have been completely

foiled at all points by the absence of systematic returns.' And again, 'Without them [returns] we cannot of course administer the service; can make no calculations, no combinations, can provide in advance with no approximation to certainty, and cannot know how to supply deficiencies.' A systematizer of this order was a useful creature in Richmond during those four years.

But another quality, even more valuable than business habits, sustained Benjamin in his office: he was a student of human nature. He watched character perpetually, analyzed the motives of others, their wants, their weaknesses, knew how to adapt himself to them. 'No shade of emotion in another escaped Mr. Benjamin's penetration,' writes the keen-sighted Mrs. Davis, whose warm regard for her husband's adviser is one of his best credentials. 'He seemed to have a kind of electric sympathy with every mind with which he came into contact, and very often surprised his friends by alluding to something they had not expressed nor desired him to interpret.'

How useful this quality was in dealing with Davis can be appreciated only by those who have studied carefully the peculiarities of that noble but complicated personage. A patriotic idealist in purpose, he wished to save his country, but he wished to save it in his own way. From his subordinates he desired labor, quick comprehension, a hearty support of all his plans and methods. Advice he did not desire, and those who gave it had to give it with tact and extreme delicacy. Here was exactly the chance for Judah P. Benjamin. Advice he did not especially care to give, but no man could divine Davis's wishes with finer sympathy, no man could carry out his plans with more intelligent coöperation and at the same time with heartier self-effacement. The patient skill with

which the result was accomplished is well indicated by Mrs. Davis when she says: 'It was to me a curious spectacle; the approximation to a thorough friendliness of the President and his war minister. It was a very gradual *rapprochement*, but all the more solid for that reason.' J. B. Jones, the diarist, who disliked and distrusted his Jewish superior, analyzes the relation between President and Secretary with much less approval. 'Mr. Benjamin unquestionably will have great influence with the President, for he has studied his character most carefully. He will be familiar not only with his "likes," but especially with his "dislikes."' And when Jones hears that the President is about to be baptized and confirmed, he takes comfort because 'it may place a gulf between him and the descendant of those who crucified the Savior.'

If we accept Benjamin's own words, however, and I think we may, we shall conclude that his devotion to Davis was founded, at any rate in part, on a sincere esteem and admiration. Writing to the London *Times* after the war, he says: 'For the four years during which I have been one of his most privileged advisers, the recipient of his confidence and sharer to the best of my ability in his labors and responsibilities, I have learned to know him better perhaps than he is known by any other living man. Neither in private conversation nor in Cabinet council have I ever heard him utter one unworthy thought, one ungenerous sentiment.'

No one, then, could long retain Davis's confidence without an abundant supply of tact and sympathy. Probably the two men who made most use of these qualities in their dealings with the President were Lee and Benjamin. But an instructive difference strikes us here. Lee's tact sprang spontaneously from natural human

kindness. He treated his inferiors exactly as he treated his sole superior, and was as courteous and sympathetic to the humblest soldier as to the President of the Confederacy. With Benjamin it is wholly otherwise. He was at the war office for just six months. In that time I will not say he quarreled with everybody under him, but he alienated many, and quarreled with such a number that his stay there is but a record of harsh words and re-primination. One brief telegram to McCulloch will abundantly illustrate the cause of this state of things: 'I cannot understand why you withdrew your troops instead of pursuing the enemy when his leaders were quarreling and his army separated into parts under different commanders. Send an explanation.'

This sort of dispatch, from a lawyer who had never seen a skirmish, to generals of old experience and solid training, was not likely to breed good feeling, much less to restore it. It did not. Benjamin had trouble with Wise, trouble with Beauregard, trouble repeatedly with J. E. Johnston, and drove Jackson to a resignation which, if it had been accepted, might have changed the course of the war. This is surely a pretty record for six months. And observe that in many instances the Secretary appears to have been right and wise. This only emphasizes the misfortune of his getting into such difficulty. The suavity, the graceful tact which served him so well with Davis, seem to have deserted him in dealing with those over whom he had control. Or rather, it is said that the very suavity produced double exasperation when it was used merely to glove an arbitrary display of authority. 'When I do not agree with Benjamin, I will not let him talk to me,' said Slidell, who was his friend, 'he irritates me so by his debonair ways.'

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And now, with the qualities of Benjamin's public career clearly suggested, let us turn for a moment to his private life and see how that helps to illuminate the other.

To begin with his social relations. As with Davis, so with all his equals whom he met in daily intercourse, his manner was full of courtesy, some even say, charm. To be sure, Wise calls him 'oleaginous'; but Alfriend, who knew him well, goes to the other extreme: 'I have never known a man socially more fascinating than Judah P. Benjamin. He was in his attainments a veritable Admiral [*sic*] Crichton, and I think, excepting G. P. R. James, the most brilliant, fascinating conversationalist I have ever known.' One is tempted to blend these two views in Charles Lamb's pleasant characterization of the singer Braham. 'He was a rare composition of the Jew, the gentleman, and the angel; yet all these elements mixed up so kindly in him, that you could not tell which preponderated.'

Less prejudiced judges than those above quoted render a verdict which is still decidedly favorable. In his earlier career in the United States Senate, Benjamin is said to have been generally popular and to have endeavored always to foster social relations; and Sumner, his bitterest opponent, bore testimony to his kindness of manner and conformity to the proprieties of debate. W. H. Russell speaks of his 'brisk, lively, agreeable manner,' and calls him 'the most open, frank, and cordial of the Confederates whom I have yet met.' Thomas F. Bayard, surely a connoisseur, says that Benjamin's 'manner was most attractive — gentle, sympathetic, and absolutely unaffected,' and that 'he certainly shone in social life as a refined, genial, charming companion.' And the testimony of his English friends is

equally decided. 'A charming companion,' writes Sir Frederick Pollock, 'an accomplished brother lawyer and a true friend; one I could not easily replace.'

In many of these social sketches of Benjamin there is a curious insistence on his smile, which seems to have been as perennial as Malvolio's, if a little more natural. 'The perpetual smile that basked on his Jewish lips,' says the acrid Pollard. And Jones, in his Diary, recurs to it almost as a third-rate playwright does to a character tag, so much so that on one occasion he notes Mr. Benjamin's appearance without his smile as of inauspicious omen. 'Upon his lip there seems to bask an eternal smile; but if it be studied, it is not a smile — yet it bears no unpleasant aspect.'

The implication in some descriptions that the smile and the courtesy were only on the surface is, I think, clearly unjust. Benjamin was not, perhaps, a philanthropist; but there is record of many kindly deeds of his, none the less genuine for not being trumpeted. He once lost sixty thousand dollars by endorsing a note for a friend, which, of a Jew, is worth remembering. Although never especially enthusiastic for his religion, he was ready to help a fellow Hebrew who wanted help, and it is said that old and needy Confederates in London did not apply to him for aid in vain.

Also, the smile was for himself, as well as for others. That is, it represented an attitude toward life. Through many ups and downs and odd turns and freaks of Fortune, Benjamin was never discouraged, never depressed. I do not think this meant in him any great strain of heroic fortitude. The smile shows that. It was an easy-going egotism, which neither touched nor was touched deeply, a serene, healthy well-being which let the blows of adversity

strike and glance off, which turned trifles into great pleasures and very great evils into trifles. When work was needed, he worked with all that was in him. When he failed and fell, instead of being crushed, he jumped up, smiled, brushed off his clothes, and worked again. Where will you find a finer instance of recovery after utter disaster than this man's rise in late life from nothing to fortune in a new country and an untried sphere? Even in his formal and official correspondence you catch little glimpses of the easy, devil-may-care fashion in which he took responsibilities that would have crushed others. Thus he ends a long letter of difficulty and trouble to his predecessor in the war office: 'What a bed of roses you have bequeathed me!' Or he writes to Sidney Johnston — of all men: 'In Mississippi and Tennessee your unlucky offer to receive unarmed men for twelve months has played the deuce with our camps.' Fancy Lee or Davis writing that!

For a man armed with a smile of this kind, religion is a superfluity, and it appears that Benjamin had none. He practically dropped his own and never had the interest to pick up any other. He did, indeed, — unless he has been confused with Disraeli, — tell a sneerer at Judaism that his own ancestors were receiving the law from Deity on Mt. Sinai when the sneerer's were herding swine in the forests of Saxony; but this was to make a point for the gallery, just as his burial in Paris with Catholic rites was *pour plaire aux dames*. His religion would not have been worth mentioning but for the delightful anecdote of Daniel Webster's assuring him and Maury, the scientist, that they were all three Unitarians together. Benjamin denied this, and invited Webster to dine with him to prove it. They dined and argued, but Benjamin would not be con-

vinced, though he did not know enough about the Bible to hold his ground. Oh, to have been present at that dinner! What conversation — and what wine and cigars!

As this discussion may imply, and as abundant evidence proves, Benjamin, for all his smiles and all his optimism, was neither cold nor always perfect in command of his temper. 'He was like fire and tow,' says Mrs. Davis, perhaps exaggerating in view of an incident shortly to be mentioned, 'and sensitive about his dignity.' I do not imagine that this went very deep, but at any rate the Southern sun had touched the surface with a singular petulance and vivacity. Even in age and in London fogs the temper would fly out. As when, before the solemn gravity of the House of Lords, Benjamin was arguing a case and heard the Lord Chancellor mutter, 'Nonsense!' The barrister stopped, gathered up his papers, and abruptly departed. So high was his standing at that time that the Chancellor felt obliged to make things right by an apology.

Even more entertaining is the earlier spat between Benjamin and Davis. Senatorial tempers were high-strained in Washington in the fifties, and men sometimes fell foul of friends as well as foes. The slap-dash, boyish interchange of curt phrases, even as staled in the cold storage of the *Congressional Globe*, must have rejoiced Seward and Sumner. Its straight-from-the-shoulder quality, coming from such reverend sages, recalls the immortal dialogue which Adam Smith reports himself and Dr. Johnson as exchanging, like coal-heavers. 'What did Dr. Johnson say, sir?' — *Smith*: 'He said I was a liar.' 'And what did you say?' 'I said he was a' — never mind what. Benjamin's language is more senatorial, but not too much so. 'The Senator is mistaken and has no right to state any such

thing. His manner is not agreeable at all.' — *Davis*: 'If the Senator happens to find it disagreeable, I hope he will keep it to himself.' — *Benjamin*: 'When directed to me, I will not keep it to myself; I will repel it *instantly*.' — *Davis*: 'You have got it, sir.'

And pistols for two, of course. But kind friends prevented the future secretary of state from shooting at his president. More seriously instructive and profitable is the contrast between the explanations offered by the two men in the Senate. Davis's is in his best style, nobly characteristic, as thoroughly frank as it is manly and dignified. Benjamin's is well enough, but cautious, as if he were afraid of his position and anxious not to say a word too much.

The keen sensibility, whether superficial or not, which appears in these incidents, characterized Benjamin in other ways besides temper. He liked excitement. It was the excitement of public contest that made for him, I think, the charm of his profession. After the war he was offered an excellent opening in Parisian finance, but he preferred to fight his way up in the English courts. And there is a remarkable sentence in his speech at the farewell dinner, when he mentions having been ordered by his physicians to avoid the excitement of active practice: 'I need hardly tell an audience like this that to tell me or any person of a nature like mine to abstain from all possible excitement is to tell him to cease the active exercise of the profession; for without the ardor of forensic contest what is the profession worth?'

He liked excitement in the form of games, also, liked billiards and whist. W. H. Russell even records as Washington scandal that Benjamin lost the major part of his very large income at cards. His biographer denies this, but

in rather mild fashion, asserting that he was 'not a rabid gambler'; and Benjamin himself seems less concerned at the accusation than at Russell's ingratitude in making it.

On graver points of morals I find no trace of any charge whatever against Benjamin. But, in spite of his immense capacity for work, he was generally known as a lover of ease and good living. This, assuredly no vice in itself, came almost to appear like one in those last hungry months of the Confederacy. Very characteristic of the man — more so, perhaps, than she means it to be — is Mrs. Davis's little sketch: 'He used to say that with bread made of Crenshaw's flour, spread with paste made from English walnuts from an immense tree in our grounds, and a glass of McHenry sherry, of which we had a scanty store, "a man's patriotism became rampant."' Alfriend also gives us a significant touch: 'Mr. Benjamin loved a good dinner, a good glass of wine, and reveled in the delights of fine Havana cigars. Indeed, even when Richmond was in a state of siege, he was never without them.' Immediately beside this I do not think it cruel to put his own letter in regard to soldiers who were starving on half rations and to whom a crust was luxury: 'Hardship and exposure will undoubtedly be suffered by our troops, but this is war, and *we* cannot hope to conquer our liberties or secure our rights by ease and comfort.' [*Italics mine.*]

On this very point of good eating, however, we must at the same time note the man's kindness and gentle heart. What he liked, he thought others would like, and was glad to get it for them, if he could. Thus Mrs. Davis records that at a very good dinner Benjamin seemed ill at ease and confessed that he was thinking how much his brother-in-law, left alone at home, would enjoy some of the deli-

cacies; whereupon he received a share for his companion and went away contented.

Undeniably, in the matter of relatives Benjamin appears at his best, and his affection and thought for them — thoroughly racial attributes — are pleasant to read about. With his French Catholic wife he did not, indeed, wholly agree. There was no formal separation or quarrel. But for the greater part of the time she lived in Paris and her husband in America or England. Benjamin's biographer attributes this largely to faults of her disposition. Perhaps he is right. But I would give a good deal for Mrs. Benjamin's view of her husband. So far as I know, only one recorded sentence of her writing twinkles in the memory of men. But that one is a jewel. It paints the woman; it paints the Southern Creole class, and much that is Northern and human also; it paints wide vistas of domestic infelicity; and it shows charmingly that Benjamin had found the superlative in an art in which he could furnish a good comparative himself. He writes to his wife urging economy, and she writes back: 'Do not speak to me of economy: it is so fatiguing.' Miss Austen might have invented the phrase, — she could not have bettered it.

But Benjamin afforded rather a singularity in matrimonial affairs by apparently caring much more about his wife's relatives than he did about her. And to those connected with him by blood, his daughter, sisters, nieces, and nephews, he was deeply and devotedly attached. His few extant letters to them form very attractive reading, and show a man as lovable as he was clever. They are full of a light and graceful playfulness, gossiping of trivial things in just the way that love appreciates.

Yet how infinite are the shades and

diversities of character! For all this graceful playfulness in his private letters, for all his reported wit in conversation, I do not find that Benjamin had much of that complicated characteristic which we call humor. I do not find it in many of these Southern leaders. It is as absent from the brilliant cleverness of a Dick Taylor as it is from the rhetoric of a Davis. At any rate, I miss it in Benjamin. Read in the *Congressional Globe* the secession debate in which Baker of Oregon simply demolishes Benjamin, not by argument, but by pure Lincolnian quizzing, which the Southerner cannot meet because he cannot understand it. For the height and depth of humor the man did not view life at a large enough angle. He smiled perpetually, but his smile was the pleasant smirk of social responsiveness, and took no account at all of the tragedies of existence.

And now I think we are in a position to consider what was Benjamin's real attitude toward the Confederacy. First, was he an able, selfish, scheming, unscrupulous adventurer, who played the game simply for his own personal ambition and aggrandizement; a sort of Talleyrand? This may be excluded at once. If there were no other evidence, little more would be needed than his own evidently genuine comparison of Gladstone and Disraeli, decidedly in favor of the former, who, indeed, is said to have been Benjamin's idol. Gilmore, who, with Jacquess, visited the Secretary in Richmond, gives a description which is vital on this point. 'There is something, after all, in moral power. Mr. Benjamin does not possess it, nor is he a great man. He has a keen, shrewd, ready intellect, but not the stamina to originate, or even to execute, any great good or great wickedness.'

But again, some who recognize Benjamin's honesty assert that he took up

the Confederate cause as a mere law case, utterly indifferent to its wrong or right, or to any personal issue, giving it his best service as long as he could, then turning cheerfully to something else. Here also I think there is error. The man's whole heart was in the work and he felt for it as deeply as he could feel. Passage after passage in his public and private writings shows indisputably the partisan hatred and the devoted enthusiasm of the loyal citizen. 'I entertain no doubt whatever that hundreds of thousands of people at the North would be frantic with fiendish delight if informed of the universal massacre of the Southern people, including women and children, in one night.' 'No people have poured out their blood more freely in defense of their liberty and independence, nor have endured sacrifices with greater cheerfulness than have the men and women of these Confederate States. They accepted the issue which was forced on them by an arrogant and domineering race, vengeful, grasping, and ambitious. They have asked nothing, fought for nothing, but for the right of self-government, for independence.' 'How it makes one's breast swell with emotion to witness the calm, heroic, unconquerable determination to be free that fills the breast of all ages, sexes, and conditions.'

Like many other Southerners, Benjamin rather melodramatically declared that he would never be taken alive. He never was. Like many others, he declared that he would never, never submit. And he never submitted. The Jewish obstinacy would not be overcome.

No; it is utterly unjust to deny that his patriotism was genuine, or that he gave his very best sincerely, and in his way unselfishly, to what he felt to be his country. Only, with him nothing went deep. When the struggle was

over, it was over. Some measure of his sunny cheerfulness must be credited to self-control. Most of it was temperament. Lee, too, made no complaint; but the tragedy of his people was written perpetually on his face. Benjamin's face would not take impressions of that nature. Not one regret for a lost cause or a vanished country is to be found in his intimate personal letters. 'I am contented and cheerful under all reverses,' he writes. And he was.

The truth is, viewed by the permanent standards of history, he was a small man, a small man placed in a great position, and he rattled about in it. The crises of nations always exhibit such misfits, in lamentable number. But with Benjamin the impression prevails that he was a man of remark-

able ability, an adventurer of genius, but of little character. This view was strong upon me when I began to study him. Now I am forced to the opposite conclusion, that his character was respectable, if not unexceptionable, but his ability mediocre. Davis damned the latter with the faintest possible praise, to a nicety: 'Mr. Benjamin, of Louisiana, had a very high reputation as a lawyer, and my acquaintance with him in the Senate had impressed me with the lucidity of his intellect, his systematic habits, and capacity for labor.'

In short, he was an average, honorable, and, in politics, rather ineffectual gentleman. Perhaps he would have preferred a different verdict. If so, he should not have destroyed those papers.

STUDIES IN SOLITUDE

BY FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS

I

SHE was never lonely, she told herself. The solitude of her old little white house, sitting retired from the village street among its lilac trees and syringas, did not frighten or depress her. She could spend a whole day of rain there, seeing no one but the grocer's boy, the big gray cat, and occasional stooped hurrying figures out in the wet street; and could come down into evening calmly, busied with her enforced or chosen duties and thoughts. A cloud seemed to wrap her round in many folds of seclusion till the common world of hurry and friction and loud or se-

cret loves and hates was dim to her eyes and ears. Street sounds and whistles of trains at the cross-roads were muffled echoes; but the ticking of the tall clock, the throbbing of rain on a tin roof, the infrequent wind banging at a loose window, the cat's creepy tread on the stairs, grew rhythmic and insistent.

Yet she was not lonely. She never stopped to brood, listening long to perilous voices. She denied even to certain pieces of furniture, books, or ornaments, their passive right to conjure up the spectre of her solitude. If a room seemed too vibrant with unseen presences, she would enter it and drive

out the quivering mystery with some brisk petty business of sweeping, of shifting a picture, or rearranging a book-shelf. Often she whistled softly about her work, although there were moments when as if by an instinct she would stop short and glance over her shoulder, to see nothing, and after that to be still.

So the day would shift from gray dawn to gray dusk; and she had not allowed herself to think that she might have cause for loneliness, there in the quiet house behind its dripping lilac trees.

Only in the evenings did the clock and the rain become too loud and real. Then, as she sat with a pleasant book or broidery in the yellow lamplit circle of her sitting-room, warm and quaint in its accumulation of color, — old gay reds, greens, blues, tumbled together by generations of fond house-holders, and now subdued into harmony by years and the low light, — she would find herself all at once rigid as an ice-image, yet alert as a coiled serpent; listening, listening, — for what? For a quick step on the flags before the door? For a long jangling peal at the bell? For a voice in the hall, or a sick querulous summons from the downstairs chamber, or the scraping of a chair from above? No, she knew that she had no cause to wait for these things. There was only the rain, the clock, sleek Diogenes purring on the white fox-skin, the lamp-wick fretting a little to itself, and once in a while, out in the dark street, the splash and clatter of wheels, the faint wet whisper of feet that always passed her gate.

So, with a self-scorning smile and a drawing of her hand across her eyes, she would take up again the book or needle-work, and stop abruptly that rigid listening for sounds which never came. Long since, on her first solitary night in the old house, she had vowed

to herself that she would not be sad, or strange, no matter what tricks her heart and mind might play her. She would not fear memory and anticipation, but would compel them to be her servants, to keep their distance. She had been young then, and had not quite believed in her solitude. Now that she knew it through and through, she was still aware that to look too far back or too far forward would equally undo her. On these rainy nights of withdrawal, her trial-times were still upon her. If she failed now, if one shudder or one tear escaped her, she was lost forever; and the white house would drive her out, into a world where she could no more choose her own way of being alone.

But she was not lonely, she repeated; and to prove it, her mind would indulge in a fantasia of loneliness. The book would slip from her hand, and she, gazing half-hypnotized into shadowy corners, visited all the solitary people over the wide world. It pleased her to imagine homesick officers in stifling Indian bungalows; young men and girls, fresh come to the City, wandering forlorn through the glare of streets, or idling under their meagre lodging-house gas-jets; light-keepers on desolate sand-dunes and rock-ledges, climbing at night twisted iron steps to tend the eternal lamp; night-watchmen pacing deserted yards and mill-corridors; sailors in the dead watch; poets and prophets trying passionately to capture the wild visions which leaped across their darkness; and most of all, many women sitting as she did in warm quaint rooms, near village streets, hearing the clock tick and the rain throb.

It pleased her, to travel so on light unhindered wing. Almost it seemed as if her soul left her body, and fared out to knock against every lonely window and to keep dumb company round

every solitary lamp. And she felt that she was one of an endless army, marching straightforwardly and silently out upon their lives, stripped of the disguises that kindred and close friendship invent, and making, in return for the silence of their hearts and the smiling of their lips, only one demand of all that encountered them.

That demand she never shaped, of her own will. But when she had sat a long time, dreaming, and had at length roused herself to make fast doors and windows, had shut the cat in the kitchen, taken her hand-lamp and gone up the broad stairs to bed, — then, in the gay chintz-hung security of her own chamber, her throat would fashion involuntarily those words that her heart and lips refused to let themselves speak.

‘It is all right enough,’ her throat would say for her, as she turned down the counterpane, untied her shoes, and wound her watch. ‘I am quite all safe and right. But — no one must ask me — if I am lonely. No one must ever ask me that.’

II

It had appeared presently that her house was haunted, though not by ghostly terrors. For herself, she had only felt, at times, the vaguely imagined intimation of some presence other than her own in the quiet rooms. But she had no surer knowledge of her dimly harbored guests until a friend, wearied out with the love and care of over-many babies, came to her for rest; and after two days of grateful idleness in her sunny window, asked suddenly, —

‘Miriam, whose are the Voices?’

‘What voices?’ Miriam parried; and Lucy described them: happy, laughing voices, as of young people playing and gossiping together. ‘I have heard them so often when I was lying alone and you were out, or off somewhere. I

almost asked a dozen times who was talking. They are always downstairs, or across the hall, or under the window; and they are such happy voices: young voices, — oh, very sweet and glad.’

Miriam smiled and stroked her friend’s nervous fingers. Lucy had always heard and seen more than other people did, and now that she was so tired, no doubt her worn-out fancy befooled her lightly. They talked it over together. Lucy, smiling at herself, none the less insisted: there were Voices in the house.

‘Some time you’ll hear them too,’ she nodded. ‘They’re not sad or dreadful or gloomy; oh no! They’re just young and glad. I love to hear them.’

And another evening, when Miriam came into the sitting-room after an errand down the street, Lucy greeted her eagerly, saying, —

‘It was music this time. Oh, I’ve heard such music! I almost went to see if some one was n’t playing. It was like a harp, I think, with a violin and piano: it was very beautiful. I thought some one *must* be playing, until it came to me that of course it was the Young People. It was happy music, just as the Voices are so happy. Miriam, there *are* young people somehow in your house.’

It became a sort of gentle pleasant joke between them, while Lucy stayed on. ‘Have you heard them to-day?’ Miriam would ask; and sometimes Lucy replied, ‘No; they must have gone off on a picnic; it was such a good day’; or, ‘Yes; they were here while you were out this afternoon. I don’t see why you don’t hear them.’ And Miriam would shake her head. ‘I never hear and see Things, you know. They are your Voices, Lucy; they are your babies grown-up who are talking to you even here in my old-maid house.’

But Lucy denied it. ‘No, Miriam, I

never heard them anywhere else. They belong to you and your house, and they mean something good, and sweet, and *coming*, not gone by. They're not ghosts.'

And when at last Miriam kissed her good-bye at the train, Lucy was saying, 'I'm glad to think of you, there in your nice sunny house, with the Voices, and the Music. Good-bye, dear.'

As Miriam sat alone that evening, she wondered about those young happy presences. She wished that she could hear them laugh and sing and play; not merely feel them blindly stirring about her. She sat, deep in reverie, smiling at Lucy's merry yet honest insistence upon her quaint little hallucination, — at herself for more than half believing it.

'It is better that I never hear them,' she concluded at last, rather soberly. 'I could n't live alone this way if I heard them. It is all well enough for Lucy, with her husband and her household of babies, to hear things like that; granting that she truly did, dear mysterious Lucy! — But if I heard them — if I heard them, —' she glanced about the room as if she half expected to see a gay face above the piano, a bright head bending by the lamp, — 'it would mean that I was going a little bit mad: yes, just a little bit mad, for all that they are sweet, young voices.'

She shivered, stood up quickly, and went over to the long mirror. 'Miriam,' she whispered, looking into the shadowy face that met hers, 'Lucy said those were young voices, *coming* voices, not gone by. But you know, Miriam, that if they are, they belong to some one else who may live in this house: to some one else, I tell you, not to you at all. Don't be a fool. — You've been quite sensible so far: don't spoil it all now. Do you hear? you must n't even wish to hear those Voices, or that lovely harp-music. Now you understand.'

Months later she saw her friend again. 'How are the Voices?' Lucy asked gayly, across the laughing baby who pulled at her necktie and snatched down her curls.

'I never hear them,' Miriam answered, almost shortly. 'You know, don't you, — "to him that hath shall be given"? — Please may I hold the baby?'

III

Yet often, when she had spent a part of the day or evening away from home, she had a curious expectation of returning to find her house not empty and silent, but with something alive in it to greet her. She did not think of the people who had been her own in the different days so far past, nor of her living friends, nor of the young presences whose laughter Lucy had insisted upon hearing. It seemed to her simply that there was more life and motion and personality in her waiting house, than just Diogenes crouching on the front porch, and the kettle steaming to itself on the back of the stove.

One winter evening she walked late down the village street. The moon rode high and white. Every frosty breath shone, every step creaked and crackled in the snow. Through the thin leafless maple-trunks and lilac-boughs she could see her house plainly: the snowy roof, glittering to the moon, the low eaves, ragged with silver icicles, and the four yellow windows of the hall and sitting-room, which she had lit against her late return.

She had a definite sense of expectancy. She was going back to something, to somebody, — and found herself hurrying almost joyfully. But with her hand on the gate, she stopped, and stared at the house as if it were strange to her. An icy little stream flowed suddenly round her heart. For a second, all the world — the moon,

the village, the house, and her own inner secret universe — staggered and reeled and shook. But as suddenly, everything grew calm and still again. The frightful chill melted from her blood; the moon watched her with the same high virgin regard, and the yellow windows beckoned her home.

She went slowly up the path and into the warm silent hall.

In that moment at the gate, she had realized that it was only Herself to whom she was going back. Herself, who made those windows bright, who piled the logs on the hearth that now she could light and sit by, dreaming. It was Herself, who would be running down the stairs to greet her, and fetching an apple from the pantry, and listening to her story of the evening's doings.

It seemed to her almost as if she had become two individuals. One of her went out into the village and the world. The other stayed always in the little white house. She would always be waiting to greet her home.

That was all. Now that she understood it, it did not concern her any more.

She was becoming a good hermit, she commented; but noticed, with the detachment that had grown upon her, that she was not going to remember that shuddering moment at the gate. She blew the fire high, thinking, 'After all, there is nobody but Myself who understands me much,' and was amused at her simple egotism.

IV

But secretly she knew her most perilous enemy. It was not sadness, or selfishness, or the Voices, or the odd wildness of a determined recluse. It was Eternity.

There was no telling when Eternity might claim her. Sometimes she awoke

at dawn, and went down into the dewy garden to work among the roses and iris and pansy-plants, with the birds all singing and the sun dancing like a great wise morning star. The day wore on, as she digged and transplanted and clipped and watered, till, weary a little, she went into the house and took up the endless bit of sewing, or some story or poem to finish. And all at once, in spite of the sun, the earth-smell, the brisk village-sounds beyond her garden-fence, she knew that her anchor dragged, — she had slipped her moorings in the safe harbor of Time, and was drifting off, off, into Eternity.

Then she cared nothing for rose-bugs, or iris-roots, or stockings to darn, or stories to read. She thought of Love, and Sin, and Death: of nations at war and her friends' souls in joy or agony, of God Himself, — and they were all as nothing. She saw the flickering garden, she heard the song-sparrow and the clucking hen, she felt her own scrubbed and earth-stained fingers and her beating heart, but these were not necessary to her. She was terribly remote; terribly careless and still and proud; for she was in Eternity.

'What does it all matter?' she would murmur. 'What if they drink and steal and sin and die? or love and lose and win and die too? And what of me? What of me? — We are all in Eternity. God Himself is in Eternity.'

But she kept the peril close. None of the neighbors, who hailed her on the street or gossiped on the vine-hung porch, ever noticed that often, as she talked, she would clasp her hands with a sudden fierce little gesture, as if she were holding tight to some strong arm, and that in her heart she was whispering, even while the swift crooked smile danced across her lips, 'O God, make me remember! make me remember! We're in Time now: not in Eternity yet: *not in Eternity yet!*'

WILLY PITCHER

BY GEORGE STERLING

He is forgotten now,
And humble dust these thirty years and more —
He whose young eyes and beautiful wide brow
My thoughts alone restore.

Dead, and his kindred dead!
And none remembers in that quiet place
The slender form, the brown and faunlike head,
The gently wistful face.

And yet across the years
I see us roam among the apple-trees,
Telling our tale of boyish hopes and fears
Amid the hurried bees.

When I am all alone
By the eternal beauty of the sea
Or where the mountain's eastern shade is thrown,
His face comes back to me —

A memory unsought;
A ghost entreating, and I know not why, —
A presence that the restless winds of thought
Acknowledge with a sigh;

Till I am half content
Not any more the loneliness to know
Of him who died so young and innocent,
And ah! so long ago!

VAN CLEVE AND HIS FRIENDS

BY MARY S. WATTS

CHAPTER XVI

BUT 'T WAS A GLORIOUS VICTORY

NEXT morning at daybreak, the argonauts steamed into the harbor of Guantanamo, which they found already populous with shipping, colliers, transports, lighters, a whole fleet of little vessels of their own calibre, herded together in one place where the Milton D. Bowers herself modestly sought a berth, and half a dozen tall warships. They recognized their friend of the night before, the Inverness, now peaceably riding at anchor on the east side of the channel, close inshore and just opposite some ridges of freshly turned earth which looked like the bunkers on the golf-links at home, Van Cleve thought, but which, he was told, were the intrenchments of Camp Huntington. All around there were other earthworks and tents, white and blue and khaki-colored uniforms going to and fro, bugle-calls and the smoke of camp-fires, and overhead the flag spreading its brave and cheerful colors on a strong breeze. It was a stirring spectacle; and though this place is adorned with some of as noble and beautiful scenery as may be found anywhere in the world, I doubt if the travelers made much of it. They were not caring for scenery, and the sight of this armed occupation, vigilant and powerful, and the news of the past night would have distracted them from the most wonderful panorama on the face of the globe.

They landed, Schreiber insisting on

going, too, although he was limping painfully, with his ankle very much swollen in a rough bandage they had contrived, and went up to a shining little sheet-iron-walled stove of a building which they had found to be the telegraph-office, at the foot of the hill under Captain McCalla's camp of marines; and here Schreiber had the luck to fall in with two other correspondents, a Mr. Hunter of the *New York Planet*, and another man whose name Van Cleve did not catch, both of them just from the front with accounts of Saturday's fighting and San Juan Hill. The army had known nothing of the navy's doings, and supposed the cannonading they had heard to be Sampson bombarding the forts at the mouth of the harbor, as he had done before! 'Pshaw, *we* knew better than that!' said Schreiber, with mock superiority.

'Well, our fellows have too many other things to think about, back there in the jungle,' Hunter said. He told them something of the fight, the other man joining in. It had n't been any such soft snap as the navy boys had, to judge by what you heard. *These* Spaniards were n't running away, nor dreaming of it; they were fighters — they could shoot, too. 'Why, it took Lawton nearly a whole day, nearly the whole of Friday, — let's see, it *was* Friday, was n't it, Jim? — to carry that position at that little town where the church was, Caney they called it — nearly the whole day, and everybody thought it would n't be but an hour or so! Well, of course, they outnumbered

bered our fellows. Oh, yes, two to one, at least. The Cubans hardly counted; *we* did the real fighting. Oh, I suppose some of the Cubans did pretty well, but I did n't see any of 'em. They were n't near so many of them wounded and killed as we had, in proportion. Did you hear about that poor fellow, Lieutenant Ord of the Sixth? Did you hear what happened to him? Why, he got to the top of the hill with the first ones when they charged it (Hey? Yes, it was the Sixth, and the Rough Riders, and the colored regiment, and parts of other regiments mixed in), and this Ord came to a Spaniard lying there badly wounded, and says, "Look out for this man, boys," or "Pick up this fellow and see he gets taken care of," or something like that. And with that the Spaniard raised up and shot him through the heart! Suppose he thought Ord was telling the men to bayonet him and finish him. Probably that's what a Spanish or Cuban officer would have done. Eh? Oh, the men killed him; about tore him to pieces, they say. They thought a great deal of Ord. Nice fellow, they say — I never happened to meet him. But that just shows you what kind these Spanish are; Uncle Sam's going to be thoroughly sick of this Cuba Libre job before long. All our fine men sacrificed. You ought to see the wounded — or rather you ought n't to see them if you can help it. My God, it's awful! Awful. War's about what Sherman said it was, I guess.'

They talked on a little excitedly at times, still under the spell of what they had witnessed. Both of them were dirty, haggard, ready to drop with fatigue; Hunter told Van he had not slept for fifteen hours, most of which had been spent on the way from the battlefield here. It was nothing but a jungle trail, almost impassable in places, and they had been obliged to tramp the

most of it, their horses having given out very soon; it was next to impossible to get any kind of transportation in the country. Nevertheless, they were starting back as soon as they had had some rest; something might happen any minute, and they did n't want to miss it. Takuhira, upon this, decided to accompany them, hearing that a friend of his, Lieutenant Akiyama of the Imperial Japanese Navy, was already with the army, in observation; and Van Cleve, too, might have gone, but on hearing his errand, although neither of them, unfortunately, knew his friend Gilbert, they both assured him that Siboney would be the best place to look for him.

'Everybody's there, or has been there — or at Daiquiri. The Red Cross, and the correspondents, and the post-office people, and everybody. That's the place to look for any one. If you can't find him, you're sure to find somebody that knows him, and can put you on his trail,' they said. Van began to feel that he was getting 'hot,' as they say in the children's games, and wanted to go at once and send telegrams to Lorrie and to his family; but the gentleman in charge of the station refused, not without a smile. The government, he said politely, had raised and repaired the Haytian cable at this point for its own use, and private individuals, unless in some such capacity as Mr. Hunter's, had no status just then.

Afterwards the party all dined together on board the Milton D. Bowers, magnificently, the cook having found means to add some crabs and a basket of mangoes to their usual bill of fare, which was further enriched by a can of baked beans from some unknown source. 'I tell you, the boys at the front would like some of this! Those beans would look like the Waldorf-Astoria to them,' said one of the correspondents; 'all the time we've been

with them, nobody's had anything but bacon and hard-tack, and not too much of that, poor fellows! Well, war is war, I suppose!' With which philosophical reflection he fell to heartily.

At two o'clock the *Milton D.*, according to arrangement, once more set sail; and Van Cleve bade good-bye to these gentlemen, none of whom, I believe, he has ever met since, except the Japanese attaché, who turned up a few days later at Siboney in company with Major Shiba, the other military envoy of his country. Santiago had surrendered; the campaign was over; the foreign officers in observation were returning to the quarters assigned them on board ship; even for Van Cleve himself, the adventure was ended.

He was very far from foreseeing all this, though, as they steamed west along the coast in a heavy sea and rising storm, with Schreiber, erelong, wretchedly ill in the cabin, as usual, and Captain Bowers taciturnly smoking a particularly rank and vicious pipe, which he seemed to enjoy most when the tug's motion was at its worst. The next morning, after a night of threshing about in the seas, Van was not much surprised to hear that it would be impossible to make a landing until the wind and swell died down somewhat. He could both see and hear the surf now, booming and breaking on the shore of the unprotected little cove, a formidable spectacle. They contemplated it all day long, the tug taking up a station a quarter of a mile out, in line with a number of transports and other vessels, like themselves afraid to risk launching a boat in such weather.

Siboney appeared from this distance to be a row of shanties, a half-constructed pier, and the broken ruins of an old one swept by waves, with a slender strip of beach in front and, grimmest sight of all, a big lighter, lying on her side, about fifty yards from

shore, a castaway, with the seas pounding over her desolately.

'Them other things you kin make out closer inshore is some more boats and stuff that got stove in trying to land through the surf,' Captain Bowers said, pointing out various dark objects which had puzzled Van Cleve's inexperienced eyes. 'Ain't it a sin 'n' a shame? All that good stuff wasted!' His tone was mournful; it was the first and only time he had displayed so much feeling of any kind, but Van understood and thoroughly sympathized. The young man's own thrifty soul was outraged.

After twelve hours or so more of waiting, during which, although there was a great deal of coming and going on shore, they heard no sounds of firing, or other indications of hostilities being resumed, he and Schreiber at last got to land in a rowboat, manned by a pair of tatterdemalions, which came out to meet them finally, in answer to repeated signals, when Captain Bowers had taken the tug in as near as was prudent. Both boatmen were armed with pistols and machetes, though nowise soldierly (or indeed at all prepossessing) in appearance.

'Must be the commanding general of the Cuban armies and his chief-of-staff,' the newspaper-man suggested satirically; 'and, by George, look at the rest of the patriots getting ready to land us! Look out for your watch, Kendrick!'

In fact, there seemed to be a lively traffic of this sort among the native longshoremen, running down into the water to seize a boat by the bows, and rush it bodily through the surf, up high and dry on the sand. There was a mob of them, clamoring, villainous-faced, incredibly dirty; the beach was busy as a hive. It was littered with wreckage of lighters and launches, partly submerged, or standing up stark and stiff

when the tide was out. There were mounds of barrels and boxes covered with tarpaulin, under guard; mule-teams and wagons, their drivers cursing royally; soldiers without end; and a handful of bedraggled-looking civilians, government employees, members of the Red Cross commission, more correspondents.

The line of huts they had seen from the harbor the day before turned out to be ten or a dozen zinc-roofed, boxlike structures built originally by the Spanish-American Iron Company — which had mines somewhere in the neighborhood, as Schreiber vaguely recollected hearing — for its operatives, but now in use as hospitals; and one of them, the largest, bore a sign, 'United States Post-Office, Military Station No. 1.' Van Cleve and his companion walked up toward it. Fresh from the strong, clean sea, they had not gone a hundred steps inland when a puff of tepid, foul air, heavy with unspeakable odors of animal and vegetable decay commingled, fairly strangled them. Schreiber, who had been limping vigorously ahead, turned alarmingly pale and faint for a second; but he kept on gallantly. 'That had a kind of yellow-fever taste, didn't it?' he gasped, with unquenchable levity. 'Cheer up, the worst is yet to come! Did you see that dead mule behind one of the houses just now? He was very dead. In fact, he must have been quite entirely dead about the week before last, I should judge. *Viva Cuba Libre!*'

Military Post-Office No. 1 had a high stoop in front of it, that gave it a queer likeness to the country cross-roads store and post-office combined, in a village of the same size at home; and two or three loungers on the porch as our friends came up heightened the resemblance. 'How it reminds me of that dear Rising Sun, Indiana!' murmured Schreiber, tenderly. There were a

couple of privates waiting, probably, for their regimental mail to be sorted out, and another man, not a soldier, as he was dressed in canvas trousers, boots, and a sweater, was taking a nap, in informal style, stretched out on the floor, with an arm across his face. The two orderlies glanced at the newcomers without curiosity, and went on with a desultory conversation wherein war and conquest or other trade topics were not in the least concerned. 'The first time was at a picnic given by the Eagles — Independent Order of Eagles, y' know, they're pretty strong with us — and I could n't say exactly how often since,' said one of them, finishing some statement; and the other nodded indifferently.

'That fellow there lays like he was dead — notice?' he said presently. 'Guess he's about played out. He's just as still!'

'Dead! Well, I reckon he's deader drunk than any other kind of dead,' said the other man, with a laugh. 'They don't lay that way when they're shot, though — mostly they lay all kind of crumpled-up, in *my* experience,' he added, with the air of a veteran. He was a smooth-chinned lad of twenty-three or thereabouts.

Van Cleve and Schreiber went inside. In the stifling heat, two clerks, one in pajamas and the other wearing an undershirt, blue denim overalls, and a pair of carpet-slippers on his bare feet, were sorting mail.

'Look in the rack. All you fellows' mail is together in one place — right over there. You can just look for yourself,' one of them answered the correspondent wearily, scarcely glancing up from the piles of letters he was shuffling to and fro. Van, however, was not expecting anything; nobody knew where he was. He wanted to post a letter he had written to Lorrie the night before; and that done, hastily re-

treated to the open air, wiping the perspiration from his face.

'Hot, ain't it?' said one of the soldiers, amiably.

'I don't see how those men stand it in there. Another minute of that oven would have finished me,' declared Van.

Schreiber came to the door behind him and said, not without excitement, 'Look here, Kendrick, there're two letters there for your friend. I saw them. R. D. Gilbert — that's he, is n't it? His folks must have got on to where to find him. He's probably written.'

'R. D. Gilbert?' said Van Cleve, with a start. 'Then he's *here*, to a certainty. I wonder if any of them in the post-office know him.'

He was turning to go inside again, when at the second repetition of the name, the man on the floor stirred, rolled over, sat up at last, after two or three efforts, staring around with a puffy, reddened face. 'Whazzat? What you want?' said Bob.

If this meeting had occurred on the melodramatic stage, for which, as an incident, it was well suited, Van Cleve would undoubtedly have had to exclaim, 'My God, *Bob!* You here!' clutching his temples in a frenzy of horrified astonishment. The plain fact is, he did and said, for an instant, nothing at all. It took him that time to realize that this *was* Bob — Bob at last in a worse state from drink and hardships than Van had ever seen him: gaunt, disordered, bleary-eyed, almost repulsive. In another moment, he perceived that Bob, although looking straight at him, had not yet recognized him, which, to be sure, was not to be wondered at, Van quickly remembered, considering his own appearance, and that he was the last person Robert would be expecting to see.

Schreiber, who also had been staring hard, now burst out with, 'Well, I'll be — Why, *that's* Gilbert! *Is n't* it Gil-

bert? Why, *that's* him *now!* Well, I'll be —!' He looked all around helplessly. Bob surveyed him with blank eyes.

'Friend of yours?' said one of the soldiers, addressing Schreiber.

'No — yes — that is, *here's* his friend. *This* is his friend. Been chasing him fifteen hundred miles! Would n't that jar you, though? Fifteen hundred miles! And here he is!'

'Why, hello, Bob!' said Van Cleve, mechanically. Then he collected himself, and made another effort. 'Hello, Bob, don't you know me? It's Van Cleve Kendrick, you know — *Van Cleve*, you know!' Unconsciously he raised his harsh voice, as he repeated the name. Bob eyed him so dully and unresponsively, it made him anxious.

'No use hollerin' at him, mister. Better let him sleep it off,' observed one of the privates; 'he's pickled for fair!'

'No, he ain't, he'll know you in a minute,' said the other, with a judicial glance; 'he knew when you called his name just now. Wake up, bo!' he continued to Bob, genially; 'here's somebody come to see you!'

This experienced gentleman was right; Robert had unquestionably had some liquor, but that he was legitimately fagged-out from exertion, want of sleep, and, very likely, want of food, would have been evident, on a closer inspection, to anybody. He got upon his feet, while they were speaking, without any help; looked hard at the dirty, bearded man in front of him, and ejaculated at last in his own natural voice, but filled with bewilderment, 'Van Cleve! It's not *you*, Van?'

'See? What'd I tell you? He's got you!' said the soldier, triumphantly.

'How'd you get here?' said Bob. In the wonder and perplexity of the moment, neither of them thought of shaking hands. Van Cleve's wits, in truth,

were at a standstill; he had never speculated much as to the precise environment and conditions wherein he would find his friend, and had no plans about what he was going to say other than to tell Bob plainly and forcibly that, having betrayed a young woman, according to her own confession, he must come home and marry her. What he had not allowed for, was such a chance as this: the open beach, the crowded, noisy camp where decent privacy seemed a thing unobtainable, the sudden stumbling upon the man he sought. He was inordinately taken aback. It was only for a second, but the others looked at him curiously. Bob all at once recognized Schreiber, and spoke to him by name, and they two shook hands enthusiastically. Robert pulled out a half-empty flask from his hip-pocket, and offered it all around. 'Have a drink? It'll do you good. Got to take a little stimulant in this climate, you know. I do myself all the time,' he said frankly; 'here's how, boys! What's your regiment? Oh, *two* regiments? We'll have to have two drinks on that! What's *yours*? Third? Bully for the Third! Here, got to drink to your regiment, you know. What's *yours*, hey?'

The second young fellow said, with an uneasy grin, glancing at the others, that he belonged to the Twentieth, and he did n't want any, thank you, sir. Van Cleve interfered. 'You've had enough of that, Bob,' he said, the exertion of authority restoring him to his habitual poise on the instant; 'here, give me the bottle. You want something to eat, that's what you want. Where do you go here?'

'Aw, Van Cleve—!' Bob began pleadingly; but he surrendered his flask without more protest. No amount of drinking could overcome the poor sinner's native gentleness and tractability. 'Kind of good to see you, Van,' he

said next, affectionately; 'but I must say, you took me by surprise. Don't all of us look like tramps, though!' He cast a glance of whimsical appreciation over his own figure and his friend's. 'How'd you get here?'

'Why, I—I'll tell you presently. I'd like to get something to eat, first. Where do you live? Where do you go to eat and sleep, I mean?'

Bob burst into a laugh, broken by hiccoughs. 'Where do I live? Where do any of us live? How's that, fellows? Where do we all live? Why, in Cuba, first turn to your left and keep on going!' He looked to Schreiber for sympathy. 'What's *your* address, Schreiber?'

'It's going to be Herman Schreiber, Esquire, The Front, directly,' said the war-correspondent, himself amused. 'He's about right, Kendrick, you don't live, nor eat, nor sleep anywhere—you just get along the best you can. What's doing, anyhow, Gil?'

'At the front? Nothing. No fighting I mean. I came back last night. I was all in. I've been trying to get a little rest.'

'Lying here on the ground?' Van said, thinking with a certain shock of Mrs. Gilbert and Lorrie. If they knew—! If they could see him—! But, thank Heaven, they could n't!

Bob nodded, momentarily speechless, in a fit of coughing. 'Sure! No place else to go, you know,' he said when he got his breath. 'Why not! It's what they all do—sick and wounded and all. What's good enough for our army is good enough for me, I hope.'

Van Cleve eyed him over with a good deal of secret worry. Under the mask of dirt and sunburn, and apart from the specific look of the hard drinker with the lines and hollows and unwholesome textures that Bob's face had begun to show long ago, Van Cleve thought he detected some appearances

graver still; that cough and that stoop were not due wholly to privation and too much whiskey, he said to himself. For a flash he was astounded at the alarm that gripped him. Bob was worthless; but he loved Bob. 'You have n't had anything to eat yet?' he said roughly, as usual, when he was much moved. And the other shaking his head in a renewed paroxysm of coughing, Van took him by the arm. 'Come along, we'll get something — we'll hunt it up somewhere,' he said.

They got Bob's mail — a letter from his father, and one from Lorrie with the Tampa postmark, as Van Cleve noted to his surprise — and started off, the newspaper man, who did not lack tact, bidding them good-bye pleasantly, and taking the opposite direction.

CHAPTER XVII

IN WHICH WE WITNESS A SURRENDER

'How on earth did you ever happen to hook up with *him* — Schreiber, you know? How did you happen to come down here, anyhow?' Bob wanted to know, in recurrent wonder. 'Think of my not knowing who you were at first! But, Van, I was simply stunned, I could n't *believe* it was you.' He looked into his friend's face, in sudden and affectionate anxiety. 'You don't mind, do you? My not knowing you right off, I mean? I thought you looked as if you did n't like it, for a minute. But honestly, Van Cleve, I could n't help it.'

'Oh, that's all right. I don't think anything of that. It was perfectly natural,' said Van Cleve shortly; he was unconscious of the impatient note in his voice, of the scowl between his deep-set eyes. The thing he had to do was on his mind, and it had all at once become hateful to him, utterly abhorrent. Robert looked so sick and shaken, Van Cleve wanted to take care of him, not

to accuse and coerce him; moreover, face to face, Bob seemed, as he always had to his friend, intrinsically harmless; he wronged himself terribly and irretrievably, but it was hard to believe that he could wrong anybody else. 'Damn that girl!' Van thought angrily; 'if she's any too good herself, I miss my guess! It would be easy enough to lead Bob into anything, and blame any trouble that came along afterwards on him. He's a mark for any woman.'

Bob was speaking again. 'Old grouch!' he said, thumping his friend's shoulder caressingly. 'What made you come here, anyhow, Van Cleve? Did you just take a notion you'd come, or how was it?'

'Well, I — I came after you, really, Bob. The family want you to come home.'

'They know the *Record-World* fired me; I suppose that's the reason?' said Bob, with a kind of amiable annoyance.

'Why, yes — one reason.'

Bob began to explain cheerfully. 'I suppose they had to — the management, I mean. I have n't any kick to make about it. They're all pretty square men, and they did the right thing, from their standpoint, to let me out. I'd — I'd been drinking. It's hard to keep out of it; everybody drinks more or less, but most of the men get away with it somehow. They stand it better than I do; they can hold more without its affecting them. Oh, well, I never did much like the work, anyhow — running around, asking an infernal lot of questions, and prying into other people's business; it is n't much of a gentleman's job, seems to me. I was about ready to quit when they notified me. I'm even on the transaction. I've got the experience, and that's all there was in it for me; it'll be invaluable in anything else I go into,' he concluded comfortably, and dismissed the sub-

ject. 'But I don't see why you thought you had to come down here after me, Van. You did n't need to take all that trouble. Was mother worrying?'

'Well, you see they did n't know where you were or what had become of you.'

'Why, I wrote them. I told them all about it. I told them I was going on with the army. And then I wrote again from here, as soon as I found out about the postal arrangements, and told them to address me here.'

'They had n't got that letter when we left home, of course. But they must have since, for I see Lorrie's written you from Tampa,' said Van Cleve.

Bob stared at him in stark amazement. 'Lorrie? At Tampa? What's Lorrie doing at Tampa? They're not all of them there?'

'No, just Lorrie. She thought you were there, and she wanted to get to you. I brought her. She *would* come,' Van said, rather defensively, as he saw the indignant surprise on the brother's face. Robert was genuinely shocked. The mere mention of Lorrie awoke all the manliness there was in him; Lorrie was his creed and his conscience.

'*Would* come? What were they thinking of — what were *you* thinking of, to let her come? That's no place for our Lorrie. *Would* come! You talk as if Lorrie were one of these hysterical, tomfool women that have to be given in to, or they'll go crazy. Lorrie's got *sense*. What did she want to come after me for?' He stopped; and a new expression came over his face, a look of self-forgetful sympathy and tenderness that made it beautiful with all the grime and weariness and marks of dissipation. 'Oh, I see! It was Phil. Poor Lorrie! You can't blame her for that. She wanted to be near Phil. Poor Lorrie!' All his features quivered. 'Cort's dead. You knew that, Van? Killed right at the first before he'd had a chance to do

anything — poor Cort! He was the *best* fellow. I know you never liked him, but you did n't know him. Cort was a splendid fellow.'

'I'm sorry for Lorrie just the same,' said Van Cleve.

'Is she — does she know? How is she?'

Van Cleve shook his head gravely. 'Don't ask, Bob. It's the saddest thing I ever saw. Yes, she heard it one of the first.' He described the Tampa experiences briefly. 'The uncertainty was cruelly hard on her. But, of course, that's all over now.'

Bob said, 'Yes, it's all over,' and passed the back of his hand across his eyes. After a moment of striving to get his voice under control, he managed to add, 'You know I saw it, Van Cleve. I saw him after he was shot.'

'You did!'

The other nodded, twisting his lips as if in bodily pain at the mere recollection. 'Yes. Oh, my God, cruel things happen in war! Yes, I saw it. I was n't up in front where he was when the fighting began. I was coming along behind, with another fellow — another newspaper man, I mean. I don't know who he was. I suppose we must have been a couple of hundred yards behind the nearest soldiers. They marched in two lots — two divisions, you know — some of them straight up this ravine (you come to the Santiago road that way directly), and Wood's men, the Rough Riders (only they did n't have any horses) went up that steep place, past the blockhouse — that one over there to your left — you're looking in the wrong direction. I followed *them*. It was terribly hot. Sometimes when we got to one of those little narrow places, all walled in with trees and vines grown up solid on both sides, it was like being at the bottom of some kind of red-hot well; it made your head swim. Some of the men fainted. When there

began to be firing in front, the men got an order to move faster. You never would have called it a charge; it was n't anything like the things you read about in books. They — they just walked along a little faster. When we caught up with them I saw one man near me get his sleeve hooked on a thorn, and he stopped to pull it away, and scratched his finger and said, "*Damn!*" and stuck it in his mouth! All the time the firing was going on in front.'

'They said Cortwright and those other men were killed at the first fire,' Van Cleve interrupted him.

'Yes, I know. I worked off to the side somehow. You could n't see a thing, you know. The bushes were full of men spread out trying to get through. I don't believe any of them knew where they were any more than I did, after a little while. They just kept going toward where you could hear the guns. The whole thing only lasted an hour, about. Cort did n't die right off; some of them were shot dead where they stood, but he was n't. They lifted him out of the way over into some of the bushes. It was just the way you sometimes see a dead cat in an alley at home, stuck over in the gutter till the street-cleaners come and get it. They could n't stop to see about dying men; they just had to get him out of the road and keep on. Cruel things happen in war.'

Bob paused, his face working. He began again. 'I did n't know about Cortwright until I walked on to him almost. You don't know anything that's happening anywhere in a battle except right where you are. I almost walked on to him.' Bob stopped again; he swallowed and wiped the sweat from his face. 'He was lying there breathing with a — with a thick sound, and his eyes half-closed, showing the whites, and his face all gray. He used to be so good-looking and — and rather vain

of his looks, too, you recollect, Van; any man would have been. And he looked so you did n't want to touch him. That's horrible, but it's so. I got over that, though, and went and raised him up. I don't know whether he knew me or not, but he looked at me. I said, "It's me; it's Bob Gilbert, Corty, don't you know me?" but he just said in a whisper, "I'm thirsty." And then I gave him a drink out of a canteen I had and he said, "Th-thank you!"' Bob broke down and sobbed openly. 'He was dying, Van; he was dying, and he said, "Thank you!"'

'Poor fellow!' said Van, touched. 'Was that all?'

'Yes. He died. He never said another word. I wish he had. If he'd said Lorrie's name, I'd like to have told her. But he never spoke again.'

There was a silence while Bob wiped his eyes on the sleeve of his soiled shirt, and Van Cleve stared abstractedly at the glaring beach and sea. 'Well, a man can die but once,' said the latter at last; 'I suppose getting shot's as good a way as there is, when all's said and done. It's quick, anyhow. I don't believe he could have suffered much.'

'You — you could n't let me have a drink of the whiskey now, could you, Van? I'm pretty well used-up,' said Bob, pitifully.

'Whiskey would n't do you any good,' said Van Cleve, unmoved. They had found a temporary resting-place in the lee of what looked like a heap of lumber and scrap-iron, but was in reality a collection of wagons, 'knocked down' in sections and roughly bundled together for transportation. And now a military-looking person came and ordered them away from it with few words and strong. Nevertheless, Van Cleve had the courage to inquire of him where food might be got. Robert had no money left, it appeared; he had nothing at all except the clothes on his

back, and as he pathetically stated, some few of poor Cort's things, his watch and a little bundle of letters which Bob had taken off the body to give to Lorrie. 'They buried him there close to where he was killed, like all the rest,' he sighed.

Van got out his wallet and gave him five dollars. 'Now look here, you'd better not stir around in this sun any more than you can help,' he said, with his practical kindness; 'you stay near this place, while I go and see about the stuff to eat. If anybody comes along with crackers or bananas, you might buy something without waiting for me, only you ought to be pretty careful, I think,' and went off.

Alas, when he returned in half an hour or so with his supplies, Robert was nowhere in sight; and Van Cleve, with gloomy forebodings, which should have visited him earlier, after another half hour of worried search, found the other, as he had expected, in company with a villainous-eyed Cuban, drunk and happy in a nook of sand and scrub-palms, passing a newly acquired bottle back and forth. Bob had forgotten all about 'poor Cort,' all about Lorrie, all about his own late reverses and adventures, in this stimulating companionship; he hailed Van Cleve jovially. But the Cuban, who was not at all drunk, looked upon the arrival of this bodyguard with a very darkling countenance; and as Van attempted to get Bob away, he intervened with what sounded like evil words in Spanish, and what certainly was an evil expression.

'Get out of the way, you!' says Van Cleve, pushing Bob (who, as always, was perfectly amiable and obedient) along in front of him. 'Come on, Bob. Yes, I know — it's all right, old fellow, but you want to come with *me*, you know, now. Get out, you! Huh, you would, would you? Well, I guess *not!* Not this time, anyway!'

The Cuban picked himself up, and fled with a yowl of malediction.

'S right, knock him (*hic*) down, Van!' said Bob, gravely wagging his head in approval; 'Cubans' — he flapped his hand — 'Cubans no good. Only ought be careful, Van. Ough t' have gun.'

Van Cleve clapped his hip-pocket. 'Good Lord, I forgot all about it!' he ejaculated.

The next problem was to see Bob safely bestowed somewhere, out of reach, if possible, of any more sympathetic natives or brother Americans; and in this extremity Van bethought him of the Milton D. Bowers. There she lay, two or three hundred yards out, peaceful and secure; and Captain Bowers made only one comment when the boat came alongside and they helped Robert aboard. 'Found yer friend, I see. He's got a pretty-good load,' he remarked, turned his quid reflectively, spat into the water, and inquired, 'He's the one you were figurin' on takin' back to the States, I presume likely?'

'Yes,' said Van Cleve.

'On the Milton D.?' the captain asked, stroking his chin-beard.

'That's what I intend to do,' said Van.

It is a pity that no reliable witness was at hand to report the battle of giants that ensued. Captain Bowers was a Connecticut Yankee; Van Cleve was his grandfather's grandson; it must have been a hot engagement. Van has never, naturally, been at all communicative about the episode, but one may conjecture it to have ended in a draw. 'Oh, yes, he stuck me. But he did n't stick me as much as he expected,' Mr. Kendrick has been heard to acknowledge. The Gilberts, I think, know nothing about the transaction to this day.

After all these events, and when he had left Bob stertorously sleeping in

the cabin, Van Cleve, who had vaguely looked for the sun to be setting, found to his astonishment that it was barely noon! There had been no chance to say a word about the real cause of his visit; it would have been worse than useless to attempt the subject in Bob's present condition. And, having by this time reached a more philosophical mood about it, Van decided that the miserable affair might wait till the next day, without harm. By to-morrow Bob would be at any rate sober, and fit to listen. 'His nerves can't suffer by it,' thought Van, grimly; 'they're all gone to pieces anyhow. He has n't any constitution left. He'll probably have to go to Colorado or Arizona or somewhere, to keep alive. I don't know how the family will manage. Some people certainly do have a hard time.' For his own part, he felt a sense of release, now that his errand was all but done. He wrote another note to Lorrie, briefly reciting that he had found her brother and was bringing him home; that Bob was in 'fairly good shape, though looking rather tough, like everybody else down here.' He hoped she was all right, and she must not worry, that everything was going along as smoothly as they could possibly expect; and as near as he could calculate just now, they would arrive at Tampa by Saturday or Monday at furthest; it could n't take more than a week.

He went ashore again to post this; and wandering about fell in with and followed for some distance a string of pack-mules taking supplies to the front; much of the road, it seemed, was almost impassable for wagons, although our engineers had widened and built it up in many places. It was nearly all as Bob had described it, sunken between solid walls of greenery, suffocatingly hot, and, until they began to climb the higher ground, steaming with noisome odors.

He walked along by one of the drivers, who, seeing that he was feeling the heat, offered him a drink out of his canteen, which Van accepted gratefully; he had not thought to provide himself with water. They got into talk. The teamster had been picked up by the army at Mobile, being a graduate of one of the old, well-established academies of mule-driving to be found along the levees at Memphis and New Orleans, or indeed almost anywhere throughout the Southern States; he said that he liked it 'first-rate,' and reckoned he'd stick with the job as long as Colonel Humphries had any use for him. He was, in fact, quite open and sincere in a conviction that his department was the most valuable and indispensable in the entire army, of which he considered himself and his mules as much a part as any regiment, brigade, or division; and he confided to Van Cleve that old Pete, his mainstay, that there big gray mule with that there scar on the flank, had been a little off his feed here lately; he was afraid the climate was 'getting to him'; the trip in the transport had n't done none of the mules no good. 'If Pete er me was to be laid up with th' sun er fever er anythin', I dunno what they'd do — be doggoned if I know *what* they'd do!' he said seriously. It appeared there were none too many of either mules or packers.

Van Cleve, if he was a little amused, rather liked him for this honest and simple point of view. 'That's the way men ought to feel that are trying to do a big thing together; every one as if his particular part of the job was the biggest of all,' he thought.

His new acquaintance, in a week of traversing the Daiquiri and Siboney roads, backwards and forwards, had learned the countryside by heart, and knew the location of every body of troops as well as the commanding gen-

eral himself. 'Here's whar they had the first scrimmage. You-all heerd about that, I reckon,' he said as they reached the summit of one of the ridges; and, halting to breathe the mules, he pointed out to Van Cleve the entrance of the mesa trail where Wood's men had joined the others, and a shallow depression on one hand carpeted with cartridge-shells in ominous profusion. 'They must 'a' had it hot 'n' heavy right thar,' he opined. But, for that matter, the jungle floor and pathways were now everywhere littered with grim reminders of the fight, rotting rags of bandages, bits of clothing, and wrecked stretchers. Van picked up one of the shells and put it in his pocket.

'They buried some man yonder, I see,' he said, nodding toward a long mound near-by.

'Buried a dozen or more of 'em all in th' one hole,' said the teamster. 'They did n't have time to mark their names down, mebbe they did n't even know 'em.'

Van Cleve went and looked down at the mound whereon some of the dead mens' fellows had raked together a few stones in the shape of a cross. The sight of the poor tribute moved the young man strongly; he took off his hat as he stood. Already the rank jungle was creeping upon the grave, effacing it. Van Cleve wondered if Cortwright lay there. Cruel things happen in war.

Some way farther on they came to another crest, and suddenly, for the first time, the road and surrounding country opened in front of them. Across the immediate valley was what looked like a mammoth green field, hills, a little shining patch of water, roads threading this way and that. Tents could be seen, and clusters of black dots, some of which moved apparently an inch or so while Van watched them; but mostly it was very still. It was not merely that there were no martial sights and sounds such

as Van Cleve found he had been half expecting, — there was nothing; the peace of harvest-time at home was not more quiet and urbane. He could have believed the landscape motionless in an enchantment.

'That's the city over thar, cap, — Santiago, y' know,' said the driver, pointing with his whip to some faintly visible buildings, pink and dust-colored, on the farther rim of the valley, as it seemed. 'Hey? Why, about seven or eight miles, I judge. This side, kinder frontin' to you, is San Juan Hill, whar they fit the other day.'

'Do you mean that little bare spot over there? Is that a hill? I thought San Juan was a high place,' said Van Cleve, in surprise.

'It were high enough,' said the teamster, with a tinge of offense; but he relented directly, seeing that Van had had no idea of belittling the army's achievement; and showed him where to look for the earthworks and block-houses, and in what direction lay Caney, where there had been the bitter struggle last Friday. He could name some of the groups of tents and black dots. 'Gin'ral Wheeler's division is right square acrost from us — less 'n they've moved since yestiddy morning. A division is jest one lot o' men, you know,' he explained carefully; 't ain't all the army. Thar's a whole passel more with Gin'ral Kent round here kinder quarterin' to yer left, and some 'way over on the other side. You can't see one or t' other of 'em from here. But headquarters is down this side tol'ble near whar we air now; if you step this way a little, you kin see th' flag.'

'It's about ninety per cent safer than where General Wheeler is, I should say,' commented Van Cleve, having, after repeated directions, at last located the spot, a great deal closer than he had supposed. 'Is the commanding general always that handy to the rear?'

'Well, he's got ter kinder stay *put*, ye know. He's got to be alluz in th' one place so's they'll know whar to find him. And up in front, ye just nachelly *can't* stay in one place,' the muleteer suggested, making ready to move on. 'You Peet, you dig right out, now, you ol' —!' he addressed his convoy with much affectionate profanity.

As it had taken them upwards of three hours to reach this point, Van thought that he himself had better return before night caught him on the road; and two wagon-loads of sick and wounded on their way to the hospital at Siboney coming along just then, he joined them. He was keenly curious, and indeed promised himself, to view the battle-

field nearer, but he did not have another chance.

It was Van's fate throughout to see the war from its reverse side, to miss all its hideous splendors, to encounter none of its heroes. In a romance of any pretensions, Mr. Kendrick would by this time have been hand-in-glove with all the celebrities on the field, and would, for his own part, have contributed dazingly to our successes. But as a matter of fact, during the whole of his desultory adventures, and among the numerous companions whom he picked up at random for a day or an hour, Van Cleve never spoke to anybody above the rank of a private, and saw and did nothing sensational.

(*To be continued.*)

REASONABLE HOPES OF AMERICAN RELIGION¹

BY GEORGE A. GORDON

I

It has been said that 'our dreams are the shadows of our hopes,' and sometimes it is doubtless the case that our hopes are the shadows of our dreams. In the vicious circles of mere subjectivity, idea, dream and hope belong in the category of the null and void. To gain and retain a sober meaning, hope must be the prophet of a reasonable human experience. Kant's three questions at once occur to one here: What

can I know? What ought I to do? For what may I hope? Knowledge and moral action are the parents of legitimate hope. Our ideas of knowledge and duty may differ from those of Kant; there can be no difference among sensible persons about the conclusion that authentic hopes are the ideal completions of an imperfect but an essentially rational experience. The reasonable hopes of men are therefore like the morning fires in the East; they herald the coming of the perfect day. America is the land of hope; concerning the greatest force in its life, its religion, shall it be without great hopes?

'Keep in the middle of the stream,'

¹ Readers of Canon Barry's article, 'The Religion of America,' in the April *Atlantic* will find his arguments leading to a different conclusion.
— THE EDITORS.

is the refrain of an old Negro melody. The Negro toiling on the banks of the Mississippi had observed that in the mightiest of American rivers there were shallows, eddies, counter-currents, and all sorts of water pranks. Hence his warning to the navigator, 'Keep in the middle of the stream.' The Negro's observation became a metaphor significant for the adventure of his soul. In the religion of his country there are shallows, whirlpools, all sorts of eddies and oddities. There is, however, a vast central movement. Whoever would live religiously must remain in that great current; whoever would understand American religion must watch the middle of the stream. Otherwise, while the observer may write about the religion of America with genial humor, obvious charm, kindly sarcasm, telling epigram, and artistic ecclesiastical purpose, he must write without insight into the spiritual life of Americans, and however much he may protest against it, the picture drawn will be 'a chimera, the monster' of the writer's imagination.

The religion of Americans, like that of other peoples, utters itself in no uniform manner. Its natural idiom is now formal and again intangible, obtrusive and evasive, orderly and vagrant, superconscious and subconscious, normal and eccentric, manifesting itself here in creeds and elaborate ritual and there as pure spirit. At last, in all significant instances, it comes to something like this: Religion is the ultimate strength of man's soul gathered mediately or immediately from the Soul of the universe. Its worth lies in its relation to life as men wend their way through the wild mysteries of time; it is illumination, inspiration, sustaining might, increasing peace. Thus understood, religion carries in its heart the principle of the complete idealization of existence. The religious soul aims

with Plato at becoming like God so far as that is possible for man. He directs his life toward a supreme end; with Eudemus he endeavors to behold God and to serve him. He expects, in the highest sense of the words, to fare well; with St. Paul he believes that all things work together for good to them that love God, with Socrates that in life or in death no evil can happen to a good man. His religion is his final satisfaction; he sings with Augustine, 'Thou hast made us for thyself and we are restless till we repose in thee.' He looks to the Infinite as the source of life's ideal and goal; he answers the sublime call of Jesus, 'Ye shall be perfect as your Heavenly Father is perfect.' Religion is thus the ideal life of a soul conscious that it lives and moves and has its being in the Infinite soul, able to utter its experience and hope in the great confession, 'The Eternal God is thy dwelling place, and underneath are the everlasting arms.'

It is at once admitted that nothing is satisfactory in the present conditions of the religion of America. As in every other region of our life, here too discontent and confusion reign. There is, however, one great note of prophecy ringing in the heart of religious America audible above the tumult of confused and contentious tongues. A group of serious American students, engaged in the arraignment of an unsatisfactory college preacher, were silenced by one of their number, who said, 'I plead for this preacher. He has done me a world of good. As I have watched him striving earnestly to find something and always failing to find it, I have been stimulated to hunt for that something myself. I am now engaged in the hunt, and I have already found in religion a reality and greatness beyond my utmost dream.' American churches, Protestant, Catholic and Greek Orthodox, all American religious bodies, are

more or less in the condition of that college preacher. They are unsatisfactory; they are seeking something that they have hitherto failed to find. They are however in earnest, and they are stimulating by their earnestness and failure a multitude of the elect youth of the land to undertake the search for themselves. The unattained is the glory of American religion.

The mood of content, whether with the religious insight won, the volume and quality of experience secured, the ideals formed, the fellowship established, the influence exerted, or the character achieved, is to the genuine religious American the worst of all bad signs. Men are in an infinite world; they are capable of growth indefinitely great; content with present attainments therefore means the arrest of progress, the blight of hope.

America has decreed freedom for religion in the sure foresight of the advent of the crank and the freak. These abound inside organized religion and outside. The American method of treating the normal and the abnormal in faith follows the teaching of Jesus in his Parable of the Wheat and the Tares: 'Let both grow together until the harvest.' Freedom is costly, but it is worth while. It is the great test of faith.

Can we trust truth to win in a fair fight with error? The man who says that he cannot must secretly despise the truth. Such a man might well take a lesson from the tyrant Tiberius, who refused to punish offences against religion on the ground that the gods can take care of themselves. Besides, religion can never know itself as real save in the world of freedom. No man can tell whether religion is an oasis in the desert or a mirage, who is not free to test it by every power of the mind and spirit. Further, self-reliant, responsible manhood is gained only through

the solemnity of choice; as in Goethe's song, —

But heard are the Voices, —
 Heard are the Sages,
 The Worlds and the Ages;
 Choose well; your choice is
 Brief and yet endless.

Once more, the repression of the crank by the law of uniformity means the excommunication of the prophet. The greatest words ever uttered in behalf of freedom in religion are these: 'O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, which killest the prophets and stonest them that are sent unto her! how often would I have gathered thy children together even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not! Behold your house is left unto you desolate.' On a level immeasurably lower let it be said that since differences abound in the minds of men it is in every way safer to provide them with freedom. Wild beasts are wild beasts in cages no less than in jungles; putting them under restraint sometimes tends to the disguise of this fact. The utmost freedom serves to disclose the utmost in man; under freedom we shall know man better and learn to act with knowledge. One may put the skin of a deer over the body of a lion; that act will not make the wearer of the new robe any the less a beast of prey. Cover all religious views with the same ecclesiastical skin, if you can, but know that not in this way are doubt, protest, heterogeneousness, distemper, ruthless passion abolished. We thus keep while we conceal these evils; we add to them a whole brood of greater evils: insincerity, the double life, and sometimes the atheism that feeds on the sacramental bread and wine.

II

The great religion is the product of the great race; when brought forth, the religion returns to exalt and perpetuate

the race from whose life it has come. Israel has given to the world the sovereign religion, because in moral sincerity and depth, in the vision of God and of the spiritual world, Israel has been the sovereign race. If the religion of America is to be great it must have as its source a great American people. The mean races and the mean individuals among great races degrade religion. Such has been the fate of Christianity many times in the course of the centuries; the degenerate person reflects his degeneracy in his religious ideas.

But, Lord, remember me and mine
 Wi' mercies temporal and divine,
 That I for grace an' gear may shine
 Excell'd by nane;
 And a' the glory shall be thine —
 Amen, Amen.

What about the race of Americans? It is without doubt heterogeneous; human beings are here, it might almost be said, from every nation under heaven. Sometimes in moments of bewildered thought America seems a Pentecostal nation, minus the Holy Ghost. When one becomes clearer and looks deeper into the life of Americans one sees that minus must be changed to plus.

Business stamina and athletic prowess show conclusively that Americans are physically a great people. The evidences of their mental alertness, ingenuity, inventiveness, resourcefulness, and mastery multiply on every hand. Nothing else is to be expected when one considers that hither have come, for many generations, the boldest, the most energetic, and in many ways the most gifted and resolute, of the peoples of Europe. The physical and intellectual capacities of Americans are beyond dispute.

Can the same thing be said about the moral qualities and the spiritual aptitudes of our people? I conceive that

more can be said to their advantage on this third and highest level of life than on either of the other two. Immigration is the surest key to the soul of Americans. We are a nation of immigrants; some have come earlier, some later; but the race as a whole is a stranger in a strange land. As of old there came a voice to the earliest settlers and to their successors, 'Get thee out from thy country, and from thy kindred and from thy father's house.' Leave was taken with hope, and also with deep, inevitable regret. The deepest psychic fact in our people is a structure of light and shadow, 'built of tears and sacred flames.' Few of all who come to remain here ever return or catch so much as a glance of the land of their birth that lies transfigured in the morning memories of the heart. Recollection deepens with the stream of the years like the bed of the river under its current. The volume of sentiment increases; our people are deep-hearted; they are united by the ties of the soul both to the old world and the new. They have in them an impulse toward cosmopolitanism; there is among us a vast unspoken humanity of high prophetic moment. Some day the voice of genius will unseal the depths and we shall see what the discipline of sorrow and hope, the warp and woof of immigration, has wrought for this new race.

Here we meet a confident, and sometimes an insolent, objection. Is not immigration mainly for economic purposes? Are not the Pilgrims absolutely without successors in the motive of their settlement here? Should we not excite against ourselves the mirth of the world were we to claim that any mortal now seeks these shores solely or chiefly that he may have freedom to worship God? We should indeed; yet that admission is only the introduction to the epic of the immigrant's life. Few

gain the economic Paradise they came hither to find; their hopes prove to be more than half hallucinations. What the overwhelming majority of immigrants discover is that harder work awaits them here than in the old home, a swifter movement of activity, severer conditions of toil, more pay, but not pay enough to take them from the race-course; more pay but less play, less peace; an existence heightened in intensity and therefore more exhausting, success gained through an abnormal devotion to material ends, a success that seems poor in the light of the early economic ideal now seen to be impossible.

We hear much of the few great economic successes among our immigrants; we hear little of something infinitely deeper and more importunate for the life of Americans, the economic disillusionment. In the experience of millions the economic ideal is seen to be hopeless; by itself as a satisfaction for the rational soul, it is at length seen to be unutterably base. Then comes the great epoch and its great event, the recoil of the disillusioned humanity upon itself. This does not mean that all who pass through the experience described turn up in the weekly prayer meeting, that they go to church, adopt a particular creed, or embrace any form of conventional religion; it means the growing sense of humanity as the great superlative, the vision of something other and immeasurably better than economic triumph and obedience, often enough halting and broken, but in heart essentially true to this heavenly vision. America has been cruelly misrepresented to the immigrant; it has been made to appeal to the mere economic animal in his composite existence; experience brings reversal of hope and the vision of the true America, the place where as of old men earn their bread in the sweat of

their brow, where the ground is cursed for their sake.

Great is the life that often follows this early disenchantment. The sun is down, the dust is now laid that the wild winds have blown through all the hot noisy hours of the day, and against the background of infinite night the stars appear, symbols of the high and countless splendors that exist in this amazing universe for the men who have recovered their humanity. Standing upon this ground of the essential moral greatness of our people, some of the nobler hopes of American religion come into view.

III

Keeping in the middle of the stream, it may be said that religion in America is setting toward its great objects with a deeper and stronger tide. As the external supports of religion have become the subjects of serious question, religion has become clearer and surer of itself; it has made some progress in disengaging essential from incidental, and is likely to make greater progress along this line in the immediate future. Once the Bible was the book whose words settled all religious debates. While for the seer the Bible has become a greater book in passing through the fires of modern criticism, its words are no longer substitutes for insight, but inspirations and guides toward the larger vision. The letter fails in the greatest of books; because of the literal failure the spiritual opportunity and appeal have become more evident; spirit has been incited to find spirit with increased sureness and depth. To be found of the Infinite Spirit one must more and more enter the realm of spirit, and American religion may be said to be making that entrance.

The Christian church, of whatever name, no longer appeals to religious

Americans as a distinctively divine institution. It is indeed a divine institution in the sense in which all essential human institutions are divine. The family, the state, the school, the university, and the organized trade of the nation are divine institutions; that is, they are essential expressions of the life of our people. The forms of these institutions may change; the institutions themselves are permanent necessities of man's life in this world. They have been wrought out by human beings, seeking, under the guidance of the Eternal Spirit, the juster and mightier organization of existence. The church and other essential human institutions rest, therefore, on the same foundations. These institutions are like the different peaks in some great mountain range; higher and lower they are, more and less massive; one it may be towers far above all the others and fills a vaster area, but one and all rest upon the same earth, one and all rise into the same heaven. A church organized out of heaven and set apart from and above all other institutions is a fiction that has vanished from the free mind of America. It exists in certain places doubtless, with other survivals of an outgrown time; but among wise men it exists as a myth, and is so regarded. The Founder of Christianity was less of a churchman than any other religious teacher in the annals of history. He used synagogue, temple, human homes, mountain tops, desert places, the fields and the sea, as the scenes of his prophetic activity and worship. It would not be too much to say that his church was the cosmos, the lights thereof the sun, moon, and stars; the pictures on its walls the fires of morning and evening and the shadows of noon; its altar the heart of man; its music the whispering winds; its organ the universe supporting his prophetic voice.

From this, the most uneccelesiastical of teachers, arose, justified by the necessities of the life of his disciples, fallen upon different times in different lands, successive forms of church organization. These were integrated finally in the church of the East and the great church of the West. Disintegration at length set in; what was built by man in obedience to the impulse of life, was taken down in reverence for the same impulse. The issue is the sense of the absolute primacy of the life of the soul; the hope is that this builder and destroyer of institutional forms will become surer of itself and continue to renew itself from the aboriginal Fountain of life.

The Christian ministry has become one vocation among many, equally sacred with other essential vocations and no more. The gain here is inexpressibly great; all mere officialism is impotent and vain; the man is a prophet or priest in virtue of his humanity exalted by the presence of the living God, or he is a chimera. No titles, no rank, no official consecrations can serve as substitutes for a gifted, disciplined, exalted human character; they may remain convenient signs of it; they do not impart the grace of the spirit, at best they only call attention to that grace; they do not create the prophet or priest; they do their utmost when they serve him. This means the exaltation of all essential human callings; it does not mean the degradation of the one sacred calling. The command has gone forth to all vocations, Come up higher. Again the outward fails us; the boat sinks and we trust ourselves to the deeps of the Eternal Spirit.

For more than a thousand years a definite system of thought ruled the minds of religious men throughout Christendom. Protestant and Catholic confessed substantially the same theology; Europe and America stood here

upon essentially the same ground. It was universally held that the truth about man's world was reflected in this system of belief. At length disintegration began here; great abiding ideas were dug out of the débris and carefully conserved; the traditional creed as a whole, however, became incredible; the eyes through which men for fifteen centuries had read the meaning of the universe became dim. The relief from this disintegration to the vexed religious soul has been like escape from Hades; the world of God now bids man welcome from the prison that he had built for himself. According to their differing temperaments, fear or audacity at first filled the minds of many persons in the presence of this stupendous event; bewilderment has encompassed a multitude of fine souls like a thick cloud; there has been much uncertainty and searching of heart; what seemed the foundations of the world have given way. What can the religious soul do in this extremity? Betake itself to God, with all its heart singing its great song, —

Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be:
They are but broken lights of thee,
And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

So it has been in ten thousand instances; our reasonable hope is that more and more it shall be thus. The call has gone forth for a profounder retreat upon the aboriginal Soul of the universe. From this great experience insight will return, insight into the innermost heart of religion and confidence in its findings. This is the issue for the religious spirit as against the man to whom life itself carries no gospel and whose home is in ruins amid floods and tempests.

The scientific intellect is at its task, dissolving all on its way to the everlasting. To the dweller in the region of the traditional this is appalling; to the

soul whose one supreme passion is to see God here is another vast inspiration. Such a soul longs for the things that cannot be dissolved, to hear in the roar of this world of fateful change the song of the Time-Spirit, —

At the whirring loom of time, unawed,
I weave the living mantle of God.

Such in few words are some of the graver conditions of religion to-day. Under these conditions religion would seem bound to do one of these three things: to curse God and die, the blasphemy of thought found on a tragic scale inside Christian churches and beyond them; to hug the old traditions in the new environment, hoping by desperate loyalty to secure them against the fierce critical heat that encompasses them, — a faith as vain as would be the expectation of an iceberg to remain intact afloat on the South Atlantic; the cry of the mysterious Presence that wrestled with the first Israelite, 'Let me go for the day break-eth.'

We are in the dawn of a new epoch. It would seem that religious men are to be deterred by the decree of the living God from continuing the practice of jumbling together in one indistinguishable mass the precious and the worthless in human experience, the rational and the mythical, the self-attesting and the impossible, the self-sufficing reality and the superstitions that always dim the radiant soul of religion and try to replace its pure splendor with their wild fantastic shows. The mood of the time sounds a more profound retreat upon God; it spreads its table in his presence; it seeks for that table the living bread, the sustenance without which man cannot remain man. Temporal helps have been taken away, that the Eternal helper may be found; religion has been compelled, like a ship caught in a tempest in shallow water, to put out to sea.

Our ship is good but there is safety for her and her precious burden only on the deeps.

IV

American religion is seeking, and it is likely to seek more and more, a justification of its being out of the universe now. Emerson's essay, curiously referred to in a recent issue of the *Atlantic* as 'mournful,' sounds the note of a vast hope. 'The foregoing generations beheld God and nature face to face; we through their eyes. Why should not we also enjoy an original relation to the universe?' In these words Emerson is the prophet of all deep religion, of the Christian religion in its inmost spirit. Protestant and Catholic are here one. Communion of saints, fellowship with the spirits of just men made perfect, access to the soul of Jesus, admission to the immediate presence of God, is recognized by all enlightened Christians to be at the heart of the soul's life. This immediate contact with the Divine reality is primal; books, churches, prophets, priests, creeds are secondary. We press toward the light Ineffable; we are now led and again driven toward this supernal centre by the majesty of the past, by the mystery of the future, and by the present necessities of the soul. We seek with all religious human beings the immediate vision of the living God. The apocalypse for this day we crave as our daily bread. We discover that the greatest words of the past become living only in the experience of the present hour; outside of that experience they are dead.

If the religious man's soul, the souls of his fellow men, and the Soul of the universe are hidden, as may well be the case, he may borrow light from all religions to help him in his search. The point is that no religion can create the objects of religion; the chief religion

comes not to create, but to reveal. At last the universe itself must justify or discredit our life in the spirit. Believers claim that it must be possible to-day, as in other days, to be profoundly religious and to justify from experience this attitude of face-to-face converse with the Eternal.

Here indeed we touch the inmost soul of the Christian faith, that which it utters in its doctrine of the Holy Spirit. Christians were never meant to rely solely upon the epic history of the Master, to go back two thousand or ten thousand years in order to find the warrant for their faith. There is the present Guide unto all truth; there is the universe to-day under the illumination of the Spirit. The record of the Master's career is inexpressibly precious; it is enriching, regulative, corrective, prophetic, dynamic; it is the sovereign, historic form of the Infinite compassion; yet its deepest promise is of the Presence that pervades and illumines the contemporary world of men, 'Lo, I am with you alway even to the end of the world.' The ultimate realities of the Christian religion are souls: the souls of men and the soul of God; the New Testament has its highest use as a guide to these ultimate realities. By the wonder of the Spirit Jesus becomes the contemporary of his latest disciples.

The great insight at work to-day in all truly religious persons that the Infinite Soul is with us lends new significance to many forms of faith that must appear to thoughtful men crude. New Thought, Theosophy, Spiritualism, Eddyism, the Healing Cult, and all kindred movements which seem trivial in the presence of the greater historic churches of Christendom, which are as it were mushroom growths compared with the religions of immemorial influence, which often appear mere amusing products of American extem-

poraneousness, become of serious importance when viewed either as man's face-to-face converse with the universe or as presenting to the Infinite in the unending process of apocalypse the open mind. The world of science would stagnate, the growth of art would come to an end, the hope of political and social betterment would die, if the elect youth in each new generation should be content with the insights and achievements of the past. The crudeness and the eccentricity of youth do not blind us to its noble dissatisfactions with the great past out of which the greater future is to come. In the same way we should regard even the crude, the eccentric, the wildly extravagant in contemporary religion. It is at all events the sign that men are living in the presence of the Infinite; that their minds are in the mood of invocation; that they believe God to be greater than man's best experience; and that they look for his mightier manifestation.

From this new and eager contact with the Divine universe, from this contemporary agitation over life's sovereign problems, from this original, immediate fellowship with the Eternal, it would be strange if there did not eventuate a vaster religious insight, a more steadfast religious character. In the case of New England transcendentalism, which continues to minister to the sense of humor of many genial souls of alien discipline, these four lines from Emerson annul the extravagance of the movement and indicate its deep prophetic note:—

Speaks not of self that mystic tone
But of the Overgods alone;
It trembles to the cosmic breath —
As it heareth so it saith.

All religion that is of substantial worth is man's response to the whispers of the Eternal in his heart. The speaking universe and the listening human soul

are the great major premise of valid religion. The contemporary soul, pure through desperate need and lofty longing, responsive to the voice of God that wanders through the world to-day seeking the willing ear, whatever its immaturities and eccentricities may be, is a fountain of life in the nation's religion.

The unique Exemplar and Prophet of American religion, in all its manifold varieties, is Jesus of Nazareth. His kingdom of man stands deeper in American insight and sympathy than the programme of all other religious teachers and cults. His teaching and example have set aside Calvin and Edwards; He and no other has his hand upon the springs of religious desire; He and not the crank or freak in our caravan is the inspirer of all that is worthiest in our experience and surest in our hopes. We find that Jesus is often acknowledged by the anarchist crazed by the woe of the nations; He is not seldom close to the heart of the Socialist in his madness over the contempt of the strong for the weak; He is recognized as the supreme friend of man by many among those who see in his disciples, as organized in churches, a solidarity of selfishness hallowed under the shadow of his glorious name; He is the pillar of fire by night to many a servant of social betterment to whom the universe is an impenetrable mystery; believers in the humanity of man have seen the incomparable greatness of Jesus. Inside all communions with present power and the hope of to-morrow beating in their heart the image of the Prophet of Nazareth is sovereign. Hospitable to all promising voices, ready to entertain strangers in the hope that they prove angels in disguise, sadly disillusioned as it is about many of its guests, American religion persists in the open mind, the catholic heart, in the presence of the Infinite

possibility of to-day; at the same time the name that was to St. Paul above every name is still our sheet-anchor in the storm. Otherwise to read the signs of the times in the religious life of America is to miss the chief sign.

v

American religion, while sympathetic toward the whole higher intellectual achievement of mankind, is likely to be less disposed to ask alien philosophies to account for it or to accredit it to the world. This is the issue of the discipline in historical analysis that a generation of great scholars have imposed upon themselves. Everything that has become mixed with Christianity in the course of the centuries is not therefore an essential part of its character; additions to Christianity made since the close of the apostolic age are not necessarily alien in spirit. Historical analysis exhibits the original force and body of ideas in the Gospel of Christ; it discriminates between what is original and what is a later addition. It leaves the free mind of the world to decide the further question, How far is the historic accretion compatible with the original genius of Christianity? Historical analysis has made good the distinction between the original and the derived, the kindred and the alien, the development from within and the addition from without, the product of the Holy Spirit and the product of the Time Spirit. This distinction has been adopted by the free mind of religious America; the adoption of this distinction marks an epoch in the higher religious mind of the nation.

Christianity, the highest form of American religion and incomparably the widest and deepest in influence, has been obliged, as every one knows, to run itself into the forms of philosophies more or less alien to itself in order

to shape the minds of men in certain ages of the world. Christianity has at times spoken with the great voice of Plato; it has filled with its transfiguring grace the vast impressive fog of Neo-Platonism; it has taken as an ally the mighty intellect of Aristotle; it has identified its belief with the opinions of men like Origen and Athanasius, Augustine and Aquinas, who were themselves in some degree products of many alien contemporary influences. Christianity has become Calvinistic, Arminian, Hegelian, Evolutionary, Pragmatic. As adaptations of the genius of Christianity to the mind of particular times, these forms of faith may be highly useful; they may indeed be a temporary necessity. Christianity must know the dialect and idiom of the successive ages and speak in them if it is to be widely understood. The wonder of Pentecost, at which were gathered the devout from every nation under heaven, each group hearing in its own tongue the mighty works of God, has been in a true and great way the one continuous wonder in the onward movement of Christianity.

Still it must be said that Christianity does not espouse the cause of the absolute truth of these contemporary servants. They are not bone of its bone or flesh of its flesh. Nothing is essential to Christianity as metaphysic but the reality of the souls of men and the soul of God; nothing is permanently vital to the Gospel but the fellowship of these souls in an ever-deepening moral experience and the resulting exaltation of our human world. Jesus is the permanent centre of his religion as mediating between human souls and the Eternal soul; he is essential as the Supreme prophet of a universe in which soul is the ultimate reality.

This deeper sense of its distinctive being and purpose on the part of Christianity explains much in the Christian

mind to-day. The mood of American religion is that it is unwise to identify its truth with the fortunes of even the most important contemporary movements in the world of thought; it is less unwise, but still questionable, to make too close a covenant between the Gospel of Jesus, with its austere simple metaphysic and its sublime ethic, and the vast enduring systems of thought. Greek philosophy is great; on its human side it is in essence lasting as the mind of man. Yet it is often immature, wanting in width of sympathy; it is the product of a small although a profoundly significant world. Religion is always the product of a vast world; it is at its highest always in the sense of the Eternal, and the Eternal is in the soul of the religious man and community as creative spirit. This being its genius, religion must give an independent account of itself. As experience, it transcends in depth and character all other experiences; as empirical reality, its momentousness is self-evident; as reality, it must speak for itself, it must construe its own universe, it must be its own ultimate prophet.

VI

We come now to the highest aspect and hope of American religion. Vision is indispensable to religion, but vision is not the chief element; sentiment is essential, yet sentiment is not the main thing. The soul of American religion is action issuing from creative will. Our religion adopts Fichte's great insight that the vocation of man is to become a doer of the will of the Highest; it cries out with Emerson, —

Unless to Thought is added Will
Apollo is an imbecile;

it accepts with reverence and confidence the assurance of Jesus, 'If any man willeth to do his will he shall know of the teaching.' Knowledge and being

by the path of rational action is our firmest possession. American religion is often unconventional in its expressions, it can at times be profane in its dialect; it cannot acquiesce in hopeless impotence. To the pious cant of the fatalist on whose soul the wrongs of suffering men sit lightly, 'Well, God mend all,' it answers in the style of a man with red blood in his veins, 'Nay, by God, we must help him to mend it.' The fighter for righteousness believes that the stars in their courses are on his side; he does his duty in the sense that the universe is the backer of the conscientious servant of man. His faith comes up out of his experience as a creative force. He is confident that in the long run humanity cannot be defeated by inhumanity; in the vivid idiom of the street, the final triumph of evil over good is as likely as the success of a celluloid dog chasing an asbestos cat through hell. Aggressive, confident, militant action is the great watchword of American faith.

The actual world is apt to be the despair of the religions of the nations. The theism of Mohammedanism is great, and by no manner of means is it ineffective. It exalts the lives of millions; it prohibits the use of alcohol, and it rescues society from the retinue of miseries that follow the use of that poison. It does indeed sanction polygamy, but it exorcises the horror of prostitution. It secures among certain races a creditable measure of honesty, a large degree of kindness and loyalty. Mohammedanism has great merits and yet it is powerless in the presence of the deeper evils of the world. The status of woman as inferior to man it has established and maintained, and this is the fountain of the gravest disorders. It has been unable to sober the fanatic, to elevate into sovereign influence the sentiment of humanity. Above all it is impotent in the presence of auto-

cratic and corrupt governments; it is without hope before the distresses that arise from disease and uncleanness; it has no inspiration for science and no appreciation of the mercies of applied science; it stands dumb as it looks upon the economic misery of its devotees; it calls for submission to present evils as to the foreordained lot of human beings; it is exhilarated by no outlook toward a new heaven and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness; it is in despair as it surveys the actual world of men.

The same is true of Buddhism. The core of that mighty faith is as noble as anything in the possession of mankind; yet it is essentially the religion of despair. Resignation is its highest word; the path to extinction of being by the way of holiness is its supreme beatitude. The actual condition of man's world in time is beyond remedy except by spiritual suicide. The universe has no light or help for those who cherish the will to live. Our human world with all its relations, interests, experiences, aspirations, and ideal dreams is a mistake. Nothing can cure this mistake but the will to die in the sense of absolute extinction. This religion is the refuge for human beings in defeat, for the victims of despair and for them alone.

Much of European Christianity is in a similar state of mind. It has no word upon the economic distress of the multitude; it does not lift its voice against government as it grounds itself upon brute force; it has no vision of remedial energy equal to its vision of sin; it has no social gospel for this world; it confines its work to the alleviation of evils that it cannot hope to cure, to the discipline of men in limitation and sorrow toward blessedness in another state of existence; it has no consciousness of a creative Christianity; it throws no defiance in the face of

the total evils that afflict the world; it entertains no vision of the victory of humanity over inhumanity in the course of time.

This social faith is the chief note in American religion. It lives among evils as rank and offensive as exist in any nation on the globe; it will acknowledge none of them as inevitable and final. It has crudities enough of its own; it can match at all points the weaknesses of other religions with infirmities of its own, with this vast exception, — it is determined to absorb the best in the vision, passion, and character of the past and to wield this totality of ideal power through believing souls upon the present condition of the nation. All our efforts at the betterment of the people come from essentially religious motives. Education, prison reform, sanitation, the treatment of disease, the programme against intemperance and vice, the movements against industrial iniquity, social distress, the inhumanity of man to man, come from the great basic faith that there exists no incurable evil, that the Soul of the universe is on our side while we strive for the complete reflection in our existence of the humanity of Jesus.

We Americans confess at once that in many respects we are a crude race, that we are a people in the making. We gratefully acknowledge the resources put at our disposal by the older nations; we welcome the help of the art, the wisdom, and the character of ancient races; we concede their superiority at many points, we are eager to learn from them where they seem to be wiser than we. We must, however, add to this appreciation a criticism that we think inevitable. We find in much of the Christianity of the older nations a want of energy and hope that we refuse to make our own, a timidity in the presence of immemorial wrongs that we

consider cowardly, a spirit of acquiescence with inhuman conditions of existence that we regard as equal to the denial of Christianity, a blindness to the physical and moral remedies in the order of humanity that is astounding, an infatuation with formal religion, a contentment with the pieties of a purely personal faith, and a resignation before the woe of the world that we must define as symptoms of practical atheism. Above all we miss in much of the Christianity of the old world the consciousness of the Creative Spirit, the Spirit that proclaims, 'Behold, I make all things new,' that goes against the total evil that afflicts mankind in a campaign that will end only when evil is done to death.

This is the American religious war; it includes in its grand army many dissimilar divisions, corps, battalions, and companies; it is not the assemblage of American churches merely; it is also and in a great sense the muster of the moral forces of American humanity; it is a war against evil to the knife and the knife to the hilt. Out beyond organized religion in America is the shadow of a mighty dream; the dream is of the Republic of God in the Republic of man; this dream lives and works in the souls of our greatest prophets. The

shadow is the projection of this dream; that shadow claims for the complete life of our people the whole circle of essential human interests upon which it rests.

We hear, as we expected, the unbelieving response, 'This is American optimism.' To be sure it is. America, with all her sins, believes in God and the ultimate omnipotence of duty read in the light of God's eyes. 'This is the faith of a young nation,' is another exclamation from our aged and somewhat infirm neighbors. True again; and this faith of a young nation repeats itself in the successive generations of elect American youth. In this way the religious nation keeps itself young; it has in vision the spirit of the Divine youth Jesus before whom time appeared as the field of the apocalypse of his Father,—'Heaven and earth shall pass away but my words shall not pass away'; it recalls the enthusiasm of the group of dauntless youth whom Jesus commissioned to carry the news of his kingdom into all the world. America is proud of her youth, she means to renew her youth like the eagle, she is resolved to make it everlasting in the creative might of the everlasting God in whom is her trust for herself and the world.

THE ANSWERING OF ABIEL KINGSBURY'S PRAYERS

BY VIRGINIA BAKER

ABIEL KINGSBURY, leaning against the stone wall that bounded his sheep pasture, groaned aloud.

Along the narrow pathway which zig-zagged across the lots separating the Graves and Kingsbury farms a woman was stepping briskly. She was a small woman, but even her gait indicated aggressiveness. As she walked, her gray homespun skirt switched the grass on either side smartly. Belated crickets fled before her approach, and dry leaves swirled behind her.

Abiel surveyed her with disconsolate eyes.

'She's jest like a king-bird and I'm jest like a crow,' he muttered. 'I dono why I feel so scart of a leetle thing like her. She's considerable younger 'n I be, too, but I'd ruther face old Moll Pitcher and her cannon any time. I don't see how she knowed I was down here. She's like an Injun for findin' a trail. I b'lieve, ef I was to make a v'yage to Cuby, she'd git a faster vessel and overtake me in the horse latitudes where I could n't git away.'

From the depths of her lilac sunbonnet, Almira Graves gazed sharply at Abiel's dejected figure. She swept up to the wall, her right hand extended. In it she held a blue dish covered with a white towel.

'We fried doughnuts to our house this mornin', 'Biel, so I brought ye some,' she said. The tones of her voice were startlingly deep as contrasted with her rather diminutive figure. 'Some on 'em's rings and some is twists,' she continued, lifting the towel, 'and

there's a couple of pigs for the twins. I made 'em myself. Ain't they cute lookin'?'"

Abiel made no movement to take the dish.

'You're real kind, Almiry,' he said, 'but I don't give Kellup and Jacup many doughnuts. Sech greasy victuals ain't good for leetle young ones. It gives 'em dyspepsy.'

'Fiddle-dee-dee!' said Almira, her voice booming out dominantly. 'You was brought up on doughnuts, and fried salt pork and sassage meat, too, and you hain't never had a sick day in your life. Here, take 'em, quick. I must be goin' now, for I've got the dishes to do, but I'll come over for a spell, arfter supper, and darn them stockin's you washed yistiddy.'

'Charlotte Briggs darns all —' Abiel began; but Almira, ignoring his words, thrust the dish into his reluctant hands.

'You give Kellup and Jacup them pigs jest as soon as you git home,' she commanded. She whirled about and began rapidly retracing her steps along the winding path, a bewildered toad dashing before her in a frantic effort to escape being crushed.

Abiel stood, dish in hand, blinking at the doughnuts, crisp, brown, and spicily fragrant. Suddenly he straightened his drooping shoulders.

'They shan't eat 'em!' he cried, hoarsely. 'Not a one! They shan't even taste of 'em. I'd jest as lives give 'em toadstools. I'm a-goin' to throw the hull mess on 'em to the hens, and I'll tell her I done it.'

He took down the bars and stepped out of the lot. Then he hurried up the road to his barnyard. A large flock of hens, quietly feeding there, stretched their necks and cackled loudly at sight of the dish.

'Here, biddy, biddy, biddy!' Abiel cried.

The hens came running with wings outspread. He crumbled the doughnuts and scattered the fragments on the ground. A slow smile of satisfaction lighted his face as the fowls scrambled for the feast, pushing and pecking in their greedy haste.

As he shook the last crumbs from the dish the rattle of wheels sounded in the distance, and presently a cart came jogging around a bend in the road. It was a small cart, painted blue, and filled to overflowing with a motley collection of articles. A little wizened old man was perched on the high seat. He drew rein when he saw Abiel.

'All kinds of goods specially fitted for bridegrooms' wear,' he cried. 'Neck-cloths, han'kerchers, shoe-buckles, ruffles, and five different patterns of figured velvets and satins for weskits.'

His voice was thin and piping, and his deep-set gray eyes twinkled keenly. 'Ain't ben married sence I was 'round larst time, hev ye?' he demanded.

Abiel shook his head vigorously.

'No, I ain't married nobuddy, Hez'kiah, and I ain't lottin' on marryin' nobuddy,' he replied. 'Gittin' married is the furtherest thing from my mind.'

The old man cackled shrilly.

'Lordy, 'Biel, I did n't think you'd gone and married anybuddy,' he responded. 'I thought, mebbe, somebuddy'd come and married you, though.' He cackled again. 'Better not crow tell ye're out of the woods. Almiry Graves is an almighty smart woman; though, seems to me, that most any female not half as faculized as she is could contrive to ketch a

widower with five small children and all on 'em boys. I don't b'lieve she's a-goin' to ask you whether you want her or not. When she gits ready she'll jest take ye.'

Abiel's sunburned cheeks reddened.

'I know you're a skiptic, Hez'kiah,' he said, 'but I've alwuz ben a b'liever. I'm a-prayin' stiddy to the Lord to git shet of Almiry, and I've trust in his power to save them that supplicates Him with faith. I don't need no wife. When Mirandy was failin', I learnt to wash and iron and cook real good. Charlotte Briggs tends to the sewin' and knittin'. Ef twarn't for Almiry Graves a-comin' here so much, and a shoemaker not a-comin' here at all, I should n't have no troubles, whatever.'

Hezekiah raised his eyebrows.

'Jehosaphat!' he exclaimed. 'Ain't Bill Hatch ben round this way yet? Why, larst time I was here your fambly's shoes looked like the town poor.'

'Bill Hatch is awful sick with asthma,' Abiel rejoined. 'Pelick Baxter went to Dighton the other day and see him. Said he sounded as ef he'd got the heaves. Mis' Hatch told him that, onless boots and shoes fell from the sky in this deestrick, Swansea folks'd have to look for another shoemaker. I dono what I'm a-goin' to do. I'd ruther see a shoemaker than Pres'dent Madison himself. I thought, mebbe, you'd come acrost one somewheres in your travels.'

'I was peddlin' round North Rehoboth larst week, and I did hear of a feller that hed ben workin' up that way,' Hezekiah answered, 'but he went over towards Freetown. Ef I'd known Bill Hatch was ailin', I could 'a sent him down here jest as well as not. I don't know of nary other one. Somehow shoemakers seems dretful scarce this season.'

'The ones that useter come 'round have ben a-dyin' off for the last three

years,' returned Abiel. 'I dono what I'm a-goin' to do,' he repeated, forlornly. 'I s'pose old Injun Marg'ret, that lives in the cave down to Birch Swamp, would make me some moccasins, but them ain't like shoes.'

The peddler screwed up his eyes reflectively.

'Bein' as you have so much faith in prayer, why don't you pray for a shoe-maker?' he queried. 'My own belief is that the Almighty's too busy with wind and rain, and thunder and lightnin', and earthquakes, and sech things, to bother with widowers that don't want to git married, or young ones that ain't got no shoes. But you might experiment with a prayer or two.'

Abiel's disconsolate face lighted.

'Why, yes, I'll pray,' he cried eagerly; 'I'd oughter have done it long ago, but I never thought of it. I'm so pestered with Almiry that I forgit even my religious duties.'

'Hope you'll git answered prompt,' Hezekiah responded. He gathered up the reins. 'Wal, ef I can't sell ye any weddin' finery, I must be movin' on. Mebbe, when I come 'round agin, you'll be ready for a weskit spite of all your supplicatin'. Git dap, Beelzebub!'

He slapped the reins on his horse's back and the animal, lazily lifting his feet, started down the road at a slow trot. Abiel, after watching the cart disappear, stood for several moments in deep thought.

'I'll have to git Solomon to help me out,' he murmured, at last. 'He ain't afraid of nothin'. He's got the Dickens sperit. I did n't inherit none of it. I wisht I had. I'd like to see Almiry tackle Uncle J'siah Dickens. I ruther guess she'd find she'd met her match.'

That evening, just as darkness settled down upon the earth, Abiel slipped out of his back door and stealthily sought the highway. It was half-past

nine ere he returned and softly tapped on the kitchen window.

The door was opened by his oldest son, a boy of twelve.

'Is she gone, Solomon?' Abiel whispered cautiously.

'Ben gone more'n two hours,' Solomon responded. 'Did n't take me long to shoo her home.'

His father entered the kitchen and seated himself on the wooden settle by the fireplace.

'Did you tell her that I fed them doughnuts, pigs and all, to the hens?' he inquired, eagerly.

'Course I did. Did you think I would n't?'

'Was she put out?'

'Put out!' Solomon grinned broadly. 'I guess she was. She was hornet mad. I thought she was goin' to box my ears.'

'Did she ask for the stockin's?'

'I did n't give her no chance. I up and told her that you'd taken 'em over to Charlotte's, before she could git in a word about 'em.'

'And what did she say?'

Solomon's shrewd little face grew suddenly grave. He looked keenly at his father.

'She asked me how I'd like Charlotte Briggs for a stepmother,' he responded slowly.

Abiel sat up on the settle, staring at his son with amazed eyes.

'Charlotte Briggs for a stepmother!' he repeated. 'Why she's 'leven years older than I be. 'Leven years and two weeks and three days. She told me her age to-night. What on airth did you answer?'

'I told her I liked Charlotte a good deal better than some other folks I knew, and ef I'd got to have a stepmother, I ruther have her than any-buddy. I told her Charlotte made the best doughnuts I ever tasted. I told her I did n't know as Charlotte would

have ye, for she warn't no hand to come trapin' round arfter a husband like some women. She got up, then, and started for home, and she was so mad that she put on that laylock bun-nit hind-side before and never knowed it.'

Abiel surveyed his first-born with an expression of wonder, akin to awe.

'You better go to bed, now,' he said after a moment.

Solomon lighted a candle that stood in a battered candlestick on the dresser. He shuffled across the floor, the soles of his ragged shoes flapping noisily. At the door of the garret stairs he paused, his hand on the latch.

'Pa, kin I hev the black lamb all for myself?' he queried. 'I done my best to help ye to-night.'

'Lordy!' Abiel hastily stifled the ejaculation. 'Yes,' he said weakly, 'you kin hev it, I guess.'

He gazed at the door after it closed behind Solomon.

'He's Dikens clear away through,' he muttered. 'They're all dretful fore-handed. I dono as I done right puttin' of him up to sech tricks, but I was beset. Mebbe, ef I'd stayed to home, she'd 'a' nabbed me off 'n my guard. Hez'kiah Talbee says she's smart and there ain't no disputin' him. I've got to be instant in prayer, in season and out of season, ef I expect to git ahead of her.'

He slid gently to his knees on the sanded floor.

'Oh, Lord,' he murmured softly, 'I thank Thee for my deliverance this night. Continue to protect me from female's snares. And there is one more thing, Lord, that I need beside strength to resist and overcome sech. I need a shoemaker, Lord, for the children's foot-gear is nigh wore out. Do Thou, in thy goodness, send me a shoemaker as soon as conveniently may be. Amen.'

All the next day Abiel, from the wood lot where he was cutting hickory, scanned the unfrequented road eagerly. But no shoemaker, with kit and leather apron, appeared. Almira Graves did not appear, either, but, at noon-time, she sent an offering of pancakes by the hands of her young niece, 'Loizy.' Solomon, who received these eatables, promptly deposited them in the pigs' trough, returning the pewter plate which had contained them to the astonished Loizy with the remark that he 'never did see anything to beat Pa's hogs for rye and Injun victuals. They ruther have 'em than anything else, mornin', noon, and night.'

Loizy surveyed him with round wondering eyes.

'Do you give 'em to 'em often?' she queried.

'Not so very often,' Solomon returned. 'Pa don't find time to make 'em. But you kin tell your aunt that they kin put down all she has a mind to stand up and fry.'

'I did n't pray fervent enough,' Abiel mused, as he smoked his evening pipe beside the kitchen fire, 'leastways about the shoemaker. The Lord answered me as fur as Almiry is concerned. I wisht that I'd set Solomon on her tracks long ago. But regardin' my fambly's shoes I did n't set forth my condition as fully as I should.'

After the children had retired he prayed long and earnestly.

'Send me a shoemaker, Lord,' he pleaded. 'I am in sore distress. October is a-goin' fast and winter is a-hastenin' on. There ain't a hull pair of shoes in the house but mine, and William Hatch is kep' to home by the asthmy. Send me a shoemaker ter-morrer, if possible, or day after ter-morrer at the furthest.'

But when the morrow drew to a close, Abiel Kingsbury found his petition unanswered. So perturbed was he that

he took little heed of the fact that Almira Graves failed to pay him her accustomed daily visit. He ate his supper in brooding silence.

At half-past seven a rap at the kitchen door set his heart beating hopefully. He lifted the latch with eager hands. Charlotte Briggs stood on the broad stone doorsteps, a covered basket hanging on her arm.

'Land sakes, 'Biel,' she exclaimed, 'you look as ef I was a ghost.'

Abiel smiled feebly.

'I — I — I was kinder expectin' to see Almiry,' he faltered. 'She — she is apt to — er — drop in evenin's.'

Charlotte Briggs sniffed.

'I sh'd think she'd want to ef you 'pear as tickled as that to see her,' she responded. 'Here's your mendin' and them new stockin's you wanted knit for the boys.'

'I'll walk home with ye, Charlotte,' Abiel said. 'It's kind of pokey by them pine woods.'

'Thanks,' returned Miss Briggs, crisply, 'you need n't bother. But Solomon can go a piece down the road if he feels like it.'

'Yes, marm,' cried Solomon with alacrity, springing up from the floor where he had been playing Indians with Jacob and Caleb, the twins; 'I'd jest as lives go as not.'

When he returned to the house he found that his father had put the other children to bed.

'I guess you went way home with her,' Abiel remarked. 'You've been gone nigh an hour.'

Solomon nodded acquiescingly.

'Say, Pa,' he said confidentially, 'I guess I know what made Charlotte so kinder uppish with ye. Almiry's ben sayin' that she's tryin' to ketch ye.'

Abiel gasped.

'Did she tell ye that?' he quavered.

'Course not, but when I come back along, Mis' Deacon Morton was layin'

wait for me at her gate. She seen us pass by in the moonlight. And she says, "Is yer Pa sick?" And I says, "No." And she says, "Oh, I suppose he's entertainin' his other flame! Which on 'em is a-goin' to ketch him, Almiry or Charlotte? I hear it's a race between 'em." And I says, "Is that so?" and run right past her. She hollered after me, "He'd better take Charlotte," but I did n't make no answer and kep' right on. I see that laylock bunnit goin' down the road before nine this mornin', and it never come back till jest before twelve. I'll bet Almiry went all round jawin' about Charlotte.'

Abiel shook his head.

'Folks 'round here had oughter know Charlotte better,' he said impatiently. 'When she was young she had lots of fellers standin' 'round ready to spark her, and she give the whole mess of 'em the mitten. 'Tain't likely she wants to get married at her age, specially to a man so much younger than she is. Almiry talks like a fool and them that listens to her acts like bigger fools. I wisht that I was as sure that a shoemaker will come here to-morrer as I be that Charlotte Briggs don't want to marry me.'

Solomon made no reply. He lighted his candle and silently crept upstairs to bed. Abiel resumed his pipe with a harassed expression of countenance.

'Almiry was bad enough before,' he mused, 'but if she is jealous I dono what I be a-goin' to do. Charlotte is kinder touchy, and like as not she'll r'ar up and say she can't take care of the children's clothes any longer. I don't blame Charlotte none. 'Tain't none too agreeable to be pestered about somebody you hain't never thought of settin' your cap for. I dono what ever possessed 'Liphalet Burden to up and die jest a week before the day sot for his and Almiry's weddin'. Ef he'd 'a' lived I should 'a' ben onmolested.'

It was an awful dark providence, his death was. But dark providences seems to shadder my path. Where be all the shoemakers? I've prayed fer one so hard that seems to me only Satan himself can be keepin' him away.'

He laid down his pipe and knelt before the settle, and, in impassioned accents, poured forth his troubles.

'Oh, Lord,' he cried, 'silence the gossip which is bein' sowed broadcast in this deestricht like grains of wheat in a ploughed field. Open the eyes of the neighbors that they may see that Charlotte Briggs ain't a-settin' her cap for me. Ef possible, perform a merricle and put some sense into Almiry Graves's head. Lead her to onderstand that I ain't no thought of marryin' her, and never shall hev.'

'And, Lord, Thou knowest that I need a shoemaker; send me one. We are all of us e'enamost to the end of our tethers. The soles of Solomon's shoes flops when he walks, and Jacup and Kellup is both through at the toes. Gustavus has lost the heel off'n his left boot, and John Henry is bursted through both sides of his feet.' His voice rose to a piteous wail. 'Turn backwards the steps of that man Hez'-kiah Talbee told of. Guide him from Freetown acrost Somerset to Swansea. I think there will be a frost to-night and all signs p'int to an airy winter. Send me a shoemaker, Lord, before the children git chilblains. They had a delikit mother and none on 'em is rugged.'

Abiel rose from his knees comforted. He had faith to believe that his earnest petition would be answered speedily. He slept peacefully, and arose at dawn in a calm and hopeful mood.

Directly after breakfast Caleb and Jacob were stationed at the kitchen window to watch for the expected shoemaker. Until dinner time they vainly craned their necks and strained

their eyes. After dinner Gustavus relieved them. But his vigilance, also, remained unrewarded.

Late in the afternoon Beelzebub came jogging up to the barnyard gate.

'Shoemaker come yit?' Hezekiah Talbee demanded, bending from his perch to peer into the barn where Abiel was milking the cows.

Abiel flushed. 'No,' he answered.

'Did ye pray fer one?'

'Yes.'

The peddler wagged his head.

'Ye better pray to the Devil, next time,' he said. 'My experience is that them thet asks him fer assistance gin'-rally gits it.'

Abiel nodded gloomily.

'Jest heerd some news about ye to the blacksmith's shop,' Mr. Talbee continued. 'Heerd ye hev two gals on yer string, one on 'em pooty nigh old enough to be yer ma, and tother one pooty nigh young enough ter be yer darter. When I was there tother day, everybuddy was shore thet Almiry Graves would fetch ye. Now they're a-sayin' thet Charlotte Briggs has ketched ye away. Better look at my weskit patterns and neckerchers.'

'It's all a mess of gossip,' cried Abiel angrily, 'Charlotte Briggs don't want me, and I don't want nobuddy.'

'Yer dretful hard to please, seems to me,' responded the peddler. 'Most men don't git a chance to make a choose. They hev to take what they kin git. But there is, and alwuz will be, some folks so graspin' thet, if they hed the airth, they'd want Nantucket Island throwed in fer a calf pasture. Git dap there, Beelzebub. We shan't sell Mr. Kingsbury no gee-gaws to-day. You try the Devil, 'Biel. He never fails them that really wants him to help 'em.'

Abiel scarcely tasted the evening meal. Solomon regarded him curiously. There was a look in his father's eyes that the boy had never seen there

before. It was the look of smouldering fire.

After the dishes were washed Abiel sat on the settle, his unlighted pipe lying beside him. As he stared into vacancy his face became rigid, and the strange glow in his eyes grew lurid. An unwonted hush fell upon the kitchen. The children, vaguely oppressed, whispered in the corner.

Solomon took them to the garret a quarter of an hour earlier than usual. He felt sure that his father desired to be alone.

When silence had settled down, Abiel stood up on the braided hearth-rug. His face was pallid, except where two red spots burned on his high cheek bones. The smouldering fire of his eyes burst into flames.

'I'm a-goin' to do it!' he whispered in hoarse, unnatural tones. 'I'm drove to it. I've stood it until I can't stan' it no longer. The Lord has forsook me!'

He clenched his knotted hands together.

'Oh, Devil,' he said, slowly and clearly, 'ef you have power to do so, send me a shoemaker within twenty-four hours.'

The morning sun rose with a burst of glory to usher in one of late October's perfect days. White clouds, like feathers, dotted the bending, deep blue sky. The boughs of sumach and maple seemed hung with rubies and topazes. Squirrels frisked on the orchard walls, and late birds twittered on swaying branches. The warm breeze scarcely rustled the brown leaves of the shocked corn.

Abiel, silent, rigid, fiery-eyed, was mending a broken harness in the barn when a shadow fell across the floor. He looked up. A stranger stood in the doorway. He was a tall, rather good-looking young man, clad in garments somewhat faded and frayed, but which yet retained a vestige of former jaun-

tinness. A fur cap sat lightly on a mass of clustering black curls. Under one arm he carried a bundle rolled in a great piece of leather.

'Morning, sir,' he said in a crisp, clear voice. 'D'ye happen to want any shoemaking done?'

Abiel stared at him silently.

'Want any shoemaking done?' the stranger repeated.

Abiel, as if frozen to the floor, remained speechless.

'Deef as a flat-headed adder,' the young man muttered. He elevated his voice. 'How's your family off for shoes, sir? I'm looking for a job.'

Abiel took a step backward. His face assumed a blue-white hue like that of a corpse.

'Must be deaf and dumb,' the stranger exclaimed. 'I'll have to talk by motions.'

He pointed to Abiel's shoes, then to the bundle he carried.

With a supreme effort Abiel moistened his parched lips.

'No,' he said huskily, 'I don't need no shoemaker. My folks is all fitted out fer the winter.'

The young man nodded and wheeled about.

'Your manners need mending if your shoes don't,' he called back as he swung jauntily across the barnyard.

Abiel, trembling as if with an ague, staggered against a grain chest, clutching at the wall for support.

'I had to lie,' he cried hoarsely. 'I did n't darst do anything else.' Great beads of sweat burst out on his forehead. 'I never believed the Devil could send him. I only prayed to him because I was in a passion fit. I am a sinful man, but I did n't think I would be took at my word like this.'

After a while he steadied himself and, with shaking hands, led General Putnam, his aged white horse, from the stall and saddled him.

Presently he mounted the animal and rode up to the house. John Henry, the youngest child, was feeding a pet rooster at the door. The other boys had gone with Solomon to look after the sheep.

'I'm goin' an arrant down Warren way,' said Abiel. 'You tell 'em to dish up dinner and not wait ef I ain't back by noon.'

It was past one o'clock when General Putnam reëntered the barnyard.

'Pa, pa,' Gustavus shrilled from the open kitchen window, 'thar's a shoemaker come! He's workin' over to Graveses. Don't you want me to go and borry him?'

Abiel dismounted.

'See here,' he said, 'here's a lot of good warm moccasins. I ben down to Birch Swamp and bought 'em off'n that old Injun squaw that lives in a cave thar. We won't need a shoemaker till these is wore out.'

To Solomon the three weeks that followed seemed like a terrible nightmare. Not once did his father's face lose its rigid and ghastly expression. He moved about like an automaton, eating little, retiring to rest late, and rising early. He grew suddenly shrunken and old-looking.

Solomon poured out his fright and grief on Charlotte Briggs's sympathetic shoulder.

'I can't git used to them moccasins,' he wailed. 'I ain't got no Injun blood in me. And I'm scairt that Pa will drownd himself or starve to death. I wisht you'd set your cap at him. He ain't but 'leven years younger than you be. 'Leven years ain't nothin'. There's a man up Ta'nton way got a wife nineteen years older'n he is.'

Charlotte pushed the boy from her lap.

'My cap's plain black lace,' she said. "'Tain't the right color to set for a man. Mebbe, ef it was laylock, I might do

suthin' with it. But I ain't got no laylock cap. Not even a laylock sunbun-nit.'

It was a blustering day in late November. The gray sky frowned at the brown earth, and the trees shook their bare branches disconsolately in the chill blast. Despondent crows cawed plaintively over the denuded cornfields, and cattle shivered in the sere pastures.

Abiel, worn and haggard, was rubbing down General Putnam, just returned from the grist-mill at Swansea, whither Solomon had that morning ridden him. He lifted his bowed head as Hezekiah's shrill voice penetrated the barn's dusky interior.

The peddler, who had alighted from his cart and stood in the doorway, started back at sight of Abiel's face.

'Heavens to Betsey, 'Biel! What on airth is the matter with ye?' he exclaimed. 'Be ye ailin'?''

'Ailin' in sperrit, not in body,' Abiel replied. 'Graveses' folks says I've took to drinkin' cider, but it ain't so. I'll tell ye what ails me, Hez'kiah. I done what ye advised me to. I prayed to the Devil for a shoemaker, and he sent me one. I knowed, when ye told me to do it, 't was only yer skiptic talk, but I done it. I was mad because the Lord did n't pay no heed to my supplications, and I was most wild fearin' Almiry would kitch me in spite of myself. I did n't believe the Devil would pick me up. I just done it to let off my spite. But I callated wrong. The very nex' day the Devil sent a shoemaker here to this very barn.'

'Lurdy!' ejaculated Mr. Talbee. 'What'd ye do?'

'I sent him away. I thought I sh'd drop dead when I seen him.'

'What'd he do?'

'Went over to Graveses and they hired him. He's thar yit.'

The peddler's tense features relaxed. A sudden gleam came into his keen eyes.

'He ain't thar, 'Biel,' he said slowly. 'Him and Almiry run away to Middleborough and got married yistiddy arfternoon. I come over here a-purpose to congratulate ye. Almiry sent word hum to her folks this mornin'. Ole Mis' Graves is nigh crazy.'

'Married! Almiry married to the Devil's shoemaker!' Abiel gasped.

'Sho, 'Biel! He ain't none of Satan's crew maskyradin' as a man,' answered Hezekiah. 'I know all 'bout him. He's son to Deacon Perry over to New Bedford, and a wuthless cuss. Almiry's brought her pigs to a darned pore market. And I don't believe the Devil sent him into this v'cin'ty, nuther. I ruther guess 't was the Lord's doin's, arfter all.'

Over Abiel's face swept a sudden transformation, radiant, blissful.

'Almiry married!' he murmured. 'I ben blind, Hez'kiah. I'd ought to have suspicioned suthin' when she stopped luggin' victuals over here. And I feel that you're right about the Lord. He got belated answerin' of me, but 't was Him, and not the Devil, that fetched that Perry feller to Swansea.'

'Looks to me as ef yer prayin' to the Devil was a kind of providunce, too,' said the peddler with a dry cackle. 'Fer, ef ye had n't ben afraid of that shoemaker, ye'd of hired him and then, mebbe, he'd never 'a' gone to Graveses. Now I s'pose you and Charlotte'll git spliced. Hey?'

Abiel blushed deeply.

'Hev ye got a skillet in yer cart?' he queried. 'I liked to hev fergot that ourn is all wore out.'

Mr. Talbee clambered into the cart and out again with surprising agility.

'Here's the skillet,' he said. 'Anythin' else? No? Wal, I'll be round agin in two weeks and we'll confabulate about the weddin' weskit.'

'No, 'Biel, I ain't a-goin' to marry ye,' Charlotte Briggs said firmly that evening, as she and Abiel sat on either side of the cheery fireplace in her neat kitchen. 'You don't keer fer me as a husband should. I'm too old fer ye. Yer jest askin' me because Solomon wants ye to hev me. I pity them children, but I ain't willin' to marry no man jest to be a stepmother.'

Abiel gazed at her with bewildered eyes.

'Why, Charlotte,' he remonstrated, 'what makes you talk so? Solomon ain't never asked me to spark you.'

Charlotte faced her wooer, arms akimbo.

'How on airth come you ter think of marryin' me, then?' she demanded.

'Wal,' said Abiel, softly, 't was Almiry's talk thet fust put the idee into my head, and the more I considered it the more I liked it. I wisht you could be persuaded, Charlotte.'

At the wedding, which took place some three months later, Solomon and Mr. Talbee were the leading spirits. The entire Kingsbury flock were happily conscious that they were shod in brand-new, well-fitting shoes made by a shoemaker from Seekonk pressed into service for the occasion by the peddler. The bride, in a gown of pale blue chintz, looked ten years younger than her actual age, and Abiel was radiant in a vest of flaming crimson velvet brocade.

'Tain't the weskit I wanted him to s'lect,' Mr. Talbee confided to Solomon. 'The one I talked up to him was strip-ed, a kind of pale yaller and stuncolor. But he was sot on hevin' suthin' toomultuous to express his feelin's. He's got what he wanted, sartin sure.' And to himself he added, 'Red is the Devil's own color, but I'll bet my horse and cart against nothin' that 'Biel ain't never oncet thought on't.'

A CORRESPONDENT AT ADRIANOPOLE

BY CYRIL CAMPBELL

FROM the siege of Troy to March 26, 1913, is a far step. We have exchanged the spear for the Mauser, the catapult or ram for the howitzer: but human nature remains unchanged. The fortunes of an invested fortress are still followed with world-wide interest, although it is now the cable or the wireless, not a flickering line of leaping fires, that announces the fall. Already in the few years of this new century, which, according to many, is destined to see the end of war, two of the greatest sieges in the world's history have taken place; living memory can recall another three. It would be an invidious task to state in which of these the investment was most severe, or the defense most heroic: one would certainly not give the palm to Adrianople, although, technically speaking, as a military achievement the Bulgarian success on that Wednesday morning surpassed that of the conquerors of Metz or Paris, Sevastopol or Port Arthur.¹ These four surrendered, whereas Adrianople was taken at the point of the bayonet, and we have to go back a century, to the bloody assault on San Sebastian, to find another example of European troops capturing in this way a powerful fortress designed on scientific lines. In all probability it may never occur again; yet, so trivial are the things that shape our lives, a thread

of mercury in a glass tube would have prevented the writer from seeing this unique spectacle, had it happened a day earlier.

War correspondents from all parts of Europe had collected in Sofia thick 'as leaves in Vallombrosa'; for these gentry, like the eagles, are never far from the carcass. The Bulgarians, however, were firm or refused to budge from their dictum, 'No journalist at the front after the armistice.' Bluff, entreaties, protestations, all alike were useless — to the ill-disguised delight of the hotel-keeper; and a goodly number of these latter-day adventurers had left in disgust some time before the fateful day. Fever, combined with a belief that the military authorities would not relent, had induced the writer to decide to follow their example at the end of the month. It was a thoughtful but peremptory telephone message which altered all plans and caused a waiter to come flying to his room.

'If you want to see the fall of Adrianople, you have to leave by special train this instant. All the correspondents are at the station already.'

Neither fire nor earthquake nor 'vis major' of any description could have acted with such effect as those last eight words. To be left at the post! Better starve or be dirty for weeks than miss the train: and as there was no time to buy anything to eat, or pack aught save a sponge, toothbrush, and pyjamas, starvation or dirt seemed inevitable. But the train was still there — indeed it remained a full twenty minutes

¹ Many will probably be surprised at the omission of Plevna, but though, strictly speaking, it was a fortress, its real strength lay in its earthworks (the two Grivitsa redoubts in particular), which were made in three days. — THE AUTHOR.

— but 'all' the correspondents had dwindled down to four, to wit: the writer who shall be known as Ananias; Sapphira, a British lady wielding both pen and cinematograph; Tartarin, a French journalist; Paillasse, an Italian ditto. The two Latins, by some occult means, must have got wind of the government's intentions regarding the press, for they were beautifully arrayed in full campaign kit. Both were prepared for all emergencies, and can have left intact few departments in the wholesale store which had guided their purchases. Ananias pointed out their readiness to Sapphira, and added that any unkind criticism could be nothing but the outcome of envy. A bulky hamper lying at their feet and contrasting painfully with Sapphira's paper bag, lent weight to his remark. He himself meanwhile had bought two bottles of dubious Chablis, brown bread, a hunk of penetrating cheese, and had 'cornered' the station chocolate.

The quartette were then ordered in, and Ananias, encouraged by the station master's assurance that they would be in the lines by midnight (or, allowing the usual latitude, 10 A.M.), proceeded to complete his interrupted nap. In the next carriage Tartarin and Paillasse could be heard selecting the Bulgarian salient.

The night must be allowed to sink into the oblivion which it failed signally to give to weary eyes and limbs. So far from being in the Bulgarian lines at midnight, or even at 10 A.M. as Ananias had charitably allowed, the quartette of sensation-seekers had not even crossed the old frontier at eleven.

Early in the morning two trainloads of wounded, the first signs of active fighting, passed at Rakoffsky. Paillasse was fired with the zeal of the novice, and throwing himself from the carriage, sprang on the footboard of the other train and questioned the men eagerly in

the French of the Midi. For the most part their wounds were of a trivial nature, scalp grazes, forearms or fingers torn by barbed wire; and the men grinned, sang, wagged bloodstained bandages in front of the inquirer's face and demanded cigarettes. Of his flow of language, however, they understood not a single word. Somewhat discomfited, but unwearied, he beat up the second train and unearthed a Serb, who spoke a little halting French. The dialogue was overheard by the remaining three, who came to the conclusion that the information gathered would scarcely assist our companion's 'copy,' since it was to the effect that the Servians had done the work so far, and that the Bulgarians were useless. Paillasse nevertheless seemed pleased and filled two sheets with notes, returning to the carriage with the air of one who had 'scooped' his party. Ananias, the only one of the four who had seen campaigns before, was too seasoned a bird for these chance stories; Sapphira, though nominally of the Fourth Estate, used her pen rather as a passport for the camera than for articles; while Tartarin had confided to her that he was really a 'literary' man, and had only accepted this work as an exception and at an exceptional fee. Paillasse had the field to himself for the moment. It was a harmonious party, luckily, since each was working for the papers of a different country, and each was bound to scoop.

This feeling of exhilaration, however, was destined to receive a rude shock. The first instalment came at Harmanli, where Ananias learnt that the bridge at Marash over the Maritza had been blown up. But officialdom bade the party be of good courage, for there would be motors ready at Mustapha Pasha to convey scribblers and soldiers to the lines thirty-five kilometres away. Considering that behind

the wagon holding four such valuable lives there were at least two hundred and fifty men, Ananias thought there must be as many automobiles with the Bulgarian army as at a country election in England. Still, if all the foreign correspondents with the Turkish army had possessed motor cars and had experienced the same luck as his own colleague and the representatives of the *Telegraph* and *Chronicle*, it was quite possible. For the moment Ananias kept the evil news to himself.

At Novo Lubimitz, the next halt, the outlook seemed more cheerful. The automobiles were waiting, not at Mustapha but at Hadikevi, fifteen kilometres farther on. Even if they failed, surely it would be possible to get some conveyance, a country cart, perhaps, while if the worst came to the worst, it was not too far to walk. So argued Sapphira, who was optimistic, energetic, and young. Ananias was out of condition and fond of comfort, Tartarin had the same tastes. As a matter of fact this unalluring suggestion was never put to the test. The blow fell at Mustapha Pasha, renamed Sliven since the Bulgarian occupation.

A few wounded were lying in a temporary Red Cross depot there, and Paillasse had gone out as usual, only to return a moment later with all his fire extinguished. The authorities at Sliven had received no warning as to our arrival, and took their ground on the old regulation that no journalists were to proceed to the front. Another train with all the correspondents and military attachés would arrive next morning and we were to wait and join them. Such was the verdict.

The indignation of the travelers baffles description. To have received the peremptory command which sent them — or rather two of them — off without food or change of clothes, to have been shaken and shunted, jolted

and jarred all night, to have been well-nigh starved, and to have nourished the pleasant idea of 'scoops,' only to find that they were to wait for the remainder of the correspondents plus the military attachés, who had traveled down in *wagon-lits* and divers luxuries, while the luckless four had borne the burden and heat of the day! Tartarin suddenly exclaimed that there must be some mistake and, as he rather fancied himself as a diplomat, started off to smooth things down. In a short time he returned rather ruffled, and it was decided that Sapphira should try feminine influence. Ananias left the conference meanwhile in order to commune with himself, as a result of which proceeding he wrote out two telegrams and waited the return of the lady envoy, who had done no better and had lost her temper into the bargain.

The faces of the officials fell visibly at the sight of a fourth nuisance, but finding that he merely asked to be allowed to wire the King and the Premier, they relaxed, and so two cables, the wording of which had a vague and distant resemblance to the Habeas Corpus Act, were dispatched. But a great surprise was in store for Ananias on his return. Tartarin and Paillasse had disappeared!

Sapphira said that she had gone for a short stroll and on reaching the carriage saw that the next compartment was empty. The hamper had vanished with them, and as they can hardly have eaten its contents in one night, it looked as if they must have driven. Sliven station, however, is five kilometres from the village, a carriage could not be had either for love or money, and on making inquiries it was found that not a soul had seen them leave. All around save the one dusty winding road was flat open plain with only a shepherd in sight. If the earth had swallowed them, they could not have vanished

more completely. At this point they also vanish from the narrative, and since no news was heard of them again, it was pleasant ten days later to read their messages and know that, though somewhat late, they reached their objective.

About dinner time the telegram releasing Ananias and Sapphira was handed in. The pair were to be hurried on, and an extra order was attached which will explain how a trainload of agitated correspondents and military attachés were detained for thirty-six hours at an uninteresting spot called Harmanli.

A light engine lost little time in depositing the two Anglo-Saxons close to the lines, and a staff officer was waiting to conduct them to a tent, where a cold and appetizing supper proved a pleasant prelude to slumber.

Next morning, Tuesday, March 25, Ananias was aroused at 3 A.M. by heavy firing. To the trained ear it was plain that this was no ordinary bombardment, but a fierce and concentrated fire to cover an assault. Hastily dressing he went to the next tent, where he found his officer-guide buckling on his sword, and the pair ran round to the batteries.

Most impressive was the scene. The dawn had not yet fully broken, but the ghostly pallor which heralds the dawn just showed the dim outline of the Turkish ridge. A grayish mist swathed slopes and interlying valley in one vast shroud, — grim augury of coming death, — and though the ceaseless concussion and bursting shells ever and anon tore great rents and fissures, the fabric was repaired next moment as if invisible hands were at work. The earth around was all a-quake with the thud and roar of the steel monsters, while overhead could be heard the shrill scream of shrapnel that racks the inexperienced nerves. A hundred

paces from the battery a Turkish shell had gouged out a monstrous hole, but otherwise their fire was concentrated on the left. Gradually the mist shredded away and the sun rose on an eventful day, tinging the giant balls of cottonwool — for no other words can describe shrapnel exploding in mid air — with exquisite hues, of rose and saffron. The cannonade increased in intensity. The '12 cms.' belched forth incessant *rafales*, a practice almost unique, the dream of every gunner.

The novice would have thought that not a soul could live in the hell of steam and flame and lead upon that ridge, but ever came the responsive crash, and with increasing accuracy the shells fell thicker on the Creusot batteries, throwing up solid masses of dirt and stones which bruised the men from head to foot. Slowly but surely, however, the Turkish fire grew less, and it was evident that the storm of projectiles which had swept their position in the rear, had prevented fresh supplies of ammunition from coming up. This had been the object of a cannonade which surpassed even the inferno on 303 Metre Hill, and a broad grin relaxed the strained countenances of battery commanders. It was not known till later how much a Turkish contractor's idea of serviceable casements had assisted the Bulgarians.

Suddenly the crackle of musketry was heard below, and the dull uniforms of infantry were seen in the valley. The sun had now fully risen and far to the left, whence came a sullen roar like the beat of billows on a shore, its rays flickered on shining bayonets. A flanking party was charging with the cry, 'Na Prod, na nosht!': 'On, on, to the knife!'

The Bulgars took those words literally. Through his glasses Ananias saw them leap into a line of trenches, and so vivid was the picture that he felt he could almost hear the shock of contact,

the sickening soft noise of steel thrust home, the final gasp, could almost see the blood spurt out, the reddened blade snatched out as the quivering mass of flesh was flung aside. The rifles ceased and the centre line surged on, swarmed the first gentle slope and burst in among another set of entrenchments. The fight was short and sharp: a few minutes and a broken scattered mob, their heads twisted back to see if they outstripped their dread pursuers, stumbled on in terror. Willing hands brought up the tiny quickfirers, the pets of the Bulgarian infantry, and switched their deadly hail on those panic-stricken fugitives. And ever without pause thundered the heavy guns. So passed the Tuesday.

At nightfall Ananias was presented to General Ivanoff, destined to win undying fame fourteen hours later. There was nothing of the iron commander in his aspect. Short and stoutish in appearance, with a kindly face, broad forehead and merry twinkling eyes, he radiated pleasantness. Very quiet and slow-spoken, choosing his words carefully, he talked as if he were accomplishing an everyday bit of business, though with regard to his men, he expressed the hope that Ananias would have a higher opinion than some other journalist who, without seeing them, had said a month before that they were merely third rate. He advised an early bed for it would be necessary to rise betimes. A glass of wine was ordered and while the toasts were being drunk, the cannonade abruptly ceased. Words fail to describe the effect. We seemed to have been hurled into a world of dead: voices sounded as the faint squeak of ghosts such as Odysseus met beyond the Styx.

The Bulgarians, who had snatched but little sleep since Monday dawn, spent the night in entrenching themselves in their new positions and bring-

ing up the field guns on Mezartepe. On the right the main objective was Aivas Bebe, on the left Kavkas: they also pushed forward their salient on Ayi Yolu.

At 2.50 A.M. the bombardment was renewed, the '15 cms.' in Kavkas fort receiving special attention. The advance trenches were rushed and the 10th and 23d regiments prepared to assault the glacis by Aivas, which should have been impregnable. The whoop of exultant ferocity—a cry which would have put to shame a baseball yell—was unforgettable. The men of the 10th outran the sappers who had been detailed to cut the entanglements, and threw themselves at what was a miniature Gibraltar. It is incredible, yet true, that the Turks had placed no searchlights to play on an enemy advancing on barbed wire. Nothing is so devilish, so mockingly demoralizing, as that dazzling, blinding fugitive glare when clothes and flesh are being rent and torn and ripped while the smack of lead on bodies can be heard around. Without it, barbed wire loses half its value; yet the dreaded flash never came. The 10th swarmed up, and enfiladed the defenders as the 23d swung in upon the centre. Panic did the rest. Much the same happened at Kavkas, save that the defense was fiercer, and when Ananias rode round that evening the wire entanglements were a ghastly sight: it seemed as if some giant shrike had fitted up his larder, for mangled corpses, fragments of flesh, or mutilated limbs hung on those horrid spikes. The enclosure within was a shambles.

By 6 o'clock the troops posted in the centre, who up to then had acted as a screen, had advanced upon the heights, and fighting was general along the line. From this point it is regrettable to state that words cannot describe the cowardice of the defenders. Whether there

is some sinister story, apart from the disgusting behavior of the Young Turks to Shukri Pasha, in the background, it is impossible to say, but certainly the Aivas glacis should never have been taken, while it is strange that the most stalwart troops were concentrated on the W which the Bulgarians had abandoned as an objective a week before. Moreover with a spark of that gallant Plevna spirit, the Turks would have contested every inch of the ground in falling back, and it should have taken forty-eight hours for the Bulgarians to enter the town. Yet at 8 o'clock the troops were breaking their rifles before the famous mosque of Sultan Selim.

The Bulgars raced into the town, the Shipka men (the 23d) winning by a short head, for at 9.30 they were on the Arrnautkeui road and had entered the suburbs. The white flag was run up on the fire-station tower at 9.35, and at 9.45 the allied cavalry galloped into the town and took Shukri prisoner in his headquarters at Haiderlir fort. The Vali, Ismail Pasha, tried to parley and obtain conditions, but was told that a captured town cannot make terms. There remained nothing but the whipping in of the 20,000 missing prisoners which entailed the house-to-house search that Ivanoff so dreaded. Fortunately in only three or four cases did fanatics, harbored by friends in the low quarters, attempt street fighting, or kill the searchers. A couple ensconced in a mosque accounted for fourteen Bulgarians.

Adrianople had fallen. Fourteen other generals, in past times, had entered her gates victorious.

The tale of the siege from within lacks the romance which surrounded Paris, but it is full of quaint details, and a full account from the pen of a Western resident will, it is hoped, appear. Few places can boast a more

useless or unreliable civil population. Low-class Greeks, cringing and treacherous Armenians, usurious, unwarlike Spanish Jews, the sweepings of the Levant, — where could one look for a spark of patriotism, the makings of a single volunteer? One fact alone was a certainty: it would be necessary to use force to extract the truth as to hidden resources in case of need.

Sublime over-confidence reigned from the outset, and the citizens were ordered to provision themselves for two months only. Grain was even turned away from the gates.

The first shrapnel was a grievous experience for Levant nerves, and for two days all shops were closed and the streets deserted save for foreigners. Even quite late, no matter in what quarter of the town there fell a shell, up went the shutters and away went the people, and the philosophic calm of the Oriental must have been a most valuable asset in those days. Matters were not improved by the existence of a feud between Shukri and Ismail, so that the civil and military authorities were in constant collision.

Important news was rigorously withheld from the garrison, so that for some weeks it was firmly believed in the town that the Turkish army was smashing the allies all along the line. To prevent complete absence of information from arousing suspicions, occasional bulletins detailing skirmishes and outpost affairs were distributed, and at other times general notices remarkable merely for the platitudinous nature of their contents, were issued. One posted on the wall of the Konak on November 21 contained the following paragraph:

'IV. The death foreordained by God is impossible to avoid.'

One wonders what comfort or encouragement a soldier could extract from that! Its efficacy was soon to be tested anyhow, for that very evening the first

regular bombardment, extending over thirteen days, was opened. An awful panic at once seized the foreign colony, and the consuls were obliged to hold a consultation and decide where their timid flock could be bestowed in safety—a difficulty finally solved by sending them to the school of the Sœurs d'Agram.

The first hint of Ottoman disaster was conveyed in a notice, printed in French and Turkish, which was dropped from an aeroplane on November 24. This was easily countered by an official denial, telling the soldiers to place no confidence in the Bulgarian version, and all went well until the armistice. The soldiers had been assured that this had been expressly desired by the Bulgarians, and naturally accepted this as confirmation of Turkish successes. Their disgust can therefore be imagined when they saw the trains running down to Tchataldja and picked up the European papers with details of Lule Burgas and Kumanovo which the Bulgarians studiously dropped from the window. To the majority of the garrison and civilians, this period was intensely dull and trying, though the Turkish and Servian outposts were on friendly terms.

Curiously enough, toward the end a great activity was noticeable among the Young Turk officers, whom Shukri had hitherto checked. In ones and twos they were closeted with Ismail, and the news of the *coup d'état* and Nazim's death surprised no one in Adrianople. Though the majority of officers of either party were glad that the fortress was not to be surrendered without striking a blow, the place was doomed. Shukri was no longer master¹; for a Young Turk officer told a foreign consul that if he did not do what they said, he would be killed like Nazim. The

¹ He was compelled by the Young Turks to order the disastrous sortie of February 9.

great error of not taking all the mills and grain under military control had been committed, and it was now plain that the bread-supply could not last long. A victualling commission was formed to requisition eatables, draw up a fixed tariff, and decide on the daily quantity, but it was not a success. First, one of the principal members was found concealing grain in his own cellars, and after obeying the regulations for a day or two, the Greeks and Jews found it more profitable to say that their stock was exhausted, and then sell the goods privately at a high price, if a rich man entered the premises.

Meanwhile the renewal of the bombardment on February 3 had caused a fresh outbreak of panic, especially as a number of shells fell in the new quarter where the better-class residents had their quarters. A small hospital of fifty beds which the British and American colony, nine strong, had founded had to be moved farther out, while the French and Italian citizens took refuge in the cellars of the Resurrectionist Fathers. The conduct of the Sœurs d'Agram at this period was wonderful. They remained at their posts, tending the sick and wounded, a smile of encouragement ever on their lips, although their hospital was in an exposed place and shells were falling all around. They put the men to shame.

Early in March the pinch was sorely felt. Grease and butter had given out completely; petroleum was \$8 a tin, sugar and salt \$2 a pound, charcoal and coal unobtainable, also dry wood, for the Turks had deforested the slopes around the town, giving it a desolate, woebegone appearance, especially as all the fine villas on the outskirts were heaps of ruins. Fodder was finished, and the oxen were pitifully thin, while a heavy fall of snow just as the sheep were lambing threatened them with annihilation, until luckily a thaw set

in and freed the green shoots which had been forced on by the snow. Tobacco of an inferior quality was plentiful, but cigarette papers could not be purchased for gold, and the Jews, mindful of their forefathers' skill in making bricks without straw, came to the rescue with fragments of schoolboys' copybooks, with 'Balbus built a wall' and the 'Pons Asinorum' still legible. These masterpieces cost 2 and 3 piastres (10 and 15 cents) a packet of 20. Bread, however, was the greatest need. The

last sacks of grain were kept for the garrison, and when that was exhausted, a horrid mess of bran, barley husks, broomseed or canary seed, of hideous hue, with red and yellow patches, and of revolting texture, was served out at fifty cents a loaf. Yet, as is always the case in places that have gone through a siege, Ananias was given a better meal on the Wednesday night at the consulate than he had eaten for six weeks. It was just the same at Ladysmith and Port Arthur.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE POETRY OF SYNDICALISM

THE rhapsody in this issue of *The Atlantic*, entitled 'The Cage,' will not pass without challenge. A rebel wrote it, and thought and form alike proclaim rebellion. There will be a few to sympathize and many to condemn, while to some it will seem clear that if there is a poetry of anarchy, this is it. 'The Cage' will call out plenty of literary criticism, plenty of expressions of social sympathy or lack of it, but the simple point which needs emphasis is that whether the poem repels or attracts the reader, he will find in it, if he cares to look, more of the heart and soul of the Syndicalist movement than all the papers of all the economists can teach him. It is ever wise to listen to the serious voices of mankind, and the sinister mutterings of our own day make the farsighted pause to think. Some details concerning author and poem will give point to these remarks.

Arturo M. Giovannitti was born in the Abruzzi, Italy, in 1883. His father

was a physician and chemist, and he himself received the fundamentals of a literary education in the public schools. At eighteen Giovannitti emigrated to America, and, after encountering many varied experiences of an immigrant in search of a livelihood, he entered the Union Theological Seminary in New York, with the purpose of becoming a minister of the Presbyterian Church. Although he never graduated, Giovannitti saw actual service in conducting Presbyterian missions in more than one city, and interested himself in the work of the Church, until socialism came to impersonate religion in his life and led him through the vanishing stages of unbelief into atheism.

During the Lawrence strike, Giovannitti preached with missionary intensity the doctrine of Syndicalism. On June 20, on the charge of inciting a riot, which resulted in the death of a woman, he was arrested with Joseph Ettor and another leader, and held without bail for trial under a statute which had not been invoked since the

conscription riots of the Civil War. Through the unreadiness or policy of their lawyers the prisoners spent nearly seven months in jail. Then came the trial which dragged on for nearly two months longer. During this period of enforced idleness, Giovannitti had access to a library. Before his imprisonment he had written poems for the Italian papers; now English poetry was revealed to him. He read it with insatiate eagerness and found in Byron and Shelley the heady wine which his rebellious nature craved. It was during the trial that W. D. Haywood, the notorious Syndicalist, asked Giovannitti to write something about 'Sixteenth-Century courts trying to solve Twentieth-Century problems.' 'The Cage' was the result. It was written one evening while Giovannitti was still greatly moved by news of the protest strike in Lawrence, and by messages of sympathy from his fellow citizens, who in three separate districts of Italy had nominated him for the Chamber of Deputies.

We are not prepared to debate the question whether Syndicalism has a soul, but if it has, 'The Cage' gives a picture of it. The philosophy of the poem sounds harshly materialistic, yet we must not forget that to the very poor, bread, bed, and sunshine may suggest something very different from materialism. They are helps — almost essential helps — to spiritual freedom. Moreover, many readers will discern some vague outline of a spiritual principle in 'the fatherly justice of the sun.' But even if the poem offers no suggestion of some evolution toward an idealism still to come, if sunshine and a chance to feel its warmth are really all these revolutionists desire, then to be shut away from it is to them at least an utter calamity.

It was the law which freed Giovannitti. This law, read by 'dead men'

out of 'dead books,' had in it the spark of the eternal life of justice. The logic of facts is against the poet's repudiation of the past. So thinks the conservative, and rightly. Even the radical may maintain that evolution itself is against him. His 'singing cage' is a part of the past continuing into the present. It is not yet retransformed and remade into the 'sword of justice' of the future, but in the fullness of time that new sword of justice will be made out of the old cage. This is not death. This is transfiguration.

Thus the radical. But most of us commonplace folk, after pondering the matter, will remark with Mr. Asquith in his discussion of Parliamentary manners, 'We are getting on!'

THE PUBLISHER AND THE BOOK

A LONG row of tall, soot-belching smoke-stacks along the river front; trainloads of manufactured goods leaving the busy railroad yards almost every day; a very efficient street railway and interurban system; an up-to-date, recently rehabilitated telephone service; an adequate pure-water supply; an auto-equipped fire department; a half-million-dollar hotel; a commission form of government; a small Carnegie library, and one lone bookstore: such is the prosaic picture of our hustling and bustling western city of 30,000 inhabitants.

This complex aggregate of material push and intellectual stagnation may perhaps explain to a certain extent the publisher's complaint in the April *Atlantic*, that the distribution of books of real merit is a difficult and thus far unsolved problem. 'The publisher and the bookseller alike must confess that the lack of sales of works of literature is primarily due to the inadequacy of present methods of distribution.' And then 'the indifference of the public to

the new books of the day is commonly blamed for the change in publishing methods.'

Sweet consolation indeed!

Our lone bookshop makes a specialty of office fixtures, from fancy wastebaskets up to expensive mahogany desks and approved filing devices; it frames pictures, retails typewriters and supplies, sporting goods of all kinds, cameras and photographic sundries. Whatever space is left after room has been made for innumerable view-cards of our proud and booming burg, for the inanities of humorous-postal-card designers, for fountain pens, calendars, magnifying glasses and some fifty-seven varieties of popular magazines, is eagerly filled in with glaring posters in multi-colored dress, lavishly forwarded by the publisher to advertise to the blasé public his latest best seller, a few copies of which are usually kept on hand.

But generally the up-to-date reader has long since made the acquaintance of the fearless hero and the self-sacrificing heroine between the covers of the popular magazine; he has no time or inclination to pore over their stirring adventures afresh at the cost of \$1.50; he has passed on to the next serial with its breathless situations and melodramatic episodes.

Or if perchance this great boon have not fallen to his lot, there is the little Carnegie bookshelf, which he helps to support, and where the latest effusions of the inexhaustible novel-writer appear as early and as regularly as in our lone bookstore. Several copies are on hand, free for the asking. Why invest the good coin of the Republic in an article whose vogue is more ephemeral than that of the proverbial insect?

For a work of general literature there is of course no room in our busy bookstore, — and no demand that would justify the investment on the pro-

prietor's part. Now it happens that I am in favor of 'keeping trade at home,' and when I want some such work, I carefully write out the title, together with the author's and publisher's names, and take it to the bookstore, with instructions to order the work for me. For I have long since got over the habit of inquiring first whether they have the book in stock: I believe in the conservation of natural resources, personal as well as national.

The order having been given, I wait quietly and patiently, — in the sweet anticipation of spending a few delightful hours in the company of some select mind, — until the volume is sent up, which is usually from four to eight weeks later. A mild complaint, now no longer ventured upon, brings the answer that the order has been duly forwarded to their 'jobbers in Chicago'; I have never succeeded in tracing it any farther. 'At any rate, the book may be here now almost any day.' I am sorry to confess that at times I have cast my principles of 'keeping trade at home' to the winds!

This is an honest recital of twentieth-century conditions in a wide-awake American city, with — considering its size — a not inconsiderable number of millionaires.

Why has not some aggressive book-dealer set up a rival establishment, provoked competition, and stimulated the book trade? Most probably because it would not pay. You see, we are too much absorbed in industry and manufacture, city improvements and political quarrels, building projects and corporation baiting, to have any time left for deep cultural reading; and this notwithstanding all the ennobling influences which our elaborate and expensive public-school system is supposed to exert in that direction.

Indeed, our well-meaning publishers, to whom 'the publication of a worthy

and distinguished book is a matter of high satisfaction,' are facing a bigger task than they are perhaps themselves aware of.

ON THE GENTLE ART OF LETTER-READING

FROM time to time, one of my associates in the Select Order of Old Fogies launches an essay on the decay of letter-writing as an art. He bemoans the disappearance of the letter that rambled for twenty pages through lush meadows of gossip, leaving a trail of epigrammatic philosophy to mark its course, and was good enough for the writer's posterity to print in a gift book. Of course, his lamentation is directed really against the telephone and the typewriter, stenographers and phonographs, cheap travel and cheaper lettergrams and cheapest newspapers, or, rather, the era of activity of which these are fruits and symbols. To write the old sort of letters required a degree of leisure and an absolution from petty desires and sordid cares which are hardly conceivable under present conditions of commerce and the cost of living. Our ancestors put into their letters what we now put into monographs and essays and ten-minute chats with the Contributors' Club. All that is left for a letter nowadays is the remnant that can't be said face-to-face at the cost of a short trip by steam or electricity, or 'hello'-ed over a wire. It's a waste of time to spend it on composing such a trifle; so you tell your amanuensis what to say, and your signature does the rest.

Although, having a livelihood to earn, I cannot sympathize with the sentiment which would set the Clock of Progress back a hundred years or so, I have a complaint of my own to register against the modern correspondent: he does n't half read what the other

fellow writes to him. If he did, his letters would make up in substance for what they lack in style. I dare say this fault, too, will be charged to the atmosphere of hurry which envelops the present generation; but that excuse is insufficient to meet his case. Nine times out of ten, his so-called answer is not an answer at all, but means one or more additional letters or no results; therefore economy would lie in doing the thing properly at the outset. From my folio of specimens I choose a brace so typical that everyone will recognize them at sight.

To the proprietor of a summer hotel I write: 'I want two connecting rooms with bath between, with outlook on the water, and not above the fourth floor, with two single beds in each room, for the whole month of August. If you will be able to accommodate me, please let me know size and location of rooms, and terms for the month, with full board, for party consisting of two adults and two children ten and twelve years of age.' Neither Addisonian in elegance nor Lamblike in geniality, perhaps, but surely simple enough for comprehension by the most commonplace mind. Back comes Mine Host's answer: —

'Our rooms, single and in suite, command beautiful views of the ocean on one side of the house, or of the mountains on the other. Rates, according to location and number of persons occupying, from \$20 per week upward. Shall be pleased to furnish you with any information desired.'

Then, for goodness' sake, why has he not furnished the information I not only 'desired,' but specifically asked for? It would have required no greater effort to say: 'We can give your party the accommodations mentioned in your letter of June 16, for the month of August, for \$400. This offer will remain open for receipt of your acceptance by

mail or wire till midnight of June 22.' There we should have had the whole bargain in a nutshell, to take or leave as I saw fit, with no need of further long-distance wrestling over facts and terms.

Of a seedsman I inquire, in a letter very brief, absolutely to the point, and enclosing postage for reply, which of two flowering plants whose bulbs I have bought of him grows the taller. It is already time to set out the bulbs, but I want to put them into next summer's bed in the order of their height. In response I get a most polite note from him, assuring me that he takes great pleasure in mailing, under another cover, an illustrated catalogue of all the garden supplies he keeps for sale, and will take further pleasure in filling promptly any order with which I may favor him, express prepaid on orders exceeding \$2.00 to one address, unless sent C. O. D., and so forth and so forth. As the illustrated catalogue travels by third-class mail, I lose two days in waiting for it. When it arrives, I find it a rather bulky pamphlet, with an index obviously not compiled by an expert, by the aid of which I succeed, after an hour's digging, in bringing to light some descriptive text about my two plants. It shows that they average the same height of growth!

It would have cost that man, at the most, the labor of putting together one sentence of five or six words, to answer the question I propounded, and spare me the infliction of a pageful of phrases which gave me no fact I had asked for, and none I did not already know from the advertisements he had been bombarding me with for the last dozen years.

In spite of all the talk about the modern disregard of manners, both seedsman and landlord were courtesy itself so far as externals go; yet neither carried the spirit so far as to do for

me the little service requested. The seedsman did better in this respect than the landlord; but why should we be reduced to such a choice between evils? A like criticism will apply to half the personal and intimate letters I receive from friends. One or two even ignore the address plainly given in my date-line, and persist in sending their answers to non-existing numbers or undiscoverable streets.

My dear old grandfather, who wrote all his own letters in a hand which, down to the day of his death, was almost plain enough for a blind man to read, taught me never to attempt to answer a letter without placing it before me and reviewing it scrupulously, paragraph by paragraph. Hundreds of times have I devoutly blessed his memory for that lesson in the common-sense of correspondence. Whenever, lured by the pell-mell spirit of the age, I stray from his precepts, I rue it; and I can feel the flush of shame overspread my face as I follow a first letter of response with a second, rendered necessary by the belated discovery of a point left uncovered. The old copy-book legend, 'Haste breeds carelessness,' is as true as it was in the days when good penmanship and good morals went hand-in-hand in the training of youth. If slam-bang and hurly-burly have given its *coup de grâce* to the once gentle art of writing letters, is not that all the more reason why, before it is too late, we should rescue the half-dead art of reading them?

ST. DAVID LIVINGSTONE

MUCH has appeared this spring in righteous appreciation of David Livingstone. Many of us have been renewing the days, and the reading, and the pictures of our youth when 'Livingstone — Stanley — Africa' were magic words. Did not every good American

family have those volumes on *How I Found Livingstone*: books filled with pictures which terrified and fascinated us? But now as we read Livingstone we are most impressed with his 'gracious words' and 'mighty deeds.'

It calls to my mind a famous story of Cardinal Manning. That belligerent ecclesiastic, dressed in a violet gown, and wearing around his neck a massive gold chain, used to say, with a melancholy smile, 'No saints have walked in England since the Reformation.'

And while he was musing, the fire burned; while he was speaking, Livingstone was walking across a continent.

I don't know how many miles a man must walk in order to be canonized, but 29,000 seem enough to silence any 'advocatus diaboli.' And could any candidate for the highest hagiology exhibit a nobler courage or a finer faith than Livingstone made manifest in that grim crisis on the Loangwa? And surely if 'irresistible grace' be the mark of the saint, how irresistible was that grace so visibly manifest in his life and so quietly in his words, which opened for him pathways in deserts and in forests, which won for him the

hearts of black folks, which went out from him as virtue to Stanley at Ujiji, and which after his death led Susi, Chumah, and a nameless company of devoted men, to carry his body to the sea, and England. And what sacerdotalist of the strictest and straitest sect, if called upon to imagine a fitting departure for his saint, could ask for a translation so eloquent, so impressive, so glorious, as that of the silent man, kneeling in prayer, beside his bed, in a hut built by Africans in the heart of Africa? And could any pious monk, or golden legend, devise a more appropriate sepulchre than that which loyalty and love gave to David Livingstone? For his heart was buried in the heart of the continent to which he gave heart, and his bones in the great abbey of the land which gave him birth. And to complete the requirements of hagiology, what pious puns the gentle monks could have made on living stones, and what scriptures they could have found in Holy Writ for this modern David fighting his Goliath, the slave trade!

Have no saints walked in England since the Reformation? Are gentlemen in violet and gold of necessity so despondent?

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